



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 5

September 2008

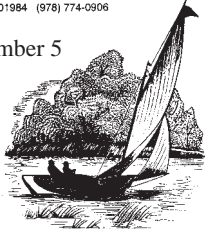
Special Features This Issue
“Wooden Boat Show 2008” – “Waterlogged”
“First Annual Texas 200”
“The Seagoing Dinghy” – “Little Rogue”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We spent a day at this year's Wooden Boat Show late in June at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut and our coverage of it is featured in this issue with a follow-up installment planned for next month. In recent years we'd spend two days at the Show at its Mystic or Newport, Rhode Island, locations, "commuting" overnight from home 125 miles each way as the cost of accommodations in those areas was way beyond reach due to the nearby presence of a major Indian tribal gambling casino near Mystic and Newport's high-priced summer yachting resort ambience. This year the "commute" of 250 miles round trip to Mystic for one day was the same cost as two days in prior years, \$50 worth of gas, affordable but not the \$100 had we done the two-day commute this year.

Over a number of the years that we have done the boat shows and small craft meets that we felt were germane to our small boat interest, we'd camp overnight in our 1982 Ford travel van (purchased used in 1986) which also lugged along our exhibitor booth equipment and cartons of magazines. Its 12mpg then was not an issue with cheap gas. We'd camp at Mystic for the spring small craft meet, also, and did a couple of times at Newport for the earlier Wooden Boat Shows and Small Boat Shows of the '80s. We camped at the Wooden Boat Show for its big Anniversary show in Southwest Harbor, Maine (five hours away) and also on a couple of visits to the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Meet at St Michaels, Maryland (ten hours away). In 1987 we went to Clayton, New York (eight hours away), for their summer Antique & Classic Boat Show and camped in the van.

Camping was the only viable option for us as multiple overnight motel accommodations and restaurant meals just added up to more than we could afford. As we began to gain income, prices kept pace, but we persevered as we felt our presence in the shows and meets was helpful to the magazine's survival and I did like to bring reports back for readers who wouldn't have attended. About 15 years of this taught us that the returns for time and money invested as exhibitors were not justifiable, people going to boat shows really weren't looking for an obscure magazine. So we opted out from distant events and commuted to nearby ones to report on them for publication. The

van came off the road in 1999, too tired to trust for long distance trips.

Last fall we did the 1,000-mile round trip to the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival when gas was closing in on \$3 (getting kinda steep) and cost us about \$150 for my 20mpg 2000 Nissan Frontier pickup. We combined the visit to the Festival with a family visit, which saved on some overnight expenses, and the Museum put us up at a B&B on Saturday night as I had accepted their invitation to be their Saturday evening guest speaker. This all made the trip financially affordable.

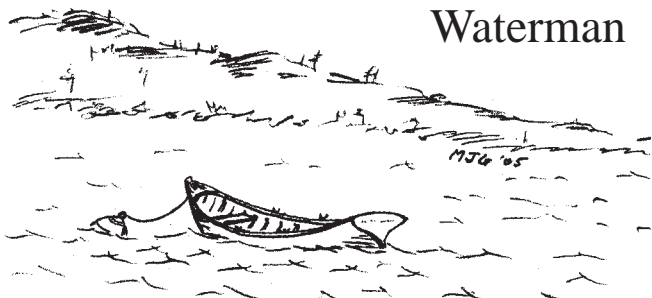
We'll not be going to the Chesapeake this fall despite it being the most fun event we attend, so have substituted a trip to Clayton's Antique Boat Museum for its Race Boat Regatta in August (for October issue coverage, I hope). It's about 200 miles shorter round trip (800 miles) and the route is so much nicer through upstate New York's Adirondack Park instead of the awful metro New York City and New Jersey population pollution and its traffic. I did a preliminary computation and figure that even this modest outing of three days would cost us about \$500 using Jane's 1994 25mpg Subaru Legacy. Even B&Bs now cost over \$100 a night in this area, the gas would top \$125, and you can't eat for much less than \$50 a day for two on the road. Yes, it's a business expense but it still has to be spent and has much less favorable impact on our income taxes in our low tax bracket.

I chose to do the Race Boat Regatta this summer (it's 21 years since our last visit to Clayton) mainly because of my own personal background in racing motorcycles for 20 years in the '50s and '60s. I still respond to the thrill of speed and power even though I enjoy much more just paddling on the water now. There's still some of that gasoline in my blood and grease on my hands from those racing engines of yesteryear. Even though the big hydroplanes of the '20s and '30s are a far cry from my motorcycles of the '50s and '60s, both in nature and in scale, the racing game is the same and there is a bond amongst motor racers of any sort. I can "talk shop" with these boat racers easily and look forward to an up close look at these men and their race boats of yesteryear. And I am going to enjoy a ride in one which set a speed record in the '50s of 165mph. That should be a thrill.

On the Cover...

The 1st Annual Texas 200 took place in early June, a 200-mile, five-day coastal cruise along the Texas Gulf Coast with 40 boats taking part, ranging in size from 8' to 36'. Story and photo coverage are featured in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman

The chilly rain slants down this April evening, pours from the eaves, drenches the prodigal flower beds, drives The Pusslet indoors. Not a Sunday to mess about in boats. A day to refrain, to plan, to dream, to scribble. My outboard motor lies in the crushed-stone drive beside the woodpile, six cord of seasoned wood against next winter. If I weren't so lazy I'd have built a fire today, my thermometer seems stuck at 47.

Yesterday I spent the afternoon with my boss working on his sloop, a Gulf 27. Installing new cockpit drains, climbing about in a bilge with scarcely room to use a wrench. But we got it done and removed the previous system. We help each other ready our boats for the year.

I've removed *MoonWind's* outboard motor in order to trim the cutout in her transom. Nine pieces of teak to fabricate and sand, install and finish, a mere ten minutes' work. Then grease my motor, replace the zinc, and pop it back into place. I've just installed a deck pipe, chain stopper, and larger cleat on the foredeck. I need to retune my rigging, scrub my bilge, re-secure my water tank, varnish all my brightwork. Only routine maintenance. Although my forward hatch needs total restoration. What would we do if we hadn't repairs and refinishing? Merely sail about and enjoy ourselves? How boring.

Some days I think wistfully of how my life would change had I only my kayak. After each trip I'd hose it off and throw it behind the garage. Five minutes of maintenance in exchange for a day of boating. With *MoonWind*, five minutes gets me as far as removing her sail cover. The cost of a mooring would buy a quality kayak every year. Triple that cost, the price of a season's slip, would take me around the world.

But nothing compares to sailing on the ocean. Merely having a boat provides potential for a vacation. Imagine having a cottage on the beach and changing beaches any time you care to. If you prefer some solitude, a mooring answers that need. If you care for society, rent a slip and share your summer with 400 other boaters.

Laundry and shower lie just beyond the head of the pier. Restaurant and tavern in the parking lot. Ship's store and bait shop right around the corner. Grocery and bottle shop, bakery and luncheonette a five minute walk away. But all of these prove merely a prelude to sailing.

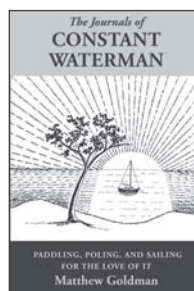
When you cast off there's nothing but the boat beneath your feet. Anything you need you carry with you or learn to live without it. One savors the immense quiet, the feral independence, the wide, unbridled sea. Leave your dull ambition in your dock but keep your keen decisiveness with you always. Learn to respect yourself, your mates, the water. Especially the water. The ocean demands the deference due the most fickle world leader, some days the tempestuous dictator, some days the pacific advocate of peace.

Voting for placid weather is not an option. When the sea becomes tumultuous, double up your dock lines and put the kettle on. When the day grows cold and rainy I much prefer to stay in my slip, curled up with a book and a cup of coffee. I don't care to hazard myself against inclement weather. If I cared to do that I'd sign up today for an Arctic expedition.

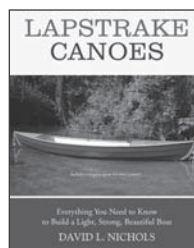
Today the chilly rain sheets off the roof. The Pusslet stands at the opened door, looks at the rain, looks up at me, and shakes one furry forepaw. Wet paws have no appeal, she says. Unless, of course, she chooses to play in the sink. Drinking from the faucet and batting the water provide ongoing amusement. Hanging over the toilet bowl to watch the water swirl never stales. Venturing out on a soft day of drizzle and mist hardly damps her ardor.

This battering rain confines us all to harbor. Today she appears content to drape herself over an old, smoke-blackened beam above the living room and enjoy a well-deserved rest. After all, she spent a productive afternoon climbing the open pantry shelves and rearranging spice jars about the floor.

NEW BOOKS FOR MESSERS



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

17th Annual Midwest Messabout

The 17th Annual Lake Monroe Midwest Messabout will be on September 19, 20, and 21 at Paynetown State Recreation Area (Lake Monroe) near Bloomington, Indiana. The messabout is an informal gathering of persons interesting in messing about in small boats, all kinds of small boats. You do not need to own or bring a boat to attend. Many messers are boat builders but the only requisite to attend is that you enjoy small boats. There are typically plenty of boats available to allow everyone to get out on the water. If you enjoy boats, build boats, or just want to talk boats, come join the fun. Bring pictures, plans, or just your boating stories.

Some messers arrive Friday, Saturday is an unstructured day of messing with a pitch-in dinner in the evening. On Sunday, those interested can journey approximately 30 miles east to Columbus, Indiana, to visit a Phil Bolger-designed 48' steel sailboat under construction.

The weekend is a wholesome family event so bring the family and join us. Be advised that Saturday there is a football game at nearby Bloomington, Indiana, so if you intend to stay in a hotel, make your reservations early.

See <http://pwp.att.net/p/pwp-mwmess> for more information or call John at (812) 378-4236 or Bob at (317) 283-8321.

John McDaniel, Columbus, IN

Essex Steam-up

On Saturday, October 18, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum of Essex, Massachusetts, will be hosting a gathering of steam engines, model steam engines, related equipment, and a few steamboats that would run in the Essex River. The Essex River is brackish so that boat engines need to be condensing.

Steam was a part of Essex history. Many of the donkey engines found on the sailing schooners were steam driven. Steam screw boats were also built in Essex such as the *Rollin E. Mason*, built in 1911, her length was 155.6' and 323 gross tons. The steam screw *Walrus* was built in 1917, 173' in length and 479 gross tons. The steam screw *Lexington*, a Massachusetts State Police Patrol boat, was 122'. Many steam tugboats such as the *Mariner* were built in Essex, as well as passenger steamers such as the *Cape Cod*, 165' on deck and 557 gross tons.

The bandsaw which cut out the frames for the ships at Story's Yard was also steam driven. All in all over 4,000 wooden vessels have been launched in Essex. There is a lot of history here to be shared.

Exhibitors will be welcome to tour the Museum. There are no fees for exhibitors, the museum will provide you with whatever we are cooking for lunch and a button advertising the steam muster. I know this event makes no economic sense for the exhibitor but it does serve as a wonderful, fun way to educate the public and advertise the museum.

There is a lot to do in Essex. It is a great little town filled with restaurants and antique shops. If you know another exhibitor who would like to come, please let me know.

Your attendance would make a great addition to this steam gathering. Please contact me and let me know if you will be an exhibitor.

Ed Howard, 136 Main St, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7282, Howardsantiques@yahoo.com.

Adventures & Experiences...

Generous New Friend

I'd like to buy a gift subscription for a new friend who recently loaned me his little Drascombe ketch. He attends the church where I've been the organist for eight years and one day after church mentioned to me that he had a few sailboats which, should I ever like to use them, I was welcome to do so. So the next two days of my vacation suddenly changed their character. And he even let me borrow his car to tow it since I couldn't get my rusted-on, wrong-size trailer hitch ball off my car. How generous!

Splendid little boat, that Drascombe.
Dick Damon, Millers Falls, MA

Information of Interest...

More About That Handsaw Nib

I have been following the offerings about the function of the nib on a handsaw. It would appear to be purely ornamental (like the tassel on a graduate's mortarboard). I quote from R.A. Salaman's *Dictionary of Tools* (p.423, New York, 1979), "Until recently a small notch was cut in the back of most hand saws a short distance from the toe, leaving a projecting tooth or 'nib.' Its purpose is not known but it may be a surviving vestige of decorative features to be found on 17th and 18th century saws, especially in Scandinavian or Dutch tools of the period."

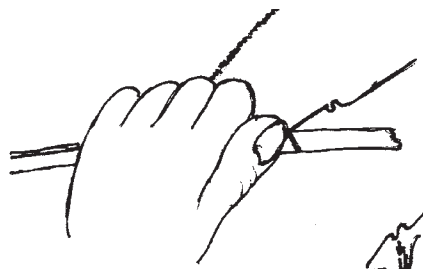
P. d'A. Jones and E.N. Simons (*Story of the Saw*, Manchester, 1961) show, Plate 36, an 18th century Swedish handsaw with an elaborate ornament, approximating a heart, in its tip.

Robert F.G. Spier, Columbia, MO

And Yet More...

I thought by now that some old guy like myself would have thrown in a few words about the nib on the top of a saw blade but alas, except for one comment on blade temper, so far nothing.

See sketch:



Grasp the board with thumb over the cut line.

Flip the saw over and, with the thumb-nail as a frictionless guide, place the tip of the saw exactly to the waste side of the line.

Using little more than the weight of the saw to preserve accuracy, smoothly slide it along the space ahead of the nib, picking up speed when it goes chunk, you'll have a nice clean accurate start for the teeth on the other edge.

Bob Cheney, Jackson, NH.

Phunstuph Follow-up

Our recent Friday was certainly a most perfect day for introducing you to the very lovely *Miss Phunstuph* and go to sea. Indeed, good stuph, even though it was Friday the 13th!

One thing we did not discuss during our outing was fuel economy. The 3gal tank had been connected to the elderly Johnson outboard a couple of days earlier and run about a half hour before our outing. We ran it about three of the four hours we were out and subsequently it ran another half hour before it ran out. About four hours of enjoyment on three gallons of gas.

My assumption is I enjoy being on the water on less than a gallon of gas per hour. I think that fact is incredible with the comfort *Miss Phunstuph* tends to provide.

George Thompson, Essex, MA

Looking to Retire

Enclosed is a news article from the *Chicago Tribune* of July 6 about a local canoe builder, Ralph Frese, Jr, who is now 81 and looking to retire from operating his multifaceted business, Chicagoland Canoe Base, after 50+ years of catering to the needs of paddlers here, designing, building, and restoring canoes and operating a canoeing retail store and a blacksmith shop. It all sits on five city blocks in Chicago's Northwest Side. Frese anticipates that the retail business will have to be moved and hopes that someone qualified will want to take over his canoe making operation to keep alive his unique methods. He can be reached at (773) 777-1489.

Bob Hansen, Chicago, IL

Projects...

Scaled Down to Model Boats

My boat building is now devoted to models. A recent one is a model kit of the New York City pilot boat *ThomTom*, originally built by Ballou Boat Yard in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1868-69. It went down with all hands in the Blizzard of '88. My grandfather was a coastal pilot working from Maine to New York City, so this has special interest to me.

I bought 23' Sea Sprite when I retired and sailed it for several years until selling it when I moved to Florida. I then built a Bolger Bobcat from plans from Dynamite Payson which I also sailed for a few years before selling it. I then built a 15' Tursiops sea kayak and subsequently a CLC 18' trimaran. I enclose a few photos of my boats.

Ken Arnold, Sping Hill, FL



23' Sea Sprite.



Bobcat.



15' Tursiops kayak.



CLC 18' kayak trimaran.

This Magazine...

Newick Article Hijacked

I am enjoying the new *MAIB* format except that it means I will have to wait a month for the rest of the Dick Newick article which got hijacked in the July issue by an earlier "Snubbin'" excerpt.

I've finished coating the panels and just cut out the bottom for a Skiff America I'm building. Maybe I'll get motivated to write this up when I'm finished.

Joel Page, Jeffersonville, VT

Add My Voice

I'm a happy reader and will add my voice to those who are praising your magazine and its new monthly format (how did you ever do it bi-monthly?).

David Rahn, West Vancouver, BC

Opinions...

Count Me Out of This Mission, Please

I have been recruited for active duty in the war on terror by none other than Homeland Security Secretary Michael Chertoff. This assignment was announced by the secretary at the recent meeting of the National Marine Manufacturing Association in Washington, DC. Chertoff pronounced that the federal government was enlisting the estimated 80 million pleasure boat people to man the on-the-water battle line, reporting any strange and threatening behavior to Homeland Security directly or through an anti-terrorist agent such as the United States Coast Guard or a presidential candidate. I am definitely one of those 80 million and stand apprehensively eager for my new challenge.

Unfortunately I have determined it to be impossible for me to carry out this anti-terrorist duty in a politically correct manner. I am therefore compelled to employ the politically incorrect technique of profiling to select the who and what should earn my attentions. (Have you wondered how airport security people can possibly do their job if they risk being sued by paying particular special attention to the guy in line wearing a turban and brass knuckles?)

Here are my watchful profiling guidelines: Guys carrying a martini glass. Any vessel flying a pirate's flag or a pair of panties. All females (not because of terrorism risk but they are simply more fun to watch.) Well-dressed fellows who keep yelling "starboard tack." Vessels that are moving at more than eight knots speed. Individuals in the act of taping bundles to bridge frames.

What is frightening, however, is Chertoff's evolving plan to employ vessel identification systems to the 80 million vessels in his water force. He mentioned this in his speech. Does this mean the government will be watching me on board as I perform my patriotic duty?

Anything the government watches, the government wants to regulate. And my most frightening and deep-seated paranoia is that some government guy will sometime attempt to tell me when or how I can use my boat. I have role-played the occasion of a guy in uniform wearing a badge who confronts me as I am readying to cast off the mooring pennant on the old schooner *Eagle*. "Stop immediately. You are not allowed underway," he tells me. "You are too old and your boat is too old to be out in this deteriorating weather." My planned reaction is to celebrate the second amendment by inflicting a flesh wound, throw a finger, magically call in a dense fog, and disappear under sail forever.

I have absolutely no marine-related license, no official boat or sea-related membership status, or at least I didn't until Chertoff's assignment for me. The very last place on earth where there are no organizational charts or official rules of order is at sea in a small boat. The very last place on earth where unfettered independence can be achieved is at sea in a small boat. The very last place on earth where one can act alone and be under full command of one's own small world is at sea in a small boat.

So, Secretary Chertoff, pardon me if I don't accept your mission assignment.

Dodge Morgan, Snow Island, ME, from *Points East* magazine

Government is Heavy

Perhaps the following will shed some light on the apparent mindset of the sort of Homeland Security people anxious to corral all small boaters into being their watchdogs, looking for suspicious actions afloat while also subjecting them to a compulsory ID program.

A major research institution has recently announced the discovery of the heaviest element yet known to science. The new element has been named governmentium. Governmentium has one neutron, 12 assistant neutrons, 75 deputy neutrons, and 11 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312.

These 312 particles are held together by forces called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lepton-like particles called peons. Since governmentium has no electrons it is inert. However, it can be detected as it impedes every reaction with which it comes in contact.

A minute amount of governmentium causes one reaction to take over four days to complete when it would normally take less than half a second. Governmentium has a normal half life of two to four years, it does not decay but instead undergoes a reorganization in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and deputy neutrons exchange places. In fact, governmentium's mass will actually increase over time since each reorganization causes some morons to become neutrons, forming isodopes.

This characteristic of moron-promotion leads some scientists to speculate that governmentium is formed whenever morons reach a certain quantity in concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as Critical Morass. You will know it when you see it.

A typical current example is provided by our Homeland Security people.

A Concerned Reader

The Next Step?

Perhaps after you have received your boater ID card and have signed on to be a watchdog on the lookout for suspicious behavior afloat, you might become eligible to affix this sticker to your boat alongside its registration number. It would make it obvious to other boaters that you are on official lookout for suspicious behavior, hunting for terrorists. This would be especially helpful if your efforts checking into what you think might be suspicious behavior may strike others as in itself suspicious behavior.



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Yachtsman's Guide to the Bahamas, Turks and Caicos, and the Dominican Republic

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Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

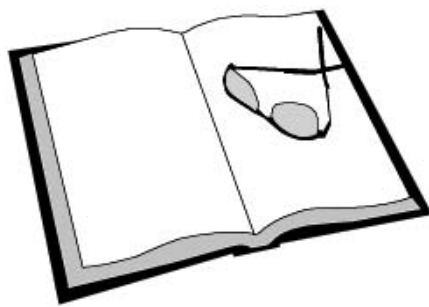
This excellent compendium is updated and published annually (*the 2008 issue just arrived in June—ED*) and is probably the most comprehensive guide available to cruising the major Bahamas and out islands. Editor Tom Daly has a very readable and entertaining style and interjects copious amounts of historical facts, local lore, and color, making this a book worth reading even if you have no intention of going to the Bahamas.

If you do want to cruise your boat there, it provides not only the usual pilotage tips and marina listings but also has several tables of necessary charts, weather sources, radio frequencies (including VHF, HAM, and SSB plus times for daily cruising nets), customs procedures, sketch charts, you name it! Of course, like most cruising guides it has a number of glitzy ads (for example, Tiger Woods sporting a Tag Heuer watch worth more than I paid for my pocket cruiser) but most of these will give the neophyte a sense of what the Bahamas can offer. Note that the adverts are NOT included in the 482 numbered pages mentioned above so you get a lot of really useful information.

The guide starts with a section titled "Important: What you must know before using your *Yachtsman's Guide*," which has some pretty stern warnings regarding over-reliance on GPS navigation, the necessity for posting shallow water lookouts at the bow, sketch chart inaccuracy, and the generally unreliable nature of buoys, lights, shoal markers, tides, currents, and landmarks in the Bahamas.

The sheer size of the Bahamas archipelago, over 1,000 islands spanning over 700 nautical miles and comprising over 5,400 square miles, its proximity to the Gulf Stream, and its exposure to seas from local and distant North Atlantic storms make all of the above understandable. I got a definite sense that this is one place where you'd better be pretty cautious about your navigation and your weather planning or you run great risk of shipwreck. On the other hand, it need not be a white knuckle experience if you follow the suggestions given, these often include hiring a local guide to pilot you through inter-island passages where you might find 4'-6' of water at most at high tide in a channel that has moved quite a bit from what's shown on the chart.

A brief history of the Bahamas starting in 1492 follows, along with two pages of "Recommended Reading" which includes relevant titles on topics as diverse as art, birding, marine and terrestrial flora and fauna, native culture and history, historical landmarks and buildings, and many others. Then follows "What the Skipper Should Know" which has



Book Reviews

an exhaustive catalogue of every conceivable subject pertinent to safe and legal cruising in the Bahamas. This section I found the most interesting because it gave me a strong sense of what operating a boat in these waters might be like, it made me want to give it a try although I probably never will. The balance of the guide is devoted to taking each of the island groups in turn, explaining how to get there from other locations and what to expect when you arrive.

Interesting facts I picked up while reading this guide, bicycles and motorcycles brought into the Bahamas may require licensing ashore and may be subject to duties. Pets are welcome as long as you pick up after them, health certificates are, of course, required. Firearms are also permitted but must be thoroughly inventoried, locked away safely aboard ship, and kept there. Using a firearm onboard or taking a firearm ashore for any reason is a good way to end up in major trouble. Penalties for getting into "major trouble" are strict and may include seizure of the vessel which will be subsequently auctioned, half the proceeds going to the government and half to the informant. You can get into major trouble for violating fishing regulations, including grabbing lobsters, conch, or certain fish species out of season. Boats brought into the Bahamas for permanent use in the Bahamas are subject to duties but a cruising permit is easily obtainable for the visiting yachtsman which allows up to a year's stay duty-free. This may be extended if you want to leave your boat there and return the following season to extend your cruise.

The information about tides, wind, and weather were the most intriguing as they laid out very plainly the potential hazards to the unwary. Owing to how the Bahamas are situated in the Gulf Stream with open exposure to the north and east to waves generated from distant North Atlantic winter gales, there appear periodically and without warning so-called "Rage Seas" created by swells cresting the shallows. These can, and evidently do, catch unwary cruisers by surprise, so all are exhorted to pick their anchorages carefully, especially when lying in coves exposed to the east.

For the inexperienced making their first Gulf Stream crossing, probably the most hazardous part of a Bahamas visit, there are Bahamas Boating Flings which are tourist-office-sponsored caravans of up to 30 boats led by professional captains leaving from the Florida coast. The boats cruise as a group and are guided back to the US some days later. Minimum boat size is 22'. Various approaches to the Bahamas are detailed and range from 45 to 69 nautical miles in length. Since all

routes departing from Florida must cross perpendicular to the north-setting Gulf Stream, ample compensation must be made for the set and drift of the current. For slower boats this is significant, as is weather planning, to make a safe and timely crossing. The guide recommends motorsailing for slower boats such as sailboats, the strategy being to more or less "make a run for it" and get the open ocean passage over quickly.

But while cruising the web for information on an unrelated subject, I found articles by David and Mindy Bolduc, which first appeared in the 1990s in *MAIB*. These depicted their minimalist cruising in a 15' sharpie sailboat named *Little Cruiser*. These include descriptions of several round trips across the Gulf Stream to Bahamas, cruises lasting many months apiece. I found this to be not only impressive but very inspiring, mostly because it proves that the Gulf crossing to the Bahamas can be done safely in a small boat with proper planning. You can find more about *Little Cruiser* in the Bahamas at www.microcruising.com.

The Rangeley and Its Region

The Famous Boat and Lakes of Western Maine

ISBN-978-0-88448-295-6

2007 – \$30 US

127 numbered pages, soft bound

Tilbury House Publishers

2 Mechanic St, Gardiner, ME 04345

(800) 582-1899 – www.tilburyhouse.com

Reviewed by Chuck Yahrling

This book is as much about the Rangeley Lakes region of western Maine as it is about the famous guide and fishing boat that bears the lakes' name. It starts with a brief history of the Rangeley settlement and describes how that region quickly became popular as a brook trout mecca for sport fisherman as they looked for alternatives to Adirondack lakes and the St Lawrence River in the 1840s. The town of Rangeley takes its name from James Rangeley, Sr, of Philadelphia, who, along with several partners from Massachusetts, purchased land and established the beginnings of a settlement in 1796. Over time small villages sprouted, sustained by agriculture and logging. Sportsmen from the developed cities of New England gradually discovered the lakes area as news of the pristine wilderness and fantastically good trout fishing gradually got out.

The Oquossoc Angling Association (OAA), established in 1868 at the confluence of the Rangeley and Kennebec rivers, was the first organized club in the area. It quickly acquired much acreage to promote and preserve the trout fishing for genteel Victorian sports. The book points out that the OAA quickly took on two initiatives of lasting impact, it introduced landlocked salmon to the surrounding lakes and it sought a boat that would be of suitable design for the fishing and navigation of the lakes. The Rangeley Boat was the eventual result. It was primarily derived from the design of St Lawrence River skiffs which were designed for the boisterous conditions on that windy river. What evolved was a lapstrake, cedar-planked boat

of 16'-20' that looked somewhat like a canoe. Originally known as Indian Rock boats, these were double-enders but later boats were built with flat transoms and broader sterns to accommodate outboard motors.

The boats were known for their ease in rowing and durability, the efficiency being due to the long sleek shape. Luther Tibbetts and a Mr Ball first built them for the OAA, but others quickly opened shops as the area drew more customers and guides who depended on the boats for a living. Around 1880 Charles and Thomas Barrett started building the boats and the Barrett name quickly be-

came synonymous with the Rangeley. Their shop still stands on the shore of the lake in the town of Rangeley. From that base of operations they built and repaired their boats and always had a backlog of orders. Spurred by robust demand, more builders jumped in, the most famous being Herb Ellis, mentioned as last in the line of Rangeley boat builders. The book has much anecdotal information about Ellis, who died in 1997, the Barretts, and all the others in between, including a section on the guides, fishing rods, and fly tying. There is also much information about other watercraft in the area including the numerous

steam launches built to ferry visitors from arriving trains to their lodgings.

Of course, there is generous focus on how the boats were originally constructed, most of it drawn from interviews with the builders or their descendants. There is also an abundance of historical photography of the boats and the lakes area. I think the book is tastefully written in an easy style and would be of interest to any messer, especially one contemplating a car trip to Rangeley just to have a look-see at what the place is like now. For the Rangeley aficionado, I think it is required reading and would be an oft-used reference.

Small Craft Advisor

PO Box 1343
Port Townsend, WA 98368
www.smallcraftadvisor.com
\$29.95/Year – 6 Issues – 72 Pages

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

The arrival here of the May/June issue No 51 prompted me to have something to say about it. It has 72 pages, lots of color, glossy paper, many articles, all about small sailboats. Just like *Good Old Boat* (which is celebrating its tenth year) only for smaller sailboats. Same great color coverage of all sorts of interesting subjects germane to each one's focus. Most likely many of you already are readers, but for those of you aren't who focus on small sailboats, have a look.

A look at the staff list reveals strong family involvements. I found it interesting that Editors Craig Wagner and Joshua Colvin are assisted by Retail Sales Manager Deborah Wagner, Photographer Debra Colvin, and Office Manager Anika Colvin. I can't help but feel a kinship here what with our own family set-up of Jane and I with daughter Roberta helping to make *MAIB* happen.

Small Craft Advisor has gone far beyond where we are in developing what I think of as a "real" magazine with all the graphics and color typical of the major league glossies, but they've maintained a nice, readable layout of page after page of text and photos without a lot of ad clutter and none of that "continued on page..." stuff. There appears to be no "Art Director" to turn the contents into wallpaper with all sorts of reversed text, oddball leading typefaces, the sort of stuff that is seen on TV and in too many major periodicals, stuff that's annoying for people who just want to read the contents and look at the photos uncluttered with overprinted text.

So how about the contents? This issue has eight major feature stories supplemented by 12 departments and short features. The major features include three sailing cruising/voyaging tales, three how-to articles on trailer sailing, anchoring, and using an electric outboard, one building article, and one review of a production sailboat. The departments are diverse; they include "Sail Doctor," "Down the Ways," "Plan Study," "Workshop," "Car-top Cruising," and such.

After a quarter century of publishing our magazine I'm not much interested in reading the bulk of the consumer boating magazines out there on the newsstand. This is one magazine that I do enjoy reading for pleasure. It's different enough from *MAIB* to not be more of the same old same old. It is certainly complementary to *MAIB*, extending my view of

Two Magazines of Interest

what is going on in small boats beyond what I get to see as I assemble each of our own issues. Take a look and see what you think.

Good Old Boat

7340 Niagara Ln
Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655
www.goodoldboat.com
\$38.95 Year – 6 Issues – 88 Pages

Reviewed by Bob Hicks

The arrival here of the July/August issue No 61 prompted me to have something to say about this one, also, especially as it celebrates ten years of publishing "The Sailing Magazine for the Rest of Us." I always find something of interest in it despite not being overly interested in 30-year-old fiberglass cruising sailboats. I sometime think, as I read it, that had I stuck to our original vision of getting into boating in the late '70s when 26'-28' cruising sailboats with nice accommodations within were what we thought we wanted, this magazine is what I'd be reading today and *MAIB* would never have happened.

This magazine also has a strong family involvement as Founder/Editor Karen Larsen and Founder/Technical Editor Jerry Powlas are married. "The View from Here," Karen's editorial page, trumpets, "Still married... after all these years." It goes on to amplify this statement with, "We didn't know how compatible we'd be working together day in and day out." This prompted me to send off a congratulatory note, pointing out that Jane and I are still married after all these years, 49 working together on our various magazines. So it can be done.

Twenty-four pages of this special issue are devoted to the subject, "Let's launch a magazine!" This, of course, is of special interest to this fellow magazine publisher/editor. Like us, they struggled in the beginning to find readers. There's a sort of self-fulfilling prophesy in this situation wherein when someone receiving a sample copy of a new magazine finds it of interest but they often back off and say, "I think I'll wait a little while before subscribing (big money) to see if they make it." So they do wait a while and they don't make it.


Karen and Jerry hung in there and today they have about 30,000 circulation. They identified a market that was not being served by a relevant publication, all those people who owned good, solid, fiberglass sailboats older than ten years. There are a LOT of these, the boats got so little use annually and in earlier times were so solidly built that they

last and last and last, too good to get rid of, and many acquire family member status.

Good Old Boat talks to these folks about the many, many subjects germane to owning and enjoying what might be regarded by outsiders as just another ordinary "Clorox bottle." "Making it your boat" is one article in this issue which discusses how to deal with the cookie cutter likeness of so many of these production sailboats of bygone times. Despite the limitations molded fiberglass construction imposes upon efforts to achieving the unique ambiance possible with custom built wooden boats, those who own them very much desire to "indulge in that strong urge to stamp your boat with your own character."

In regular issues there's more room for much information on cruising, repairing, modifying, decorating, and even restoring. The articles are well written easy reading, the photos plentiful, many in color, with good detail especially in the technical how-to article close-ups.

For those who find two months too long to wait, *Good Old Boat* turns out an alternate month newsletter full of reader letters and classified ads. There's lots of reader participation in both the magazine and the newsletter, not unlike what we enjoy with *MAIB*.



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www.compassrosereview.blogspot.com

WoodenBoat Show 2008

By Bob Hicks

The Scene on Saturday

It was a bright, sunny, hot Saturday June 28 and Mystic Seaport's parking lots were full up by the time we got there at 10am, an hour after opening time, but we snuck into the south parking lot just before it was closed. Latecomers had to park at a remote location and use a shuttle bus. The WoodenBoat Show was in town and the seaport was bustling.

The Show was spread over the entire length of the waterfront on the Mystic River from the Shipyard on the south to the lawn at the north end behind the Seamen's Inne. All available waterfront was lined with boats in the water and on the adjacent land and three large tents, on the Village Green, on the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* dock, and on the north lawn, sheltered a multitude of exhibitors of nautical related products. It was long hike from end to end and, with the less physically fit showgoers in mind, a classic wooden motor launch was at work shuttling showgoers from one end of the show to the other out around Lighthouse Point.



A Tribute to Multihull Pioneers

This year special focus was on a "Tribute to Multihull Pioneers." Jim Brown, Meade Gougeon, Walter Greene, Dick Newick, and James Wharram were the featured pioneers with Barry Choy and John Marples "also included." I had hoped to hook up with Dick Newick, whose ongoing series about his youthful "Water Wandering" (albeit in monohulls in those years) is currently running on our pages, who would have one of his designs, *White Wings*, at the Show. I looked in vain amongst the docked tris and cats only to finally spot the distinctive Newick swoopy seabird profile of *White Wings* out on a mooring some distance upriver and inaccessible to me. As we did not attend the evening dinner for the pioneers we did not connect amidst the crowds. The photo is of a Wharram cat, spacious living on a boat capable of world cruising.



Concours d'Elegance

All the boats exhibited at the Show were eligible to participate in this event hosted by Heritage Marine Insurance. There were a number of larger yachts, sail and power, docked at the Show forming, to me, a sort of backdrop whenever I took my eyes off the small boats that were my principal focus. The seven hours we had on Saturday sped by far too fast to find time to look over the high end stuff and staying overnight anywhere nearby was out of the question.

Family Boat Building

WoodenBoat had its Family Boat Building project underway under its own tent on the Village Green. Just one boat, their new kit boat, the Babson Island 14, and just one family this year, Tom Jannke (at right in photo) has undertaken it for his grandson (and son). Tom owns T&L Tools, one of our advertisers, who offers the "Unscrew-um" broken off screw removing tool. (Tom got so involved in this that his wife Kathy ended up running their own booth elsewhere in the Show). No screws on this project, though. Not what you might envision, this is a plywood flat bottom skiff type hull. When we stopped by Tom Hill (left in photo), WoodenBoat's Technical Projects guy, was wetting out a layer of glass cloth laid over the plywood. No beveling, planing, scarphing, steaming ribs, any sort of traditional wooden boat methodology to be seen. It was noteworthy to me that plywood/fiberglass/epoxy have made such inroads into wooden boat building that it was now front and center at WoodenBoat's very own show. (WoodenBoat does state in its promotional material on the new kit that it can be built using traditional methods.)



MAS Epoxies and the Sea Scouts

There was another boat building project underway at the north lawn area where MAS Epoxy (another of our advertisers) had members from several Sea Scout troops engaged in building classic style dories with tombstone transoms, albeit in plywood with their MAS glue holding them together.

MAS Epoxies, 2615 River Rd #3A, Cinnaminson, NJ 08077, (856) 303-9245, www.masepoxies.com



Berkshire Boat Building School

Inside the tent nearby the MAS project another building project was ongoing at Hillary Russell's Berkshire Boat Building School booth (three booths actually strung together) and here we found traditional technique at work. Hillary and his righthand man, Bruce McAlister (who wrote an article for us last year on his experiences learning at Hillary's school), had a finished half-scale model of a 10' currach design, the Donegal Witch, he has developed incorporating woven willow branches underneath the gunwales along with sawn wood framing, for stiffening the fabric covering while a full size version was underway in the extra booth space. See the article "Down to the Sea" elsewhere in this issue for more particulars on this boat.

Berkshire Boat building School, PO Box 478, Sheffield, MA 01257, (413) 229-2549, www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org



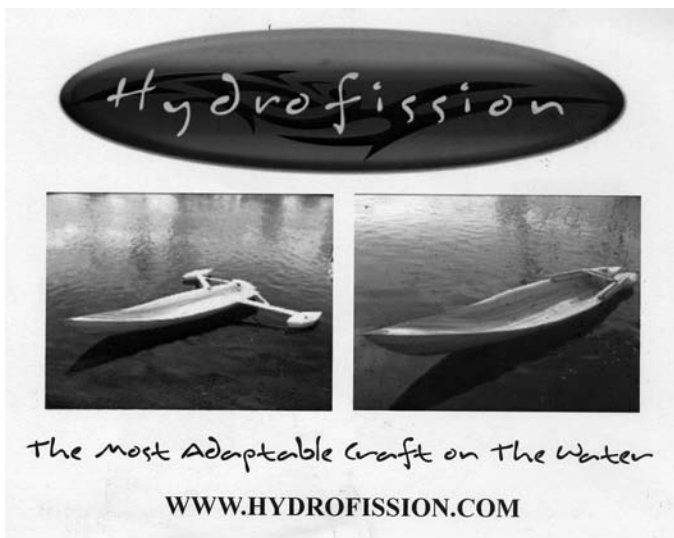
Small Boats

Now to the meat of the Show for this magazine, the small boats on display by a number of builders. We didn't get to stop at all who were there but here's a representative sampling.

Hydrofission

5th Axis LLC is not a name one would associate with small boats, turns out they are a design firm that turned its attention to small boats and came up with a radical looking small craft resembling a shallow dugout with folding amas aft. The photos best describe it. Hydrofission is claimed to be "the most adaptable craft on the water." Some adaptations suggested on their promotional card include: sail, dugout, stand-up paddling, life guard, oarmaster, rowing shell, trolling, fishing, diving, easy on/off.

Hydrofission, 300 Taugwork Rd, Stonington, CT 06378, (860) 535-2385, www.hydrofission.com



Adirondack Guideboat

Owner/builder Steve Kaulback had an original woodstrip version of his now very popular (mostly fiberglass, shhh) boats on display, "still building it to order," said Steve, who introduced this boat back at the Wooden Boat Show (unaffiliated with the magazine at that time) at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1983. In our report on the 1984 show we quoted Steve as saying about the boat (offered at \$2,500 but unsold), "If I get my price I'll have earned \$10 an hour for my time." Steve is doing much better today on volume fiberglass versions but the love of and skill with wood are still there.

Adirondack Guideboat, PO Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926, www.adirondack-guide-boat.com (MAIB Advertiser)



American Traders

This firm claims to be the largest builder of classic cedar canoes and rowboats in the world, with 15 different canoes either glass/epoxy or traditional. We used to do business with them a number of years ago at which time they were buying in all their boats mainly from Canadian builders.

American Traders, 257 Marlboro Rd, Brattleboro, VT 05301, (802) 254-1300, www.woodencanoe.com

Beetle Inc

The Beetle Cat lives on with new ownership in recent years and a move to larger facilities. They are still the sole builders of the 12' sailboat (since 1921) and now do custom one off building of larger craft, such as their current 26' Herreshoff Alerion project.

Beetle Inc, 3 Thatcher Ln, Wareham, MA 02571, (508) 295-8585, www.beetlecat.com

Bryan Boatbuilding and Topsail Canvas

Harry Bryan has designed and built several innovative small boats, his Handy Billy 21 motor launch (now offered in fiberglass by Southport Island Marine, see ad in this issue) and his pedal-powered, flipper-propelled kayak serve as two examples. His 12' undecked Fiddlehead double paddle canoe and a new 12' Daisy skiff (a wheelbarrow boat) were on display. Harry's wife helps support the family with her Topsail Canvas canvas bags.

Bryan Boatbuilding & Topsail Canvas, 329 Mascarene Rd, Letete, NB, Canada E5C 2P6, (506) 755-2486, www.harrybryan.com

Dan's Dories

Last year Dan Noyes introduced his boat building skills at the Show with a custom one-off daysailer for a client. This year he was back with his own Ipswich Bay performance sailing dory which he claims will plane off the wind. Our October 15, 2007 issue featured Dan's story on a cruise in one of his boats, "The Little Schooner That Could" (schooner rigged dory).

Douglas Brooks Boatbuilding

A 15' Rushton designed catboat in glued lapstrake plywood was the example of the "Japanese and American boats I build," which Douglas invited showgoers to stop by and talk about. Unhappily we didn't get to do so.

Douglas Brooks Boatbuilding, 84 S Maple St, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 877-3289, www.douglasbrooksboatbuilding.com

Downeast Peapod Company

The original Jimmy Steele peapods from downeast Maine are now offered by this firm from Rhode Island, built of steam bent white cedar planks copper riveted on red oak frames using Jimmy's jigs, molds, and tools.

Downeast Peapod Company, 1 Washington St, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 619-1190

Geoff McKonly Boatbuilding

Geoff displayed his own in-house designed and built 18' Reach boat. Geoff has a long association with the Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, a boat building school for inner city kids.

Geoff McKonly Boatbuilding, 2126 W Moyamensing Ave, Philadelphia, PA 19145, (610) 755-1514, www.mckonlyboats.com

Howdy Bailey Yacht Services

The most striking small boat on display had to be the Dix Paperjet 14 high performance trainer built by Howdy Bailey of Norfolk, Virginia. It takes two photos to fully reveal the radical shape of this boat, aptly named after those paper airplanes we all folded up and flew in our youth. This display in the tent lacked a rig, there are three to drive this 100lb lightweight. We saw one in action when walking the waterfront later and it was indeed flying.

Howdy Bailey Yacht Services, 4523 Dunning Rd, Norfolk, VA 23518, (757) 270-3554



Nichols Boat Builder LLC

A new "Sweet Sixteen" version of Richard Nichols' West Point Skiff was introduced at the Show. The 16', 18', and 20' models are traditionally built of pine strips on oak frames, silicon bronze fastened.

Nichols Boat Builder LLC, 300 West Point Rd, Phippsburg, ME 04562, (207) 389-2468, www.westpointskiff.com

Norse-Boat Sailing and Rowing Cruisers

Norse-Boat has expanded its line from the original fiberglass version of several years ago to include wood or wood/glass hybrid models. They refer to it as the "Swiss Army Knife of boats," a high performance daysailer/camp cruiser with classic lines.

Norse-Boat Sailing & Rowing Cruisers, RR1, Belfast, PEI, Canada C0A 1A0, (902) 659-2790, www.norseboat.com

Pert Lowell Co, Inc

Our long time friends, Joanne and Ralph Johnson from Newbury, Massachusetts, continue to bring their traditional Town Class ("Townie") sloop and mast hoops to the shows, carrying on a tradition begun in the 1930s when Pert himself (Joanne's father) was a regular at the big Boston Boat Show. Over 2,000 wooden Townies have been built since then and today Ralph and Joanne also supply the steam bent red oak mast hoops for any size sailing vessel, dinghy to tall ship, that Pert began producing during WWII and they have never ran out of customers since.

Pert Lowell Co, Inc, Lands End, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 462-7409, www.pertlowell.com



Red's Pond Boatworks

Thad Danielson came to the show in his 33' Albert Strange yawl, *Sea Harmony*, thus enjoying the trip down from Marblehead, Massachusetts, and demonstrating that it is "just the kind of vessel I like to build, work on and sail." Thad also builds small boats the traditional way.

Redd's Pond Boatworks, 1 Norman St, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-3443, www.reddspndboatworks.com

Richard S Pulsifer, Boat Builder

Not much has changed for Dick Pulsifer since he began building his 22' Pulsifer Hampton inboard launch in 1973, each built individually to order by hand. *WoodenBoat's* Technical Editor Maynard Bray states that, "This is one of the great boats of the world."

Salmon Falls Canoe

Canoes are in short supply amongst all the kayaks to be seen in the show so the traditional wood and canvas canoes of this builder should have been easy to spot on the Village Green. Somehow we missed them amongst the row of exhibitor tents lining the green.

Salmon Falls Canoe, PO Box 284, Shelburne, MA 01370, (413) 625-8555, www.wood-canoe.com

Schlieff Boatworks LLC

Pat Atkin told us to be sure to see the Rescue Minor in the small boat basin, the Atkin design that Robb White brought to our attention so vividly several years ago, so every time we passed by the basin (several passes in the seven hours we were there) we eagerly looked for it, only to come up unlucky. It must have been out giving interested folks rides. We'll follow up on this one though.

Schlieff Boatworks LLC, 554 Leonard-Cordova Rd, Renick, WV 24966, (304) 667-1090, www.schlieffboatworks.com

American KitBoat Service

Modern construction classic design plywood rowing dories from 11' to 16' are the specialty of this firm.

American KitBoat Service, PO Box 120-735, 635 Silver Sands Rd, E Haven, CT 06512, (203) 441-8129, www.amkitboatsvc.com

Atkin Boat Plans

Pat Atkin had such a good time and met so many who still found Billy and John Atkin's traditional designs desirable that she was back this year offering her newly expanded Atkins Design Illustrated Catalog containing more than 300 designs of the father/son team.

Atkin Boat Plans, PO Box 3005, Darien, CT 06820, (203) 655-0886, www.atkinboatplans.com



Benford Design Group

Jay Benford offers an enormous range of boat designs for classic and traditional sail and power vessels, so many that he's gathered them together into books available at the show.

Benford Design Group, 65 S Talbot St, St Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-3235, www.benford.us

Chesapeake Light Craft

The usual CLC array of kits for kayaks, rowboats, sailboats, and canoes stretched along the waterfront over several booth spaces. I asked owner/designer John Harris what was new for this year. Well, it wasn't in the booth but in the water, his 14' PocketShip mini cruising sailboat kit. We'll have more on this one soon.

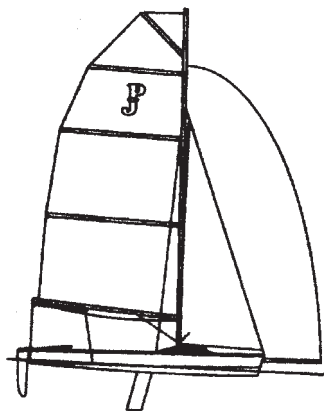
Chesapeake Light Craft, 1805 George Ave, Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 267-0137, www.clcboats.com



Dudley Dix Yacht Design

We've a couple of photos on a preceding page of the Paper Jet 14 designed by Dudley Dix, but it is just one of several innovative high performance modern wooden boat designs for amateur builders. We'll be getting a closer look at some of these this fall/winter.

Dudley Dix Yacht Design, 1340-1272 Great Neck Rd #343, Virginia Beach, VA 23452, (757) 962-9273, www.dixdesign.com



Guillemot Kayaks

Nick Schade displayed several of his own design and handcrafted kayaks and canoes with an eye to persuading showgoers to undertake to build their choice with his plans and instructions.

Guillemot Kayaks, 824 Thompson St, Glastonbury, CT 06033, (860) 659-8847, www.woodenkayaks.com

The Newfound Woodworks, Inc

Michael Vermouth has been producing strip built, stitch and glue and hybrid canoe, kayak and rowboat kits for 20 years now and the array on offer is enormous. This year a new rowboat kit was on display.

The Newfound Woodworks, Inc, 67 Danforth Rd, Bristol, NH 03222, (603) 744-6872, www.newfound.com

Shaw & Tenney

Shaw & Tenney were at the very first Wooden Boat Show (not connected with the magazine) in Newport, Rhode Island, back in 1983 when Paul and Helen Reagan owned the business, and later in the '80s Paul was on a special advisory committee of exhibitors trying to save that original show from going under from lack of trade support. They were unsuccessful. Now new owner Steve Holt, busy celebrating the firm's 150th Anniversary year, carries on their presence at suitable boat shows. He told us that he is now going ahead on their first boat to be offered, the Shaw & Tenney Whitehall.

Shaw & Tenney, 20 Water St, Orono, ME 04473, (800) 240-4867, www.shawandtenney.com



Mystery Boat

I saw this interesting Scandinavian-looking craft out on a dock near the multihulls and had to check it out. To my dismay nobody was around nor were there any identifying or descriptive signs, pamphlets, etc. Nothing. It appears to be an inboard motorboat version of a Scandinavian type double ended lapstrake sailboat hull. Anybody know what it is or whose it is?

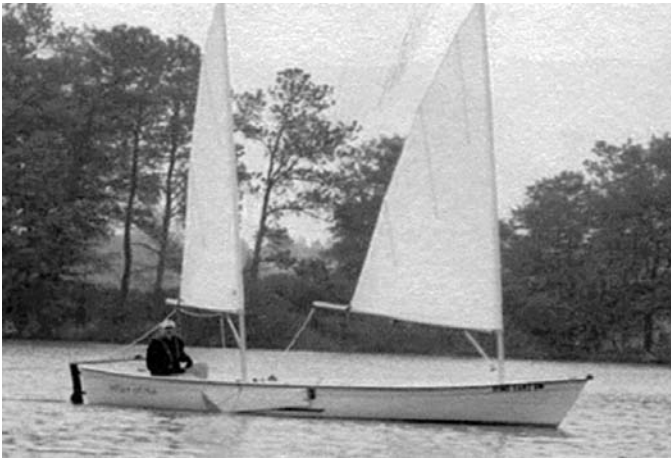


Next Month: "I Built It Myself"

I found myself most interested in the array of about two dozen home-built small boats participating in the "I Built It Myself" display on and near the Village Green. *WoodenBoat* invited amateur builders to bring their work to the show to show off, no cost for the space. This goes to the heart of our own magazine so I decided to devote my fullest attention to this. Time ran out on me so I have postponed publication until next issue so I can round up missing information on some of those who took part.

Seen at the Shallow Water Sailors Spring Cruise

Several crews of these boats have been sailing with the Shallow Water Sailors from the start many years ago. Imagine how thick their log-books must be. So many years, so much fun! Go to www.shallowwatersailor.us for a review of a selection of this group's many cruises.



The Sea Pearl, *Reely Otter*.



The Litorina, *Annika*.



The Shearwater, *Ardea*.



The Martha Jane, *Scout*.

The Farrier F-27 Tri, *Swallow*.



The Dovekie, *Sedge*.



The first annual Texas 200 is history but the enthusiasm and the plans for next year have yet to settle. Wonderful photo journals and videos continue to arrive at Duckworks and all are being added to the Texas 200 website (www.texas200.com). Participants came from as far away as Oregon (Andrew Linn) and North Carolina (Graham Byrne). Paul Moffitt flew all the way from London, England, to participate! The boats ranged in size from the tiny, tough 8' PD Racers to a Catalina 350. The conditions on the Texas Riviera are rarely predictable but in June one can usually count on a good breeze blowing southeast. It is (usually) too early for hurricanes but one can never discount thunderstorms and, while often quite hot, the constant wind over the water keeps the temperature bearable.

Chuck started talking about doing something like this several years ago. At first he talked it up with other sailors, hoping someone else would organize an event. He wanted something similar to the Everglades Challenge but less structured and open to anyone who wanted to come along. Everyone he talked to thought it was a great idea and said, "Just set a time and place and we'll come." After his second Everglades Challenge Chuck decided that Florida was just too far away and he got serious about a Texas cruise. We discussed all the various permutations, making it a race or maybe something like a scavenger hunt where you had to find spots or items along the way to prove you had

First Annual Texas 200

By Sandra Leinweber

been there. In the end he opted for a simple, straightforward 200-mile cruise lasting five days, 40 miles a day.

Last November we drove down to Port Isabel and South Padre Island to look for a starting point. You'd think that would be easy with Port I and South Padre on either side of the Laguna Madre, nice open water here. Public launch ramps are almost nonexistent, one is maybe being built near where the old State Park used to be. The old State Park is now a large RV camping area for all the winter Texans who populate this part of the world when it gets cold farther north. Discouraged, we continued up the coast to Port Mansfield, a tiny fishing community about 30 miles northeast. There we found a nice Parks and Wildlife ramp and a tiny county park down on the water, and even though it was not perfect we set this spot for the start. Chuck spent the rest of the winter studying charts and Google Earth to find the best spots approximately 40 miles apart to have for a camp each evening. Then he began to seriously publicize the cruise.

The response was amazing. Everyone said they had wanted to do this kind of thing

for years but not by themselves. Soon almost 40 boats were signed up. Several people with lots of Texas coastal sailing experience contributed wonderful advice and caution, John Wright and Charlie Jones in particular. Charlie Jones found a lot in the town of Magnolia Beach (the finish) where trucks and trailers could be parked and we arranged for a bus to pick up the drivers and take them back to the boats. The price of gas began to rise and we wondered if many would decide not to come. Only a few dropped out. On Saturday, June 7, people began to congregate at Port Mansfield and the TX200 became a reality. Sunday was the shuttle and Monday morning early the first boats left the harbor and the little county park and sailed for the land cut and the first camp, 40 miles up the coast.

Sailing weather is rarely perfect and, if anything, the wind blew a little too hard for some of the smaller boats. There was one capsized, the Miller family's dramatic account can be found on the TX200 website. They readily admit that they were overloaded and under-prepared for the conditions. Several smaller boats did not finish, also because of wind and waves they did not feel comfortable with. The three tiny PD Racers, sailed by Andrew Linn, Jason Nabors, and John Wright were admired by all. They were often the last to arrive at camp and they might have complained just a bit, but they never quit. On the last day John Wright said he felt like he was in a groove and could sail forever.



Jason Nabors in PDRacer reefed way down.

George Broadlick trailered this Martha Jane from Indianapolis and sailed it with the help of his two sons, David and James. He had bought the boat only two weeks earlier on eBay.



Bobby Chilek in reefed Bolger Bobcat.

Dan St Gean and Brian Rugg from Chicago on Dan's Hobie 18.





We took up the entire Padre Island Yacht Club's dock and then some.

Kellan Hatch flew from Salt Lake City with this inflatable trimaran in his luggage. On the left is a Core Sound 17 and on the right a PDRacer.



Night two turned out to be treat night. Chuck had been contacted by Paul Wegner, Sr, a member of the Padre Island Yacht Club (north end of Padre Island), about stopping there on their second night. Not only were there docks to tie up at, but there were SHOWERS, and yacht club members ferried the cruisers to Snoopy's and Scoopy's for dinner and ice cream. Bruce Nunez, the yacht club Commodore, invited them back for next year so they must have behaved themselves!

Protected by a line of barrier islands, the Laguna Madre is a long stretch of narrow channels and wide open bays and any cruise of more than a couple of days settles into a steady rhythm. Wake up and check the wind. Check the sky for clouds and see if any are dark or threatening. A quick breakfast and get the gear stowed and secure. Mornings are generally the quietest time wind-wise so an early start is a good idea, especially if there is a bay to cross. The sun rises fast and the biminis, if you have one, are quickly put into place. Most sailors wasted little time getting going on morning three, there was Corpus Christi Bay to cross and the ship channel to deal with, car ferries and the big dogs, container ships and oil tankers and even the occasional oil rig being moved from here to there. Forty miles is a

long slog and by afternoon the wind was whipping up the waves and gusting into sails. Night three was not at Dead Man's Island as planned as the likelihood of wind pushing water across the very small island made it undesirable. Instead the group gathered at Paul's Mott on the Bay side of St Joseph's Island, a nice oyster shell beach protected by the lee from the wind and waves.

The plan for day four was to head for the old Matagorda State Park, now a sort of State Natural Area prized as a bird flyway and only accessible by boat. A steady headwind kept many from reaching it as it lies due south of the main channel and some boats continued into Port O'Connor for the night. Part of the group reached the park and some hiked over to the Gulf side of Matagorda Island for a walk on the beach. By all accounts it was a rough day, with heavy wind and water crossing San Antonio Bay.

I arrived at the finish just after 1pm on Friday to find most of the sailors already there, some of them loading up boats and preparing to head for home. Did I mention that I did not make this cruise with Chuck but stayed home and wrote up the accounts that he phoned in each day? Our friend, Mike Miller from Phoenix, crewed with Chuck in



Kevin O'Neill and Laurent Coquilleau only brought one cot, we assume they took turns sleeping standing up. Laurent got the cot at Army Hole.

George Broadlick towed the Martha Jane he bought on eBay two weeks earlier from Indianapolis and sailed it with his two sons, David and James.



the *Caprice* and I imagine was a much better crew than I and no doubt even knows all the boat terms that I have yet to learn. I love this part of the world and have cruised all these waters with Chuck, but thought I would wait and see how this first TX200 went and plan to go next year for sure.

After hearing the reports and happiness of all who participated I can only say that this first annual event was a huge success. There were a few who did not finish but they all plan to be back next year with better boats and/or better plans. One of the things Chuck found to be especially fine was the way everyone involved pitched in and helped with whatever needed to be done, whether it was with boat repairs and modifications along the way or just plain old encouragement to fellow sailors. A shrimp boil for Friday night was mentioned at one point and that was organized and made a reality (a delicious reality) by Pete Brigaitis. You have to come next year, Pete!

If you are interested in coming in 2009, please check the website: www.texas200.com. Spaces on the shuttle bus are limited and we will be posting the information about that beginning in April of 2009.



The Texas 200 was the maiden voyage for this Mikesboat, built by Bill Moffitt and designed by Jim Michalak. Paul Moffitt at the helm.



Laura Griffiths takes the helm of the little trimaran that she and Charlie Jones built.



At Magnolia Beach family members welcome the three PDRacers.

Graham Byrnes, with daughter and granddaughter as crew, drove from Oriental, North Carolina, with *Southern Skimmer*, a previous Everglades Challenge winner.



At PIYC Jason Nabors and Terry Dunn discuss the next day's route.



The old runway at the abandoned Army Air Corps base at Army Hole.



Warning sign at Army Hole.



There was plenty of sun.



This is the bus that took all the drivers back from Magnolia Beach to Port Mansfield, about a four-hour drive.



Chuck and Mike toast a safe arrival at Camp 3.

John Wright surprised everyone by completing the course in this PDRacer with boom-furling standing lug sail.





No wake? Don't be fooled, these dhow's are fast!—Photo courtesy Event Media

The Sir Bu Naair Dhow Race Is it the World's Richest Sailing Event?

Reprinted from *A Brush With Sail*, The International Sailing E-Magazine


On Sunday, June 1, 2008, even before the crack of dawn, the men were at it, sipping tea, chanting folk songs, and getting ready to meet the challenge that lay ahead that day, the Sir Bu Naair Dhow Race. As the fleet of 100 dhows, with their sails not yet unfurled, are being gently towed to the starting line of the Sir Bu Naair race, the men and the sea appeared to be in perfect harmony with each other. Even though there was no conflict between the stillness of the sea and the restlessness of the participants, the air was pregnant with a sense of competition.


Then, the moment that everyone was waiting for finally arrived. Saeed Hareb, CEO, Mina Seyahi and Managing Director, DIMC, signaled the take-off by releasing two orange flares. *Al Zeer*, led by Mohammed Rashid bin Shaheen, skillfully navigated his boat and crew to the winning post leading the rest of the fleet by more than half a kilometre. Often referred to as the fisherman by night and sailor by day, Mohammed has been a part of the winning boats for several years. *Al Adeed*, led by Rashid Mohammed Al Rumaithi, achieved a first time podium position while *Serdal* found itself in third place. The race is

over but the tradition lives on. The Sir Bu Naair race reflects, in all its simplicity, the ancestral trading activities undertaken by the ancient pearl divers and their trading vessels.

Yet it is arguably one of the richest yacht races in the world with over 100 of the traditional sailing boats competing for prize money in excess of \$2.5 million. The wooden dhows are capable of speed in excess of 20 knots. This year, for the first time, they were tracked using the technology that has been used by ARL since 1992 on a variety of sailing events, including the Americas Cup, The Volvo, and the World Match Racing Tour.

"It was a real eye opener," says Paul Sharp, the ARL programmer who co-developed the Americas Cup software. "You think you have seen it all with an event like the Americas Cup and the wealth that surrounds it and then you experience an event like this. The dhows seemed to turn up out of nowhere, line up at the start line out in the Gulf, and six to seven hours later they are handing out prize money in excess of \$2 million! It was amazing."






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Summer '97 Cruise of Chesapeake Bay

As phase one of this summer's trip to the Chesapeake, we went to the boat on Thursday to finish installing the AC (which worked, thank God, since it was 103 in the shade) and the radar. The radar is a special case. Despite being a simple installation it took three weeks. After installing the first one it did not work. All the voltages on the DC bus to which it was connected checked out perfectly and all the diagnostic tests I could run showed no problems. My wife, who is not a physicist, kept telling me to connect it straight to the battery to which the bus is connected. I, of course, ignored such "uninformed" advice. Anyway, I consulted with the company going over with them every detail and they agreed that it was defective and sent me a new one, which I installed and, of course, it did not work either. Kay, meanwhile, persisted with her earlier advice and finally, to show her the futility of such action, I connected it directly to the battery. And then the worst possible thing happened, the damn thing worked!

We leave tomorrow for the Chesapeake.

Our first day saw us motoring into a 20-kt head wind and steep seas on the Albemarle, very unpleasant but a great test of a marriage. We stopped at the Yeopim River. On the second day we reached Goat Island on the upper Pasquotank and on the third day we stopped at the docks at the North Carolina visitor center on the Dismal Swamp Canal. The next day we were headed to Salt Ponds in Hampton, Virginia. That would necessitate us transiting the canal, then Deep Creek (which ain't), and then the dreaded Norfolk Harbor with all its Navy and commercial traffic. We were "delighted" to hear on the morning news that all five Norfolk-based aircraft carriers would be arriving that day.

The trip up the canal was, what's the word? Oh yes, "dismal." For one thing it was raining hard and for another we fouled our prop and I had to go overboard and clear it (fortunately I am not afraid of snakes because I had plenty of company). Failing to heed the maxim "be careful what you wish for, you might get it," we wished that the rain would go away. It did and (pause) the vicious green-headed yellow flies came out in formation. Nothing at all would repel them and we had no choice but to suffer, but NOT in silence!

Entering the Chesapeake from Norfolk Harbor we encountered very high head seas which made our first day on the Albemarle look placid. It is the first time we have ever seen our 12,000lb boat thrown into the air so that the propeller (2½' below) drew air. ("Whatever does not kill you when sailing is, by definition, fun.") On the bright side, for the first time we did not run aground in Deep Creek and we did not meet any aircraft carriers. We did, however, set a personal best in nuclear submarines, three at one time. We are now in Salt Ponds, an ersatz Key West-East, one of our favorite locations. Will leave in a day or two for Deltaville, Grog Island, and Crisfield, Maryland.

Four days later we were in Crisfield at Somers Cove Marina. Before we left Salt Ponds I discovered "oyster shooters," absolutely wonderful. The perfectly balanced meal; one-third oyster, one-third Tabasco, and one-third beer. All three food groups!

The trip was adventuresome. Unfortunately we hate adventure. Boring is in. The main problem involved huge floating islands of sea "grass." I am not sure whether this

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

By Carl Adler



is due to a revitalized Bay (more about that later) or a "new" form of crabbing known as bottom scraping. In any case, when leaving Salt Ponds we ran through one of these "delectables," which our engine water intake eagerly ingested and immediately developed indigestion and we had nothing but trouble for the next two days.

We had started out for Deltaville but pulled into Mobjack Bay for repairs. We last visited Mobjack six or seven years ago when I was still department chair. I recall, because I received a call from the department there, my one, and still only, marine radio telephone call. I had to go into the water again which would have been fine except for the jellyfish, and that to no avail regrettably. It took two days to find the problem but find it we did and on we went.

Six years ago we saw little "marine" life and even last year we only saw dolphins and pelicans near Norfolk. In fact, when we visited Smith Island on our first trip we were told that the last pelican was seen there in the 1920s. So far we have seen them everywhere, including the Smith Island environs. We have also seen dolphins as far north as the Rappahannock River. The most surprising sight was storm petrels. They are little birds who dance over the surface of the water. They are also pelagic and I have only previously seen them over the open ocean.

To pass the time I have been re-reading one of Jimmy Buffett's books, one in which, I now discover, he has a character who drinks oyster shooters. Buffett is enormously talented and popular. Many of my students this summer went up to his recent concert at Walnut Creek. They all seemed amused that I, too, was a fan. I declined to mention to them that we are the same age and he has little more hair than I. Buffett did not bring out his usual album this summer presumably because he is working on a Broadway play with Herman Wouk. What an unlikely combination!

Like most boaters Kay and I enjoy collecting boat names. The most apropos, *Half Way Retired*. The worst, *Fat Broad*. The best, *Sea Ya*.

When we reached Solomons Island, Maryland, about 45 miles south of Annapolis and quite a beautiful place, we were the furthest north we have been in our boat. We had crossed over from Crisfield. Fairly strong southerly winds allowed for a fun, but too long, day of sailing. When we entered the main part of the Bay from Tangier Sound we found major rollers on our stern quarter which made steering too difficult for our autohelm and really aggravating for us for that matter.

On our trip so far we have passed two boats from the Edenton (our home port) Yacht Club. One was *Sea Esta*, returning from Philadelphia, and *Wolf*, which is owned by a friend from Edenton who loaned/gave/sold(?) us the portable air conditioner which has made this trip so pleasant, especially at night. It is a little box that sits under the table and when we get somewhere with electricity all I do is throw two hoses out a hatch (one with a small pump on the end) and zap, the boat is cold. Cool.

Last night we had our first thunderstorms. I have been waiting for one to occur so I could see how the radar worked. It was very interesting. We sat there and watched the storms move around. You can even tell how intense the storms are. We watched a particularly intense one bear down directly on us to which Kay said, "Great, we spend \$2,000 to watch something coming to destroy us."

Speaking of Kay saying something, I mentioned earlier that we had to pull into Mobjack Bay because of engine overheating problem. I didn't mention that we had no sooner anchored so that I could work on the motor then Kay reported that the head (toilet) no longer worked. Great, no motor, no toilet. But not to worry, I knew what was wrong, the C-clip which holds the piston to the pump handle had failed and with forethought I had purchased a rebuilding kit for the head. At that point Kay uttered the dreaded words, "what more can go wrong?" We both shuddered when we realized what she had said but plunged (no pun) ahead. I opened the \$70 repair kit and found "all" the parts one would need plus a note, "If your C-clip has failed contact Jabsco Lmt in Great Britain for a replacement." Ah yes! The creek and the paddle again.

One final note, for some reason the ospreys up here have apparently not heard of the rule that "ospreys only nest on the green markers."

We next anchored in Dun Cove off Harris Creek on the Choptank River (of Michener's *Chesapeake* fame). Tomorrow we will head for the Magothy River which is the first river north of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, located between Annapolis and Baltimore. Upon said river my first cousin William Adler lives and,

God willing, we shall visit him. I was born on October 3 and he the preceding September 3. His arrival signaled the beginning of WWII.

We had an uneventful trip from the Solomons. No sailing, just motoring in calm seas. Kay insists that I include the following, though I find it uninteresting at best. Let me start out by saying that I have never fallen off a boat or dock in my life. Well, as it turns out I was looking over the stern of the boat and rested my hand on the folding ladder and it did. Kay, watching me from the companionway, says that I did a perfect one-and-a-half gainer with a twist, at least a 9.2! Watching, she stood there like a little girl who threw penny down a well waiting for the splash. When done came she went to the back of the boat to discover yours truly relaxing in the inflatable dinghy (which we tow behind our boat). As I explained to her, I was just experimenting with new and more graceful ways to enter the dink. She did not believe me but I am sure you do. See I told you it wasn't interesting.

We have seen numerous rays on the Chesapeake this trip, mostly stingrays but at least one which appeared to be a small manta ray. We saw none in our two previous trips. A pleasant addition. I am really appreciating the radar and have it set up next to the gmap GP5. I can set them up to the same scale and view both. The one showing what should be there and the other what is there. It is a great way to learn how to read the radar.

In the words of that American philosopher, "We shall keep on changing latitudes and changing attitudes!"

We made it to the Magothy and were greeted by a three cannon salute from my cousin, Bill. Much appreciated, no matter that the first blast nearly caused me to make another unscheduled visit to the dinghy. The number of boats on the upper bay staggers my imagination. When we entered the Choptank I counted 33 sailboats. When we passed Annapolis I simply could not believe my eyes. The number of boats was truly uncountable. Of course it was a Sunday and I am sure that makes a difference. But still, what a zoo!

The amount of radio traffic on the weekends up here is wacky. I thought the Pamlico was bad. Also, the mayhem visited by boaters on other boaters is impressive. We heard one report after another of crashes, flips, and other unintentional gymnastics. The two calls for help that were the most interesting:

A Hunter 33 which had lost its rudder and reported to the Coast Guard that she was anchored at 810 Ocean Drive (I can see the CG looking for a street map to replace their nautical charts).

A motor yacht called the Coast Guard to report a small empty boat afloat. The CG responded by saying, "are there any other objects floating around, such as bodies?" (Gee, we did not think you would be interested in bodies.)

The further north we get the more aggressive become the interchanges, both physical and verbal, between the boaters. Probably due to a smaller bay and exponentially increasing number of users.

And finally the most interesting radio calls: First Place, *Naughty Lady*, *Naughty Lady*, this is *Mother Superior* calling; Second Place, *Shoein*, *Shoein*, this is *If The Shoe Fits*.

I guess I have to admit it. We ran aground near Tilghman Island (between red marker 4 and green 5). Right in the middle of the channel 18' of water suddenly became 4.5'. Boom. Kay, being no dummy when it comes to Archimedes Principle, knew we had to get rid of

some dead weight. It took me only a short time to realize what, or should I say who, the "dead weight" was. So I am in the dinghy again and Kay blasts out of the shoal water into deeper water. Apparently Kay can't hear me shouting at her to slow down so that I can pull the dink back to the boat to re-board our trusty craft. It must have been a funny sight. A woman and sailboat charging along at 7kts over the sea, pulling on a long line an orange dinghy bouncing over the waves with a little fat guy in a red shirt madly waving his arms. Actually, I could have sworn that I heard chortling mixed in with the sound of the Diesel.

Some time later, back aboard *Spindrift*, motoring on the open bay, we see three large white birds in the distance. At first we thought they were white pelicans, though that seemed unlikely since the brown pelican does not share these waters with its much larger white cousin. When we got closer we realized that we had come upon three swans. Now that is a real first for us. I believe these were mute swans, European immigrants who have now become well-established in the colonies. Peterson's Guide says they favor, among other locations, "salt water bays" so that fits. But as I said, "a real first."

We headed back to the Solomons, staying at Spring Cove Marina, a little pricey at \$1.45 a foot plus \$4 for electric hook-up. *Chesapeake Bay* magazine picked Spring Cove as the best marina on the bay to visit and indeed it is very, very nice. The large swimming pool is especially appreciated but the private bathrooms and shaded picnic areas are also nice.

We will leave on Saturday (today is Thursday), heading back south down the bay. We both hate to travel on the weekends up here for reasons stated earlier. We entered the Magothy on last Sunday and the very narrow entrance was packed with dozens of boats going every which way, including one mentally challenged sailor trying to tack out the narrow entrance amongst the chaotic traffic. The trip down from the Magothy was uneventful with the exception of "running into" a fellow ECU-er. I heard someone calling the vessel *Narnia* and I took the chance and also called *Narnia* and yes, indeed, it was Jo Roberts (ECU Med School retired). She at first thought I was "John" (I hope no friend of mine named John has a boat named *Spindrift* since we had the name first, hmm) but once we got that straightened out we had a nice chat. She has been up here since May 1, must be nice!

In the category of "surely not," heard on the radio; "*Monkey Business*, *Monkey Business*, come back Gary Hart," "This is the vessel *Undertow* requesting a tow," and nice sailboat names; *Eagle Wings* (a little high on the seriousness scale for me) and *Trivial Pursuits* (more my taste).

Kay decided that if I was going to keep sending out these email postings she had better read what I had written. I was not sure that was a good idea, but then again I wasn't part of the deliberation. Fortunately she had only one correction, the boat's name was *Eagle's Wings* not *Eagle Wings* but I am sure everyone guessed as much.

When we left the Solomons, Hurricane Danny doing his little Irish jig down in the Gulf was making us nervous so we headed for the tidewater area. In order to turn a three-day trip into a two-day trip (for safety's sake) we covered 50 miles in just over seven hours. We anchored at Grog Island in Dyer Creek just north of the Rappahannock, one of the prettiest places on the Chesapeake.

The trip was uneventful in all ways but one that fell under the category of "One should never tempt fate in choosing the name of one's boat." The Coast Guard spent the day searching for a missing boat. The boat's name was *Our Grand Finale* and I guess it was. While on the subject of boat names, *Spindrift* was a second choice for both of us. Owing to the stellar afterwards qualities of our vessel, Kay would have called it *The Back Porch*, and *Calipygeous*. But then again they both mean essentially the same thing, harmless nuances aside.

We own several guides to cruising the Chesapeake but the one we now use almost exclusively is *19xx Guide to Cruising Chesapeake Bay* (\$34.50 and worth every nickel). Also, the chart book put out by ADC (The Map People) for \$39.95 is our constant source for nautical roadways.

The Solomons have numerous restaurants and other things to do in a very compact space. Within a quarter mile of Spring Grove there were five eating establishments ranging from a Holiday Inn to a Pizza Place and (to Kay's delight) a Chinese eatery.

In the same area, also to be found are a supermarket, a full service drug store, and (shhh) a great liquor store. Strangely though (in our experience), the food on the western shore of the Chesapeake is much different than that to be found on the eastern shore. Both feature seafood but on the western shore the food is much fancier and conservative (stuffed this and stuffed that), the eastern shore has more the informal fare. One thing I can say about the resort marina we were at is that it features lots of exotic (is that the right word, well something like that anyway) swimwear. And that is not a gender specific comment. One young gentleman caused quite a bit of tittering at the pool when he entered with a suit which turned transparent upon immersion. Kay, of course, never noticed.

Well, the dreaded "something" happened last night. What it was or is I am not sure, but at about 4:30am it started blowing a "storm" out of nowhere (by 9:30 the weather radio stations still had not picked up on it). Winds gusted to 40+ and the anchor alarm started to squawk and, yes indeed, we were dragging anchor. Kay got the engine started while I worked on the anchor. We did get it set again and, if and when we decide to move, I am sure it will be a struggle to release it. Listening to the weather radio we hear they are talking about light southeast winds when it is actually blowing 20-25 from the northeast. I think we will stay here for a while.

Next morning we waited for the northeast blowing "southeast winds" to end so we could leave for Salt Pond shortly. We dragged again last night. I think I will recommend this place only to special friends.

Overheard (honest) on the radio between two, presumably, nearby boats: "I am headed to the Potomac, am I going in the right direction?" "No. The Potomac is the other direction." (Note: the Potomac is a rather large river off the Chesapeake and difficult to miss.)

Oops, just bumped, gotta run!

We made it to Salt Ponds, covering 50 miles by motor because of an almost total lack of wind. With only a couple exceptions, that has been the common situation. Much different than the other two times we were here. Similarly there has been very little thunderstorm activity. Again, quite a difference.

When I pulled up the anchor at Grog Island it was heavily fouled by tree roots which

explains the difficulty I had with holding. I, of course, should have checked the anchor when it dragged the first time but at 4:30am (it is a well-known rule that anchors only drag at night) in a howling wind, "any port in a storm." It also explains why we bumped in otherwise deep water, tree stumps! There is a large area of deep water behind the island, the northern part of which is marked on the chart as an anchoring area. That is where we had previously anchored (we anchored south of there this time) and will certainly do so in the future.

After arriving at Salt Ponds we monitored a rather spectacular rescue on the VHF. It lasted for about an hour and a quarter and in the end involved two Coast Guard stations (Hampton Roads and Little River), a Coast Guard RIF, an Army tug, a Navy helicopter, and a Virginia Beach Police Boat. Everyone was very excited, they were stepping on each other on the radio and, apparently, randomly switching back and forth between channel 16 (the calling channel) and channel 22 (the Coast Guard working frequency) so it is difficult to report on the events accurately but I will give it a try.

Evidently there is a commercial organization operating out of Lynnhaven Inlet in Virginia Beach which uses a cigarette boat to pull riders in a paraglider. (I wonder if the marketing whizzes at the boat company regret their choice of name.) Anyway, what happened was that an intense local wind came up (probably the same one previously hiding at Grog Island) and the paraglider with two people aboard was pulling the boat backwards which, in turn and consequently, was taking on water. Total confusion!

Everyone got there but no one knew what to do. They all reported that they were standing by to help but, alas, they knew not what they could do. The situation really got desperate when (what turned out to be) a horrendous thunderstorm bore down on the armada. One can only guess what the people in the paraglider were thinking and we don't know the whole story about them yet. It was difficult to track what was happening but at one point I heard someone shout "cut the line, cut the line." I think it was from the police boat, but am not sure. Next everyone was asking what happened. "Two people were in the water." "One was in the water, one in the boat." "Both were in the boat."

Eventually the police boat came on line and said that they had both on board and that one had a broken leg. He then made the mistake of saying, "This is a reportable accident because there was an injury." This really turned the Coast Guard on, suddenly their interest turned to the cigarette boat, which no one could find in the storm. This led to memorable exchanges like: Coast Guard, "Police boat, do you have the cigarette boat in sight?" Police Boat, "No sir, I do not." Coast Guard, "Well, bring it in with you."

Some time later the police boat came on and said that his earlier report was incorrect, the guy had a broken leg BEFORE he went up in the paraglider. Amazing! Still later the police boat came back on and with a panicky voice said that he was "in serious trouble" in the storm. He was "lost in a fog" and storm. His loran and radar had failed. He was lost and in trouble. Yes, indeed, this was the boat carrying our fearless paragliders including, of course, the one with a broken leg.

Still sometime later the Army tug (I think) said he thought he had the police

boat in sight and that he was going right. The police boat was meanwhile talking to another boat (maybe the missing cigarette) and I heard him say, "Well, I don't want to be out here in this damn place either." Finally the Army tug came back on and said, "Don't worry the storm has almost passed, you will be in the clear soon." Shortly thereafter the police boat said he was in the clear and heading in. No one knew what happened to the cigarette. I am sure our paragliders got the thrill of their life.

Coming into Salt Ponds there are two boats "next" to each other. One, *Alimony* (cute); the other, *Litigator* (hmm).

We leave tomorrow for NC.

Well we are back, sort of. Kay, Carl, and Hurricane Danny arrived in Elizabeth City at 1pm. Not being ones desiring to face adversity with courage (or anything else for that matter), we opted to leave the boat and "get the hell out of Dodge." If only it had been that simple. Leaving the South Mill lock of the Dismal Swamp Canal at 10am, we headed down the upper Pasquotank towards EC, 18 miles away. The weather got progressively worse as we headed downriver and, not wanting to face the long run up the Albemarle in bad weather, we called ahead to a marina for a berth and called a friend in Edenton to move our car to Elizabeth City. No problem. Right!

Another friend in Elizabeth City overheard our marina call and said he would stand by in case we needed help. Little did I know at the time. As we got closer and the river widened the wind also freshened and things started to get "hairy." Our friend, meanwhile, called us from the marina we had selected, and told us that it was getting too rough in there for us to safely enter and suggested a new small marina just past the bridge that we could safely enter. He would move there. By now the wind had really built and we were getting horizontal rain. OK, through the bridge and duck into the marina. We call the bridge and are told that it is broken. The operator had done all he could do in attempting to fix it and was unable to get in touch with the person who probably could fix it. "It may be hours."

By now we were beginning to feel that we were about to enter a hurricane (and, of course, we were to find out that we were not far wrong). Our friend who was monitoring our conversation with the bridge suggested that we go into the Pasquotank Yacht Club which was nearby and on our side of the bridge. The transient slips there had "poor communication with the docks" (meaning if you are over 30 or overweight it was going to take a miracle to get off the boat) but this certainly was the case of any port in a storm.

Well, our trusty friend now heads over to the Yacht Club to help us dock in winds now gusting towards 50mph (meanwhile the second friend with our car is driving all around trying to find out what happened to us). We manage to get into a slip and, with little help from two discombobulated sailors, our friend gets us secured and off the boat. Eventually our friend with the car decides to look for our other friend and in doing so reunites us with the car. Happy ending!

We had left Salt Ponds the previous day early in order to make the 11am lock opening at the north end of the canal. We had our usual problem getting into Norfolk Harbor with trying to dodge large, fast-moving ships and a slow-moving sailboat. We wasted

about half an hour trying to figure out what one large ship was doing. It appeared to have a full head of steam (smoke from stacks) but was moving slowly (and apparently randomly). We would go one way and so would it, etc. You guessed it, the ship was at anchor swinging on the hook.

You need to go through five bridges to get to the canal, two highway bridges (Jordan and Gimberton) and three railroad bridges. The highway bridges open on demand and are usually very cooperative. The railroad bridges are normally open. We reached the first railroad and it was closed. Worse yet, we could not raise the operator on the radio. With the help of the operator of the second bridge (Jordan) we determined that maintenance was being done on the railroad bridge and we would have to wait. Eventually it opened, as did the Jordan, and the next bridge, a railroad bridge, was open. We were running a little late but were close to the lock and had only two bridges to go, the Gimberton and the adjacent (open) railroad bridge. We were making good time and I called the Gimberton. He said to move on up and he will open. I did, he did, and the railroad bridge closes as I hear a train in the distance. Damn, so much for the 11am opening.

We reach the lock at 12:00 and proceed to do "donuts" waiting for the 1:30pm opening, which never comes. Nor can I raise the lock on the radio. Eventually someone overhears my plaintive queries and lets me know that the Dismal Swamp locks had been put on restriction because Lake Drummond (in the swamp) was low. The only openings would be at 9am and 3pm. More donuts. Nuts!


Random thoughts: Radar, which we thought of as, at best, a frivolity, is really very useful. Would not want to be without it.

I have spoken often of Salt Ponds. It is presently being bought out by a ECU alum. Originally there were 49 owners and this guy is trying to buy them all out. I don't remember him but he was a ECU football player in the '80s who made it in the pros (Eagles, I think). His boat is parked out in front. It has a large picture of a female in a swimsuit on both sides and the name *Bump and Grind*. This guy is obviously not PC!

Speaking of PC, there are many biting flies on the Chesapeake. There are little black ones which do not discriminate on the basis of race, sex, or national origin. The ones with a yellow body and green heads definitely prefer those of a Celtic background, brown-bodied flies with green eyes prefer a Mediterranean flavor.

(Next Issue: Chesapeake '98)

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Morning, noon, and evening I gazed seaward from the outer mole of Malaga's busy harbor waiting for my boat to come in. The late October weather had been mean with heavy rains and the typical winds of that part of the world, either too much or too little. Europe had been my cruising region for 16 pleasant months but now it was time to turn homeward. In Palma, Mallorca, I had fortunately met the *Adara*, a Spanish-built sloop bound across the Atlantic. Skipper Chet Hewitt kindly agreed to meet me at Malaga on the southern Spanish coast, affording me time for a quick trip to Paris.

When they did arrive on November 2 my shipmates' only favorable comment about the cruise was that they had had a fabulous farewell party. We packed ourselves into the sleek 40' racer. Her 26' foot waterline and 9'3" beam did not encompass ideal transatlantic accommodations for five. My bulging seabag caused more trouble than my folding English bicycle which found a vacant corner under the dinghy atop the cabin.

Captain Chet also navigated. His wife Jane did a fine job of cooking after we finally got the stove working properly. Hall Farnsworth and I represented California in the crew and Bob Elliot of Marblehead, Massachusetts, made a pier head leap at Palma to go at least as far as the Canaries with us.

Fifteen reliable Swedish Albina horsepower pushed us out of the harbor at an early hour so that we could get into Gibraltar's harbor in daylight. We got there all right but only because the moderate gale that developed came from astern. By noon the lively *Adara*, under #2 jib, was surfboarding down steep seas that became more perpendicular as they funneled into the narrow straits. At the helm I was uneasy while *Adara* and I became acquainted. Chet shared our restlessness after I let a couple of big ones break aboard.

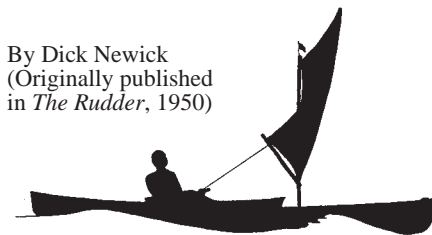
There was no calm in Gibraltar's lee as squalls screamed down from its rugged bastions. Fortunately we had wired ahead and were expected. The port doctor could not possibly have followed the usual procedure of boarding outside in that weather so we were soon secured alongside a warehouse in the inner harbor. The location should have been sheltered but solid chunks of wind seemed to buffet us from every direction. At the harbor office Chet was told that they were recording gusts up to Force ten.

The following ten days are best forgotten. We had abominable weather, a potent one-day flu that flattened most of us, and the usual delays and disappointments of last minute provisioning. Some yacht stores and equipment were available from the Admiralty, but at high prices. Canned foods from the stores along the narrow main street were quite reasonable so every cubic foot of locker space was crammed with cans. Their labels were removed and they were marked with nail polish in a code than only I (the originator) appreciated. Extra fuel and water were stowed and four 6gal cans were lashed on deck at the shrouds. Finally Chet announced that we were well stocked for 40 days at sea. The boot top had long since disappeared below the oily harbor chop.

John Goodwin's 25' Speedwell was in the harbor and I enjoyed getting to know him better, comparing notes on stores, twin staysail rigs, and trade wind routes. A finer small boat or a more able singlehander would be hard to find. We were to meet again in Barbados.

Water Wandering Across the Atlantic

By Dick Newick
(Originally published
in *The Rudder*, 1950)



Adara after her crossing.

Two other craft were also preparing for a crossing, one a 40' French ketch whose care-free crew found themselves bailing for their lives every time it got rough. Hall christened them "the leaky boys." We never did hear whether they made it. The other yacht was the able looking 50' ketch *Dawn Star* whose Canadian skipper was looking for a crew for the long voyage to British Columbia.

Perhaps the high point of most cruises is successful arrival at the destination. Not so with us. It was agreed that the best thing we ever did was to leave Gibraltar, even if we did so in terrible weather. While motoring just outside the breakwater the reverse gear acted up, leaving us at the mercy of shrieking gusts that often held *Adara's* rail under water as we worked to get a bit of sail on her. The decision was quickly made to continue downwind to the shelter of Tangier under the #2 jib. In a flash we accelerated to six knots, finding conditions in the strait much the same as they were on the day we arrived.

Our overloaded craft was mildly pooped by one roaring comber and another broke aboard to carry away a canvas dodger on the port quarter. Large merchant vessels passing close aboard were momentarily out of sight, then towered above us with scuppers gushing salty waterfalls. The people on their bridges must have thought us crazy as we skittered

along below them. As I sat wrapped around the base of the mast I wondered if I were too foolish to be worried.

Warps were readied for trailing aft and the #3 jib was bent on to our other double headstay (a handy thing to have two). These preparations soon proved unnecessary as we had by then passed through the strait's narrowest section and were able to edge over into a slight lee afforded by Africa's rocky headlands.

The wind had moderated by the time we entered Tangier Bay with the help of the double reefed main. Chet and Hall were able to make a simple adjustment to the reverse gear that gave us power just in time to bring up alongside a sleek gray contrabandista in the inner harbor. Our average had been six knots for the 30-mile passage.

Frayed nerves were relaxed in a sidewalk cafe high in the most modern part of town while a 12-year-old Spanish smuggler hired from the neighboring boat kept watch aboard *Adara*. Chet had made him a faithful friend with the present of a harmonica. Later, with some of the crew of the leaky French ketch, we enjoyed a real Arabian meal in a dark recess of the mysterious Casbah.

One day sufficed for last minute preparations before we headed out into the strangely calm Atlantic. Two hour watches for the four men aboard, with one man on call and Jane devoting her energies to the galley, proved to be a good system. Gliding along under main and genoa we eagerly estimated our time of arrival at Santa Cruz de Tenerife, 700 miles to the south in the Canary Islands. Guesses ranged up to nine days, quite conservative judging from the pilot charts and books which indicated a preponderance of favorable winds. The brief mention of squalls and unsettled conditions along the African coast was ignored for a while.

First came a persistent calm that bedeviled us into using the motor for many hours. A wish for wind was granted but it quickly became too much. No matter how the wind varied in the week that followed it always came from ahead. The smallest jib was more than we wanted so one night was spent under bare poles. Then came some stiff squalls that encouraged experiments with the new storm trysail. Dampness found its way below everywhere but Bob, in the quarter berth, soaked up much more than his share of it.

Fortunately our experiences around Gibraltar had given us unlimited faith in *Adara's* ability. At the start of the voyage Hall had been the most cautious about carrying too much sail but Bob soon took over in that department and we eagerly awaited his latest dire prediction to give us all a much needed laugh.

December temperatures were low enough to encourage the wearing of several sweaters under foul weather gear while on watch, but when the helmsman needed quick assistance to reduce sail those below got into the habit of reporting on deck in a pair of shorts, thus saving valuable time and precious dry clothes. Several seams were ripped in the double reefed main before we could muzzle it in one particularly vicious squall. After that we were just as happy to rely on the storm trysail for a while. Seasickness bothered me occasionally but the rest of the crew seemed immune.

Tacking shoreward one night we picked up a lighthouse south of Casablanca to check Chet's dead reckoning. Despite having few

opportunities for sights, we were right on the mark. He had lost none of the skill he learned while guiding a B-17 over Europe more than a dozen years before. Offshore again we met several groups of efficient looking steam trawlers from Vigo making easy weather of it as they proceeded in formation despite the big swells.

After a week at sea my four shipmates got a profound shock, all of them being devoted or addicted to tobacco. The cigarette supply had not been figured on when our 40 days' supplies were put aboard. An austere ration was imposed as my brave companions grimly concentrated on every puff and with belated foresight started to hoard butts. It was bad. As a nonsmoker I dared not go into my usual slave to tobacco routine. The cabin atmosphere contained an explosive mixture of oxygen and agony that never could have withstood such a spark.

Eleven days after taking our departure we had clawed our way 350 miles, just halfway to the Canaries, a disappointing record for our fine craft. The big question was whether we would make it by Christmas. Bob's mother and sister were in the Canaries and we had shared with them our optimism about a quick trip, trade winds and all that stuff. Their peace of mind became an additional concern.

Then came the break. A dark squall at dawn left the helmsman no time to check the course until it had whistled away. It was then gleefully noted that we had found a favorable wind which by noon steadied from the north with the lumpy sea gradually falling into ranks astern under a clearing sky. We reveled in the joys of drying clothes, an unscrambled meal, an accurate noon sight.

Much fun was provided on my afternoon watch when we decided to "see what she'd do." Double reefed main and #2 jib were all she could stand up to on a broad reach. Our accurate log registered 14 miles for two hours while those of us on deck were lost in admiration of her wonderful performance. It was quite another story in the forward cabin where Jane's berth kept failing out from under her. Two hours of that was enough, she announced emphatically.

The first day's run of over 100 miles encouraged speculation about arrival time and plans for the first day ashore. Ideal conditions continued, providing a chance to try our double staysail rig. Chet had had two spinnaker poles made and these were used to boom out any two of our three jibs, each hanked to one of the double headstays. The sheets were not led to the tiller for self steering as it was thought we could make better time with a man at the helm. The difference in size between the two jibs was unimportant because our course was seldom directly downwind. A 40° variation from a downwind course was possible without backing the sails, making the boat easier to steer than under main and jib and doing away with all chafe.

Tenerife's northernmost light was picked up exactly on schedule the evening of December 22, our thirteenth day at sea. Dawn found us under the lee of the jagged west coast. The rising sun crept down the sawtooth green mountains and was soon highlighting the white buildings of Santa Cruz de Tenerife. We were surprised by the size of the city and the many tall buildings clustered around the bustling harbor.

An exposed yacht club anchorage was passed up in favor of the slightly more pro-

tected south end of the harbor where we were invited to tie up alongside the 40' American ketch *Pingla*. Her young California co-captains, Rick Paschal and Milt Blair, had recently arrived after a rough, cold trip down from Sweden. Jane and I soon found ourselves relaxing in the cabin as Chet, Bob, and Hall scattered in all directions seeking relatives, mail, cigarettes, cold drinks, and fresh food.

Milt and Rick hospitably suggested that we stay alongside to share the services of their night watchman so we arranged things as best we could to minimize the effects of the chop and swell that continually beset us. I discovered that a bucket suspended 3' below the surface and boomed out by the spinnaker pole was most effective in dampening motion.

A busy two weeks followed. Palms, trades, sun, showers, mountain, and friendly folk ashore distracted us. Work consisted of installing a really practical stove for deep water use (two Primus burners on gimbals), a new spreader, a repaired winch, improved electric wiring, and several small improvements suggested by the trials of the trip from Gibraltar.

With Joan and Connie Elliot we found some fine restaurants in the town. Milt and Rick's sea stories amused us and it was arranged that Bob would make the crossing to Barbados with them, spreading the talent more equitably. John Prisch, another West Coast sailor, materialized to make number five aboard *Pingla*.

The two 40-footers were both painted white and both spattered with much dirty harbor oil. But there the similarity ended. *Pingla* must have had close to 5' more beam than *Adara*, giving her a great deal of room below in her Scandinavian double ended hull.

We managed to capture the Christmas spirit with the Elliot family and noted several United States-style Christmas trees around town. The most unusual Spanish holiday custom was the presentation of gifts to traffic policemen who collected their presents as they worked. On Christmas Eve the narrow streets echoed with the harmony of wandering singers and guitarists.

Proudly the local people tell tourists that off their harbor a great English fleet was defeated and its commander, Nelson, lost an eye. Another high point in island history was Franco's launching of the Spanish revolution from there.

Many schooners and sloops come and go with vital inter-island cargo. The most important products are bananas and tomatoes, large quantities of which daily go to Europe aboard ships flying many different flags. The whole atmosphere reminds one of the Hawaiian Islands with a European instead of an American influence.

Shortly before leaving I enjoyed a one-day bus trip over the central ridge of the island to Puerto de la Cruz, an international winter resort on the windward side. This charming seaside town was dominated by the island's snow capped peak and surrounded by banana plantations with many terraces.

We decided to set off across the Atlantic, agreeing we would never be more ready. On departure day I discovered what I had missed in Palma, Mallorca, as all of our friends arrived early for a farewell party which delayed us only five hours. The low spot in an otherwise high time was the fact that the ocean damp had temporarily ruined Chet's guitar.

A southerly start from the Canaries usually pays off for transatlantic sailors because the northeast trades become stronger and more reliable in the vicinity of the Cape Verde Islands. With our easily driven craft we expected that a more direct course to Barbados would give us a quicker passage. But no vessel could have made a quick passage in the weather we met for the first ten days. Conditions were better than those we had south of Tangier, but light variables, head winds, calms, and squalls combined to plague us, allowing an average day's run of only 70 miles.

For the first week I was bothered by dysentery so we discussed putting into the Cape Verde Islands. We gave the trades three days to appear while Chet treated me with a miracle drug from our extensive medical kit which produced a quick cure.

Suddenly the fickle wind steadied after veering to the northeast, filling the double staysails which were not touched except for minor adjustments until we rounded up into Carlisle Bay, Barbados, 19 days later. Watches of three hours on and six off left the three men plenty of free time. Jane had volunteered for two two-hour tricks at the helm to vary the routine and get more experience. With stoves that worked as advertised she was able to surprise herself most of all with fine meals plus our favorite snack, fudge.



Jane concentrating on the course.

Supplies of potatoes, onions and oranges lasted very well but we did miss the few other fresh foods when they were gone. All canned meat tasted alike except for kidneys, which consequently became one of our favorites. For long voyages the fishermen of the Canaries used small loaves of bread that are evidently baked until they are perfectly dry and toasty. I had bought about 22 pounds of this inexpensive stuff which served ideally for snacks, but such a large amount was troublesome to stow and far more than we needed.

Fishing with spoons and pieces of white cloth tastefully decorating our hooks proved to be useless. We did not catch a thing and occasionally were faced with the long task of unwinding the formidable tangle resulting from the fishing line's nearness to the rapidly whirling log line. Hall was a lover of raw fresh meat and did not go completely without, thanks to the cooperation of the flying fish who almost nightly ended their careers flopping on *Adara's* deck. One of these tasty fish thumped me in the chest as I dreamily pondered the Milky Way one glorious night. Perhaps they are one of the terrible dangers to small boat ocean navigators to which some of my more settled friends keep referring.

The good supply of reading material was made use of by all. Some of Hall's free time was occupied with professional quality

wood carving. Chet concentrated on fancy rope work, I on letter writing, and Jane had many little tasks to keep her busy. A fine Ed-dystone radio receiver was occasionally used in the evening to see what was happening beyond our not unpleasantly limited horizon.

The brightwork was being badly eaten by sun and salt but rolling along in the trades at six knots was not conducive to fancy scraping, sanding, and varnishing. How we did roll! *Adara's* combination of narrow beam with heavy deep ballast had been fine when punching to windward but was not ideal for downwind work.

Day after day Chet recorded runs of 140 miles which pleased us all. Still we were shamed by nature's gigantic race to the west in which the fluffy clouds overhead were the undoubted winners. Sun and stars seemed to tie for third place, closely following the moon in second place. Below *Adara's* bow speedy porpoises occasionally frolicked in waves that marched steadily to certain destruction on the approaching shores of the new world. Those were pleasant days. The sun grew even warmer as we slipped under 15 degrees north latitude, making baths on deck more popular.

A glance in the mirror one day startled me. The stubble on my chin had finally passed that awkward age, having sprouted at a shocking rate. Chet and Hall, on the other hand, preferred the inconvenience of shaving to the inconvenience of a beard.

We all watched the charts, speculating on when we would see Barbados. The trades continued at their best, helping us to make accurate predictions. There was enthusiasm about getting to shore again but with none of the earnestness that we had felt about making our landfall in the Canaries. It had been a fine crossing.



Chet Hewitt, dressed in Samoan style, taking a sight.

Hall sighted our destination, low and hazy in the glare of the late afternoon sun. I was oddly indifferent, not going on deck for a look until the landmarks were plainly visible, presided over by a lighthouse flashing its cheerful greeting. A pronounced glow in the sky was at first taken for the reflection of Bridgetown on the far side of the island but we were later told that it was caused by burning gases resulting from oil exploration.

After many days of inactivity due to fouled up wiring the engine was finally started to bring us into the shelter of Carlisle Bay where pungent tropic smells seasoned the air and two large freighters noisily discharged into lighters. Exploring beyond them, we

slowly entered the narrow carenage which was choked with island sailing vessels. The sounds, sights, and even smells of civilization were welcomed.

Melodious island accents from the dark shore advised us to anchor near the Aquatic Club until formalities could be observed in the morning. A police launch showed us to the correct anchorage and we were told that the authorities would be out at dawn. We were chagrined to hear that *Pingla*, which we had left in the Canaries, had arrived before us. Suddenly finding ourselves very tired, we gladly tumbled into strangely motionless bunks.

White uniformed officials were up with the sun and attended to us quickly, permitting us to move nearer to the Aquatic Club pier into the company of *Pingla*, *Speedwell*, *Drago-nera*, *Skaffie*, *Erato*, and *Sunrise*, all ocean vessels. Our old shipmate Bob Elliot was the first aboard, touching off a round of visits, sea stories, and iced refreshment that brought to a close another part of the voyage that was slowly taking me home again.

(To Be Continued)

Adara drydocked in Barbados.



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Sjaunja is Western Europe's most extensive area of swamp covering approximately 1,200 sq km and lying between the River Kaitum and Stora Lulevatten northwest of Gallivare in North Lapland. From Lake Riteljaure a winding ribbon seeks a way through the marsh, becoming wider as it flows through five great lakes and collecting water from the tributaries running from the marshes. This is the River Sjaunja which finally blends its swamp-brown water from Stora Lulevatten with the melted snows from the western fells. On its way the river has run through what is, economically, a worthless land but in the sense of unexplored, a genuine wilderness.

There has been certain development but this has been specially restricted in order to promote the husbandry of the local inhabitants who collected hay for their domestic animals supplemented with hunting and fishing. In Lill-Sjaunja at Sjaunjajaure they still live in the same way and in Akkavare, scarcely six miles to the south as the crow flies, are scattered homes. Some, who earlier had the swamp as their home, now live in the village of Allavare on the eastern edge of the great marshland with a connecting road to Linaalv Station.

A mile and a quarter southeast of Allavare lies the fell Pialloaive from which one can see the whole extent of the swamp. One feels that the flat lands end way up against the snow-flecked fells on the horizon, a mosaic of colours and play of light. Not all of Sjaunja's approximate 248 lakes are visible but above all one sees glistening water with, in several places, low ridges clad with dull green pine forest traversing the mire. The surface of the mire has a warmer glow and is distinguished by side scenes of spruce or banks of birch or osiers.

Our party consisted of four men who journeyed up through Sjaunja in two Canadian canoes, the objective being to reach the source of the river in Lake Ritelaure. We started from the road on the north shore of Stora Lulevatten. Paddling water begins a mile and a quarter south of Lake Moskajaure so we had to portage for the first half mile, only then could we paddle, now carry, and so take the canoes up the entire river through the Lakes Etnajaure, Melkajaure, Sjaunjaunjaure, and Vuoftasjaure. After that followed Hablejaure and some smaller unnamed waters before we could paddle out onto Riteijaure. The journey was finished by portaging the canoes to the eastern end of Satisjaure and paddling to the pond in the west, three miles north of the Vietas community by Stora Sjöfallet. There we met the return road to Suorva.

It all felt like a great adventure where no one knew what tomorrow would bring and where the meeting with the animals and birds of the swamp gave never to be forgotten memories. In the villages of Akkavare and Lill-Sjaunja we met the swamp folk who greeted us with hospitality and friendliness and told us about the local history.

The sun began to sink as we pushed out the canoes to paddle further up the river. The primeval forest, dense on both banks, in low lying parts consisted of birch and willow and on the drier land lichen-clad spruce was thickly entangled at ground level by dry branches. The river soon split up into several smaller channels and via glib into a silent world where only the absence of monkey chatter and exotic birds took away the impression of a rain forest. The trees grew as

Land of the Whooper Swan

A Canoe Trip in Swedish Lapland

Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*

The Journal of the

Historic Canoe & Kayak Association (GB)

(Translated from the original article in

STF "Tulist No 5" by John E Pearton)

a compact mass right up to the water's edge and the illusion was most convincing. Some smaller rapids could easily be fared by manhandling the boats and soon glided out onto a large expanse of slack water.

The evening sun was now in the northwest and the swampland was a red glow. The long shadows cast by the moon rested over the fells to the north and the surface of the water lay utterly bright, reflecting the landscape perfectly. Only the hum of midges disturbed the silence. We paddled quietly along the bright water to seek a way into the lake which, according to the map, should be found about half a mile away.

Suddenly a large bird arched over the river and continued across the swamp to the east. A golden eagle. After a couple of hundred yards it dove down into a little spruce. We paddled into the river edge and wormed our way up in order to get the bird within range of vision. Through the field glasses we could see the powerful hooked beak and how the old eagle harshly twisted his head in order to spy out the surroundings. After a while it took off and flew away towards a copse a third of a mile away.

Paddling was resumed and soon we reached the last neck of land before the lake. A short-eared owl hunted diagonally over the swamp before us. Then one last swing towards Sjauniaure. The great lake was rippled only away to the west and we could clearly hear isolated cries from the various bays. The lake had taken on a soft blue tone of the reflection from the low fell, but in the northwest the surface was lightened in reddish yellow by the reflected light from the sun now hidden behind a cloud.

When we had paddled some hundred yards we heard the clatter from swans taking off. In the south we could see seven swans take off, and after a long circle round the lake they set course southwest over the marsh. Soon after another two took off. The time was ripe for the whooper's evening display and through the glasses we were able to observe 12 swans spread out over the lake. As we paddled further on we could hear the swans calling and see how they rose from various parts of the lake. When we rounded the last promontory before the inflow of the River Sjaunja we again saw three whoopers rise into the air. This, if anything, was proof that we had reached the center of whooper territory.

We paddled up into the river outflow. Thick osiery edged the banks and the terrain appeared very difficult going. The waterway, however, lay like a shiny motorway into the hard jungle and we could easily transport ourselves upstream. Before long the river was bordered by birch forest and this combined with the willow screened off the light of the sky so completely that a gentle twilight prevailed.

Suddenly a dark brown shadow glided out into the water 20 yards in front of the canoes and froze, a beaver. It drifted motionless slowly towards us but suddenly it became alive and disappeared with a violent splash into the deep. When the water became still again everything was as quiet as before and it was as if the beaver had been swallowed up. It had possibly only crept into some hole in the bank or was swimming around under the surface so that we were unable to see it.

Some hundred yards upstream we found signs from the workings in the birch forest which showed that the beaver had haunted these parts in earlier years, and after about half a mile of paddling we encountered one more beaver crossing our path. Domain Works have implanted the beaver in Sjaunja and evidently they have made themselves at home because later during the journey we had the opportunity to see some examples of their tracks left by lumbering operations along the banks.

This memorable day came to its end and when we could discern flecks of foam on the water we knew that we were nearing a rapid. With the help of the midnight sun we were able to make camp below the rapid on the bank in the birch forest.

Sjaunja is a name to which ornithologists pay attention. A prerequisite, in order that the reward shall be as rich as possible, is that one gives oneself completely to the swamp which few can think of doing since boggy ground and midges often constitute the characteristic feature of the territory. The waterways allow relatively easy transport through the central parts of Sjaunja, even if the river is a bit stony at times. During the month of June the water level in the River Sjaunja is highest and the midges do not make themselves felt until the last week of the month.

When one also remembers that the birds start breeding after the break-up of the ice and one can observe the mating display in several places, this would seem to imply that June presents a tempting month for ornithologists intending to go into Sjaunja.

In contrast to the geese, the whooper swans occur fairly abundantly in Sjaunja. During our cruise we saw a total of about 75 especially on the lakes. They return regularly to certain smaller tarns in order to feed and here one can easily study them by setting up a hide at the edge of the forest. Sjaunja is quite shallow in several places with connecting deeps which makes it an ideal pasture lake.

Sjaunja does not give up all its secrets at a superficial glance from excursions made along the edge, but only opens up its inner self and presents memorable experiences firstly for those who go out into the swamp. The extent of the great marshland with its colours, cloud, and play of light seen against the fells in the west, the surface of the swamp a coloured mosaic, river Sjaunja's marshy brushwood and calm slack water together with meeting the animals and men, make one remember Sjaunja as a great wilderness, the land beyond everyday.

Editor Comments: Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact:

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I still remember the stories. My father would tell of living in San Diego during WWII working as a draftsman at Consolidated. He'd grown up in Wyoming and the tropical warmth and shimmering bay of the busy sub-tropical port drew him out. As a boy in Wyoming he'd built a rowboat but had suffered from bad luck. He had been concerned that it should keep the water out so after it was built he coated the inside heavily with tar. He then put it up on saw horses and filled it with water to test it. The weight of the water shattered the planks and he gave the idea up. He'd also planned to build a biplane glider from *Popular Mechanics* plans. He bought the muslin for the wings with money he'd earned, but this was just after the Depression and when his mother found out what all that fabric was intended for she appropriated it for sheets with the dual goal of having fresh linens and keeping her eldest son safely on the ground.

But now he was away from the dubious protection of home. While exploring San Diego he found a neat little sailing dinghy for sale. The happy seller showed him (at the dock) the parts and principles that governed them. On his own he set out sailing across San Diego Bay among the warships. He found, however, that it was far easier to go downwind than up. In fact, the wind was driving him far from his dock. Soon he saw a boat coming out to rescue him. As it got closer he realized that they weren't thinking of rescue, they were armed and they were not happy about someone who was obviously a German saboteur sailing into the take-off lane for the flying boats. I also have a confused recollection of a tale of being drenched with water draining off a flying boat as it lifted from the water and flew over him. He obviously got back but I don't remember the story of how that happened.

My next boat memory was on Strawberry Lake in the Sierra Nevada. We visited the lake occasionally during the summer and this time we rented a small sailboat. I don't remember if my little sister was there (or even in existence). I do remember the warm mountain sun, the sharp mountain air, and the sparkling mountain water. Dad showed how the sails worked, how it was possible to travel into the wind by taking it at a slant. It was a wonderful memory but we didn't repeat it.

My family bought property above Stinson Beach in Marin County. There was a lagoon behind the spit of the beach and I fantasized about making a folding sailboat that I could use to explore the lagoon. We never built on the property and I never built that boat.

Years later a business acquaintance of my father's took us out on his sailboat on San Francisco Bay. I remember getting underway and the sense of effortlessly traveling to places I'd only seen from a distance.

When I was 18 our family moved to Marin County. That year my mother had a big surprise for Dad's birthday. We didn't know what it was. We trooped out and there was a bright yellow 12' sloop, a Nordex Nord 12. She had a scow hull and a Marconi rig. The hull had a pronounced square bow, typical of sailing scows, a broad (46") beam, and a watertight sealed hull. This particular boat had been carried to its limit with a custom set of North sails and a tiny handkerchief jib set to the miniature forestay.

We were all surprised when my Dad's face fell. We tried it out anyway, taking it down to the channelized Corte Madera

My First Boat

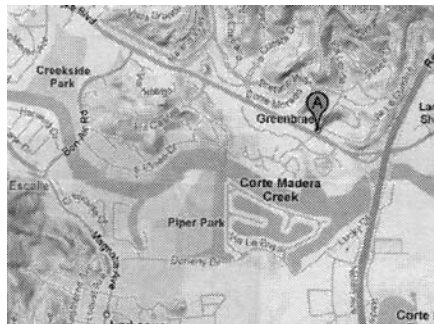
By Mark Fisher



Creek that runs through Greenbrae on the north side of San Francisco Bay and set it up. It became apparent that a 12' boat wasn't going to fit a middle-aged man who was beginning to feel a bit creaky. It also became obvious that the hidden moral to those stories of sailing adventures in San Diego had not been "sailing can lead to wonderful adventures" but "sailing is dangerous and can lead to disaster." The boat was stored in a small compound near the boat ramp run by the Greenbrae Sailing Club and forgotten.

But not by me. I had never forgotten that Strawberry Lake sail and I found my way to the local public library. There was an entire shelf of books about sailing from "how to rig your dinghy" to adventures on the ocean in catamarans. Eventually I read them all. Probably the most helpful book was Royce's *Sailing Illustrated*. When I discovered it was still in print, I bought a copy. I went down to the compound and managed to horse the hull off the storage rack and onto the dolly. It was surprisingly heavy.

That rig, full of bells and whistles, took quite a while to set up but, once in place, the bright yellow little doughdish bobbed jauntily at the dock. Greenbrae was built around the Corte Madera Creek and successive real estate development had filled and improved the marshes in the tidal area. The result was an oddly urban, rectilinear waterway. I quickly learned about tacking. When the wind was right, I could get a screaming reach down one of the straightaways, but when it was wrong it meant a tedious series of short tacks to go where I wanted.



My skills improved. I was better able to deal with the weight of the boat, better able to rig it and tweak it to get better performance. I was able to handle both the main and the jib. I had knockdowns and capsize as I dealt with the wind gusts around the apartment houses at some points along the creek. I even had a high speed collision with a docked powerboat where I learned about weather helm and how the rudder could be overpowered by the turning moment of the mainsail. Having gotten into enough trouble on the creek, I looked out to the east to San Francisco Bay. There was only one problem, a deck sweeping railroad bridge that blocked access. It WAS a drawbridge with a weatherbeaten "Phone to Open Within 24 Hours" placard on its side, but from the track's condition and position it was obvious they weren't thinking of coming down to open it for a teenager's 12' scow.

Finally, equipped with a lunch and big plans, I sailed up to the bridge. I then unrigged the boat and frantically paddled under the bridge. Fifteen minutes of re-assembly on the other side found me sailing out the Corte Madera Creek channel, past San Quentin prison, to the Bay! On that first sail I didn't go much beyond the bay in front of Corte Madera Creek, but as the summer stretched on I expanded my trips. I also learned how important it was to time the trips to the tide. With the current in my favor all I had to do was capsize the Nord and drift under the railroad bridge.

Marin is a mountainous place with sharp ridges radiating from Mount Tamalpais in all directions. Along the Bay side the next point to the south was the Tiburon peninsula with Angel Island just beyond. On each trip outside the creek I got farther along the coast. My trips stretched south, eventually extending around Angel Island.

My life moved on, drawing my focus away from Corte Madera Creek, but the Nord was still in the family. She accompanied us on trips to the Sierras where I learned that daggerboards don't last long when sailing at high speed in mountain lakes with granite boulders just under the surface. In fact, they turn into real daggers, slicing through the tender underbelly of the hull. This is a particular danger on a boardboat hull where the water filling the hull can't be bailed. In any event, the foam flotation billets that had been sandwiched into the hull allowed me to sail, deck awash, back to shore. In general, though, my life drew away from sailing as I got involved with skin and SCUBA diving on the California coast.

Years later, when I met my future wife Sarah, a sailor almost since birth, I took her back to the Corte Madera Sailing Club's dinghy racks. There was the Nord, bleached and abandoned. We worked her over with polishing compound and wax and she was soon her old, cheery, yellow self again. I was able to take Sarah out to see what my sailing life had been like. We found, happily, that the railroad bridge had been removed and it was now easy to sail out to the bay. We sailed along the Tiburon Peninsula again and explored the Bay from the water, even memorably venturing out (at slack low water) past the whirlpools and tidal rips under the Golden Gate Bridge.

The Nord ended her days with me when I sold her to another young man with sailing plans. The money I got helped us to buy a Columbia 24 and my sailing life continued and grew from there.

Welcome aboard on a new and interesting adventure. Sailing on a sailboat expands your horizons, puts you in direct touch with Nature and her moods, teaches you new things that are important to know for your own safety, the safety of your crew mates, and for the safety of the ship you sail in. Once you cast off your mooring lines and head out to sea your ship becomes your vehicle for getting to the new destination, it is your living quarters and the Captain is in total command (because he has total responsibility for the crew and passengers on board, as well as for the safety of the ship).

Sailing requires lots of knowledge and skill. You never stop learning something new so it becomes a life-long learning process that never gets dull.

You start by learning the basics of sailing, the directions you can sail in and the directions you can't based on which way the wind is blowing. This requires adjusting sails to suit your course (direction) and also to the strength of the wind. If the wind velocity increases, then you have to reef your sails (decrease the size of the sail area) so that the ship doesn't heel too much.

To know how to get to a new destination you have to learn coastal navigation. You have to learn to plot a course to the new destination on a nautical chart allowing for such things as tidal currents so that you arrive where you want to be and not miles away. You have to know what colors buoys have and what the colors mean, on which side do you pass a buoy? What are lighthouses and how do they function?

A Nautical Chart shows you depths of water over the whole area of the chart. The purpose is so that you can plot a course and avoid reefs, rocks, sandbars, sunken vessels, really anything that might be prudent to avoid and allow you to get to your destination safely. The depth numbers (are they in feet or in meters?) are depths based on a low tide condition; that means that you normally will have more water under the vessel than the chart shows but measure it to be certain!

The highest level of navigation is called Celestial Navigation. There you use sights (measuring angles) of the sun, moon, and various stars with the ocean horizon. This will give you a Latitude. You get another measure using time East or West of Greenwich, England (the place where the 0 Longitude has been established and is used on all nautical charts), by measuring the height of the sun at noon at your present location. Your ship's navigation clock was set to Greenwich Time. Noon where you now are located is at a different time. Now you can determine the difference between your Local Noon time which you noted when you took your sight and Greenwich Time. This gives you a second point, a Longitude, to cross with the Latitude you already measured and, voila, you now know where you are out in the middle of any ocean.

A quick way to recognize this principle is to remember that the Earth revolves once in 24 hours. With the Earth divided into 360 degrees, 24 hours divided into 360 degrees equals 15 degrees of earth rotation per hour. So if your ship is two hours West of Greenwich you are at 30 degrees West Longitude.

Boats must have navigation lights that have to be shown between sunset and dawn. Their purpose is to indicate to other boats the direction you are traveling and tell the other Captain you have the right-of-way and they

Cruising on a Sailboat

(Advice for my grandchildren from Germany about to embark on a cruise with their parents aboard a chartered 65' sailboat off the coast of Greece)

By Connie Benneck

have to let you pass, or tell you if you have to let the other boat pass you safely.

Additional navigation lights are used to give you more information, the size of the vessel, a small motor, or sail boat, or a large container ship, a tug towing barges, how many? How long is the total length of the tow?

Near the shore and at sea you will find different birds than you do on land. Robins, finches, and starlings disappear and become various types of seagulls and terns. Far out to sea you may sight pelagic ocean birds (birds that never come to land but live their entire life out on the ocean) such as frigate birds with long slender wings that let them glide effortlessly.

Then you may see fish, porpoises that may accompany your vessel leaping out of the water in your bow wave or in southern oceans flying fish, 30cm long fish with wings that really can fly through the air for short distances, or turtles. There is always something to see if you keep your eyes open, giant sunfish and maybe even whales.

German sailors believe in the Klabautermann. He is responsible for all sorts of pranks as well as for insuring the safety of your voyage. Prior to setting sail we always gave the Klabautermann a shot of schnapps as an offering to insure a safe journey.

He was also responsible for stealing my beer in the Adriatic. That is a story that Gerhard and Hildegard can tell some evening when you are sitting in the cabin having dinner.

The story was that we had left Pula, Yugoslavia, in our 29' sloop under power. It was 90 degrees and not a cloud in the sky. Also, not the faintest breath of wind. About two miles out we decided to go swimming, shut off the engine, put the bathing ladder over the side, and started to jump in. The Adriatic was like a mirror, not a ripple anywhere.

Then I thought it would be nice to have a cool beer when we got out again. I got a six-pack of bottles (Pivo in Yugoslavian) out of the bilge, put the six-pack in a tight meshed net, tied the neck closed with the end of about a 100' line, and lowered it into the water as far as I could.

Then we swam and splashed, dove off the bow pulpit, scrubbed the boot top clean, and enjoyed the slightly cool swim. Out on deck again, and sun dried, it was time for a beer before we continued our journey.

I pulled up the line and brought the net up into the cockpit. I untied the line around the neck of the net and started to remove a bottle of beer but one bottle out of the six that had been placed in the net was gone! Where could it have gone? There wasn't another boat within a mile of us. Nobody had passed us while we were swimming. We had been all alone. There was only one possible explanation, the Klabautermann felt that he was owed a beer as well. What other explanation could there be?

So Sally, Oliver, Zachary, Lucy, and Alexander, I'm enclosing a sailing starter kit. The book, *Sailing, the Basics*, explains the basics of sailing, the hows and the whys, and gives you

knowledge to start you learning a fascinating sport that you can enjoy all your life.

One most important item is that you learn some basic knots. Every line on a ship has to be properly fastened, if it isn't it might result in damage to the ship, to the crew, or to yourself.

You don't need to know many knots (and old sailors know hundreds for all sorts of specific tasks like holding barrels, long logs, hoisting people, furling sails) but you do need to know the very basic ones that I have indicated in the book. Learn them and impress your Captain with your knowledge when you go on board on the island of Kos, Greece.

The lengths of line I have enclosed are so that you can practice tying a bowline (a palstek in German). The cutouts of a cleat (cleats are found all over a boat) can be used to practice belaying a line properly. Clamp it to the back of a chair or to a table and practice using it.

The rest of the book gives you a basic idea of weather, navigation, navigation lights, and seamanship information.

May you have a great voyage together and enjoy all the ports you visit. Remember to try Spanikopita (puff pastry dough with spinach and feta cheese inside), delicious. Or Moussaka, which your mother makes. Try a different version! And tell your Captain, from a fellow Hochseesegler, that I wish him fair winds and always a hand's breadth of water beneath his keel.


And never forget the offering to the Klabautermann to insure a safe voyage.



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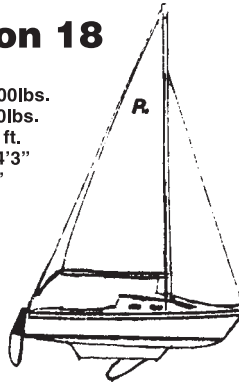


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Ontario's Trent-Severn Waterway is a water route for both commercial and pleasure craft extending from the eastern end of Lake Ontario to Lake Huron's Georgian Bay. While visiting the area, a friend asked if I had heard about the Marine Railway. They gave us directions and my wife and I took a ride over to look.

The original 1914 plan was to have three locks built to raise the boats. However, at the start of World War I there was a shortage of manpower to build them. So a "temporary" marine railway was built instead. The original carriage could only hold boats up to 35' long. In 1923 the original railway was replaced with one that could carry boats up to 60' long.

In the early 1960s plans were again made to replace the railway with a series of three locks. However, a population of sea lamprey eels had been migrating from the St Lawrence Seaway into the Great Lakes.

Ontario's Marine Railway

By Pete Gray
Photos by Grace Guido-Gray

These eels were considered a large problem for the fishing industry because they were killing off freshwater fish. A biologist determined that the sea lampreys fell off of boats going up the railway. The locks, however, could allow them access to Lake Huron.

By the late 1960s the boat traffic increased to the point where something had to be done. Long lines formed on either side of the railway and delays sometimes extended to overnight. A decision was made to build a new railway. Construction began in 1976 and it was opened to the public in 1978.

It is an unusual sight to see. The huge carriage rides on two sets of rails so that it can remain level when going down one side into the Severn River and back up to the highway above. It can handle boats up to 100' long by 24' wide with a draft of 6'. Or it can carry up to nine small craft at a time.

The photographs show the progress of lifting a small craft. First, the rail carriage is lowered into the lower river. The skipper moves his boat into position where it is lifted on huge canvas slings to support it. The carriage is pulled up the hill by a series of cables operated by four 200hp electric motors. It moves across the highway (Route 17) and is lowered into the upper river. The slings are released and the skipper continues on his journey toward Georgian Bay.

If you think you might like to visit this unusual attraction yourself, it is north of Toronto off Exit 162 of Route 400. The town is called Big Chute.



Down: Ontario Marine Railway railcar moving down the rails to pick up the boat.



Entering River: A boat is waiting for a lift up the 58 foot rise to the upper Severn River.



Coming In: The small craft is moving onto the railcar. It can carry up to nine boats of this size.



Boat Tying Up: Boat in position waiting for the sling to be raised up to support it.

Up the Rail: The railcar begins its lift. In this photo you can see the canvas sling supporting the boat.



High And Dry: Note how the railcar remains level. There are two sets of rails and the legs move to level it.



Upper River: Over the top, across the road and down into the upper Severn River.

Floating Off: The small craft floats away.



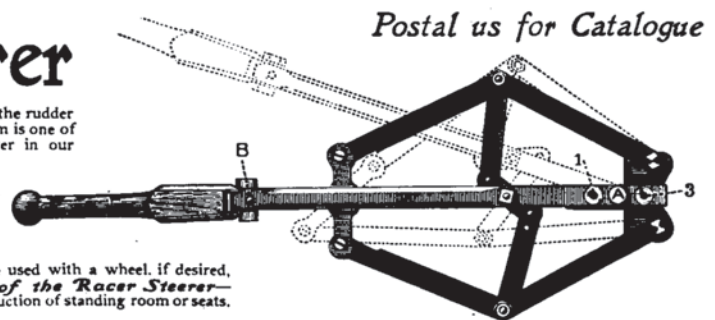
Untying: The two sets of rails show clearly here. The support slings are lowered.

HomeBase: The railcar returns to its home position next to the power house.



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The Canadian Field-Naturalist

VOL. LIV

OTTAWA, CANADA, MAY, 1940

No. 5

Monday, 23rd. Left at 4-1/2am. Lost most part of the day in finding our road. We were also retarded by cutting through ice 2 feet thick. Encamped at the 3rd Straits of L. Garry. (Back's enc't 21) at 10pm. Either we are very stupid or the map in Back's work is very incorrect. The day has been the warmest we have had for some time. I shot a deer today, a doe I am ashamed to say, but we had no fresh provisions and the pemmican must be saved, the fawn was half grown and was of course allowed to live. On a bay surrounded by sandhills to the north of the sandhill at the end of the 2nd strait Esquimaux encampments and signs of this spring seen. From a height a chain of lakes leading to the NE were seen, by which road I think the Esq. come from Lake McDougall.

Tues. 24th. It was near midnight before the men laid down last night. I therefore allowed them to sleep till 5-1/2am. We rounded all the bays in consequence of ice: we were also much retarded by cutting our way through the ice at 3 points: it was from 2 to 3 feet thick. It is a curious sight to see men working on the ice at this date. We at last reached the rapid at the end of L. Garry to which we joyfully bid adieu. (It falls by 3 Rapids into the River leading to L. McDougall). This rapid was easily run: at its foot a cache of pemmican (1 Bag) was made. The rapids below this, 5 in number, are all strong and dangerous with the exception of the last one, a little below which we encamped at 8-1/4pm; 2 decharges were made, at most of these rapids there are several channels. Capt. Back's map (the one affixed to his narrative) is on so small a scale as to be utterly useless in these large bodies of water. 17 geese were killed; no animals were seen with the exception of a young fox! This has been the finest day since we left Slave Lake: clear and very warm; the refraction was great. Esquimaux Ducks seen.

Wed. 25. Left at 4am. In about 3 hours paddling we reached an easy rapid, this led into an extensive sheet of water when the current became imperceptible; it ran on either hand N & S. in deep bays. Land was seen in every quarter (Back said no land to be seen to the N) Tho distant. From this we struck due south to the end of L. McDougall about 10 miles from the Rapid. The map is perfectly useless. We ran part of the Rock Rapids but a decharge was made at the last one, after which we ran 3 Rapids and carried over the cascades and falls. We encamped at the foot of the latter (Sinclair's Falls). All these rapids are strong and hazardous. Our Iroquois Boates have had fine opportunities, both yesterday and today, of exhibiting their matchless skill. Saw 6 or 7 deer and killed 13 male Canada geese. Esquimaux marks were very numerous above the head of Rock Rapids and below them to this spot. Made a cache of 1 bag pemmican at the Cascades above this place.

Thurs. 26. Left at the usual hour. It rained last night slightly. Made a decharge at the Escape Rapid and at two of the Sandhill Rapids, but ran the others with whole load-

Chief Factor James Anderson's Back River Journal of 1855

Part 4

Reprinted from
The Canadian Field Naturalist, May 1940

ings; all these rapids are strong and long. 2 barren does were shot today in the water, one by Mr. Stewart., the other by E. Kipling; 2 or 3 others were seen, and immense numbers of Canada geese, 64 of them were killed in the runs ashore. An ermine and beaver mouse were also killed at Escape Rapid and here. We encamped above Wolfe Rapids. A cache of 1 bag flour, 1 big pemmican and a case of tea &c at the head of escape Rapids. Some old Esquimaux marks and encampments were seen at Escape Rapid.

Friday 27th. 1/3 this day nearly was lost by our mistaking a channel of the River which led us into a deep bay at the bottom of which was a small river. It appears to be frequented by the Esquimaux. This occurred above Mt. Meadowbank. It was blowing a tempest with rain which prevented the steersman from observing the current in this lake-like expansion of the River. The Wolfe and 9 other rapids were run with whole cargoes; they are all strong, some with whirlpools which must be dangerous in high water. 2 large bands of Musk Oxen were seen just before encamping, 2 or 3 deer, 3 wolves, many Canada geese and a hawk. We encamped late about 3 miles below the Rapid with whirlpools and Esq. marks. A cache of 1 bag pem'n and 2 nets was made at a bold point at the bend of the river above Mt. Meadowbank.

(I was nearly upset by the canoe grazing a stone. It was only a shave, the gum only was rubbed off.)

Sat. 25th. Left at the usual hour. The day was fine which gave us an opportunity of drying our clothes while breakfasting, only to be wetted again by the spray arising from a strong headwind, which retarded us very much. 4 rapids were run, 3 of them very strong. The eddies or whirlpools strain the canoes very much; we cannot keep them tight, they are evidently getting shaky. 2 plovers were seen and immense numbers of Canada geese were seen, 20 were killed. 2 deer were also seen close (does) one of them had a fawn with a leg broken. but the little creature managed to ascend a steep and rugged mountain pretty swiftly on 3 legs. Some good sized willows were gathered. Extensive patches of snow on the right bank of the River. We encamped late a little above Montresor River.

Sund. 29th. Left early. Ran a bad rapid above Montresor River in which Mr. Stewart's canoe was complexly ungummed. We

were consequently obliged to put ashore at 6 o'clock to gum where we breakfasted likewise and made a cache of 1 Bag pem'n and 1 bag flour. The rapid at McKay's Peak was little more than a strong current. In the rapid below it my canoe was nearly broken. Tho' it was an easy one we had to contend against a strong headwind all day; in the evening this was accompanied by a soaking Scotch mist. This compelled me to encamp, in case I should miss my road, at 7pm near the outlet of Franklin Lake. Esquimaux marks numerous and traces fresh. Saw Esquimaux ducks, no animals were seen but abundance of Canadian geese of which 53 were killed at one run, they are beginning to fly. Montresor River has a rapid at its mouth; it does not appear a large river at present. 2 small black-headed gulls attacked us at the encampment, even striking at our hats.

Mond. 30th. Left early. The rapids at the outlet of L. Franklin were partly passed by a portage and partly run. At their foot we saw 3 Esq. Lodges in which were an elderly man, 3 women and a host of children, the others being absent. Large numbers of W. Fish and Trout were hung out to dry as well as some deer meat. The lodges were made of Musk Ox skins dressed with the hair inwards. These people made us understand that a party of white men had starved to death (at the sea) after their vessels were destroyed. 2 of Dr. Rae's men understand many words and phrases. In their lodges were copper and tin kettles both round and of a square form, longer than broad, evidently belonging to cooking stoves. Various pieces of wood poles and boards of ash. Oak, white pine, and mahogany were (On an island below the falls found the head of a blacksmith's tongs, the handles broken off.) about the lodges, also a brass letter clip, but nothing to identify any person. Some of the boards were painted white. Nothing could be learned about books or manuscripts, the absence of the interpreters is a sad blow to us. We ran the last falls, they were only an easy rapid at this stage of the water. At some distance below this we saw two cyaks, but they turned tail immediately on seeing us and joined 3 others on shore. 2 finally took courage (one an old, the other a young man) to cross to us, but we learnt nothing additional from them, the 3 confirmed the accounts given by the others of the death of the crews of the vessels, etc. The weather has been most gloomy and the wind ahead, with occasional showers; about 5 it commenced raining in earnest and increased to such a degree that I gave the order to encamp, but we could find no fit place till 7-1/4pm when we disembarked thoroughly soaked. No fires could be made so that Pem'n and cold water was the order of the day. Some spirits should be provided for an expedition of this kind, the men really require it on such occasions as this. A little before encamping saw a small band of deer in a bay; Canada geese were also numerous. Encamped among the islands about halfway between the Fall and Victoria Headland.

Tea this evening 31 t to men.

Tuesd. 31st. The rain prevented us from leaving before 5-1/2am. It recommenced just after embarking and we had a wretched time of it till we reached Victoria Headland to breakfast at 11am; it then partially cleared up, but we had occasional showers with fog till we encamped at 8pm at Pt. Beaufort. Red granite is the prevailing rock at all the points at this side of the inlet. Vict. Headland is principally composed of hills of rounded stones like shingles though I believe them to be only decomposed rocks. Willows were found at the waterfall at Vict. Headland, fuel of 2 kinds in small quantities and most of the flowers we saw inland. No animals were seen today nor any traces of any except a wolf and 2 seals, the latter below Victoria Headland, there is no such thing as a deer pass or any place where even an Esquimaux could live. We have seen no marks this afternoon. At this encampment I found all the "agrets" of an Esquimaux, most of them of them deerhorn and a few of iron; one had holes evidently drilled by a tradesman. There was also a piece of tin. I suspect they belonged to a dead man, they must have been here some time as they were in a state of decay. Bands of Canada geese seen this evening, also Esq. Ducks, a loon and a large gull. Noticed the tide at Victoria Headland.

Wed. Aug. 1. Detained by wind and rain till 2-1/2pm. The wind was from the S.W. and has doubtless cleared away some of the ice. We took the Traverse to Montreal Island and with the aid of the paddle made it in 3 hours. We lost some time among drift ice, driving very rapidly with wind and tide from Elliot's Bay. We had some narrow escapes and I was heartily glad to get safe through it. This is 6 or 7 feet thick and perfectly sound. We are encamped on the N. side of a rocky island divided by a channel from Montreal Island. The whole inlet to the N'd and Eastward is choked with ice. Tomorrow morning the Island shall be thoroughly explored for vestiges of the missing party. Saw 2 or 3 seals, some gulls, loon and many Esquimaux ducks. A track of a deer was seen on the island.

Th. 2nd. The men breakfasted early and left to explore the Island. At mid-day we heard shots and left immediately with Mr. Stewart. We met Bouche and Reid who showed us sundry articles belonging to a boat and a chip of wood with "Erebus" upon it. We then proceeded to the point where these were found and examined all the Esq. Caches, most of which contained blubber and seal oil, but one of them contained a kettle (tin) and another sundry iron works, such as chain hooks, blacksmith's cold chisel and shovel and a bar of iron and the hoop of butts apparently, a piece of cane, parts of the sands of instruments, a piece of wash rod of a gun, pieces of rope with the Government mark, etc., and a piece of wood with "Mr. Stanley" cut on it (surgeon of the Erebus). The search was continued till late in the evening but no traces of the graves were discovered. A band of 10 deer were on the Island of which 5 were killed, 2 by E. Kipling, 1. D. McLeod, 1. J. Johnson and 1 J. Fidler, all fat bucks. Our best hunter, Mushtegon, is lame. The day was beautiful and we had an opportunity of drying everything which was sorely needed. The whole inlet is full of ice, except to the E'd where there appears to be some water. Wind light and from the NE. I promised a reward of f2 to he who found the first traces of the missing party, this was divided by W. Reid and J. Bouche.

Frid. 3rd. Wind Mod. NE and NW, mod; cold, but a fine day. All hands searching for the graves but without success. A few trifling articles belonging to the ships found. Some of the adjoining islands were also examined. 2 deer were killed, fat bucks. (As were those yesterday) by Mustegon and J. Fidler. The inlet is choked with ice except along the E. shore.

Sat. 4th. Wind Mod. Varying between NW and NE; clear fine day. The whole island is completely explored I made in attempt to get over to the Western Mainland, but could not succeed. We worked along shore through the ice, along the western end of the Island till we came to nearly the narrowest part of the crossing. The whole inlet appeared to be still choked with ice; we can do no more till the ice is driven out. Some Canada geese were seen yesterday. Esquimaux ducks, loons and plovers are pretty numerous about the island; an Arctic hawk was shot by one of the men.

Sund. 5th We worked through the ice to the western shore and all hands were employed in exploring the western shore to the Sd. and Nd. but no traces of the missing party were found. In the evening we worked our way through the ice opposite to the N. W'n extremity of Montreal Island. A Buck deer was shot, just after we put on shore. Mr. Stewart and myself put the first balls in it and others afterward finished the animal. Many deer were seen by the exploring parties, but none were killed as I allowed no guns to be carried as we have plenty of meat. Very little fuel to be found. The shore is low with sand hills inland. Weather in general fine, but foggy in the morning. Wind light from NE. New ice was forming before we put on shore.

Mond. 6th. A beautiful calm day. We have been working through the ice the whole day and have reached Pt. Pechell. Either Mr. Stewart or myself (while the others remain with the canoe) with 4 men have traced the coast from Montreal Island, but not a vestige of the missing party has been discovered. The country in this vicinity is dotted with small ponds of water with ridges of sand and gravel and occasional immense square blocks of grey and red granite; pieces of limestone are also scattered about. Many deer, perhaps 100, were seen. We can find no fuel at our encampment or within 5 miles of it; previously we found a scanty supply of the fuel used by Rae. The canoes were much damaged today and I can shove them on no further, the remainder of my task must be completed on foot. Some Esquimaux ducks with their young, loon and laughing geese, with plovers, snowbirds and W. grouse were seen; in the Clear sandy bays some white-fish were seen. Very many old Esq. Encts were seen. The whole inlet seems to be choked with ice of great thickness and solidity. Notwithstanding the day was warm, new ice formed after 4pm.

Tuesd. 7th. Took an early breakfast and started with Mr. Stewart and all the men. Except 2 of the Iroquois who were left to arrange the supplies and look after the baggage. We were in light marching order, 5 men followed the coast while the rest of the party swept the country further inland. For about 1/2 the distance the country was intersected by small lakes; the remainder was composed of sand hills devoid of all vegetation, and between them low vallies which are overflowed in high tides. In one place the water appears to cross the Peninsula and often it nearly cuts through it. If the missing party died in one of these spots their bones must have been either swept away or buried in the sand. Many very

ancient Esq. Encts. but no new ones were seen; some perhaps 4 or 5 years old were seen at the Point Ogle; among them were found a small piece of cod line and a small piece of striped cotton which were the only vestiges found. We encamped late, at the point opposite Maconochie's Island. A very fat Buck deer was killed and a few others were seen. A little beyond Pt. Pechell we crossed a river; it must be a large stream at high water; it ran from the Sd., I called it Lunosarier after a relation of Mr. Stewart's.

(Ground white with snow this morning).

Wed. 8th. Early this morning 4 of the best men were ferried across in the Halkett boat and the whole of Maconochie's Island was minutely examined without success. The wind drove in the ice so fast into the strait separating the island from Richardson's Point that we were unable to cross over to examine it as I wished. The party killed another fat deer on the Island and returned at 2pm. It then began to pour down rain with a sharp NE gale and we were all thoroughly soaked when we reached the encampment about 9pm. The tail of the party only arrived at 11pm. No fuel was to be had and of course no fires could be lighted so that we passed an uncomfortable night. A little fuel was seen on Maconochie's Island.

(To Be Continued)

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Ever notice how a really small, insignificant even, part, put in an inaccessible place, can become REALLY significant and REALLY visible without hardly any warning? This usually happens to me when I'd rather not be either paying attention to or paying money for that itsy bitsy part. Granted, it's never the part in question that is actually what I get all het up about. It's what happens when that part doesn't do its job anymore. Like the anti-siphon valve in a certain wet exhaust on a certain 11-horse Kubota tractor motor sent to do unnatural acts in the bowels of a certain 30' sailboat. Like the exhaust "risers" on a certain PAIR of Chrysler 318 "marine" V-8s on a certain liveaboard power boat of my long acquaintance. Like the fill neck of a number of steel gas tanks buried in the in-nards of a number of boats of my personal, intimate acquaintance. There are so many more engine-related disasters that come to mind. But these will do for now.

About a week ago. Just before Kate and I were supposed to be gone to the deserts and uplands of Arizona to visit former boat people neighbors, who have swallowed individual anchors and washed them down with copious swallows of dust, for the Thanksgiving holiday season. Just before we were going to leave our floating home untended for a week or more I noticed an odd smell emanating from our (mostly her's) closet. "It could be my new leather jacket," Kate offered. Yeah. That's it, I hoped, without any good reason.

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

Boat Engines are Not for Wimps

By Dan Rogers

You see, I happen to be the guy who, now seven years ago, paneled over a certain 50gal saddle tank situated under the side deck, now behind 12 running feet of closet bar and about a million pounds of girl clothes. I happen to be the guy who thought at the time, "I'd better figure out a way to get at that tank if I really, really need to someday. Naw, what for? It'll be OK. I hope..."

You know, and I know, that smell wasn't from any leather jacket. That smell was unmistakable to anybody who has ever flooded a carburetor. Even my slow-witted imagination could fill in the answer to that question. Oh yeah, and there's another saddle tank on the other side of the boat. Next to Kate's side of the double bed that I mounted on top of an intricate set-up of drawers and plumbing pipes (nope, none of that vinyl hose for this ship builder) and both AC and DC wiring cir-

cuits, over the space where another 100gal gas tank had once lain, and not too far from where the original belly tank of about a billion gallons lies, now full of spray foam and bilge water, is this other 50gal saddle tank of undetermined longevity and integrity.

That passing mention of a pair of main engines and riser "problems" should tip off the cognoscenti to an ever-widening chain of events. Yep, the port main is now on its SECOND outfitting of manifolds and valve jobs. And at this very moment I can lift the hatch (after moving the washer, dryer, and various of Kate's (I built 'em) storage chests and stare dolefully at the number four piston fully exposed through the wonders of modern pneumatic tools and still sporting the remains of an intake valve stuck completely through its top. And, with a glance toward the right-side-facing-the-pointy end, I have had the rare privilege of replacing great quantities of expensive "marine" cast iron for Mr Starboard Main as well over the years of our shipmatesmanhip. Yep. The future of inboard engines powered by the vaporized fumes of gasoline aboard Fiddler's Green is greatly in doubt these days.

Here we are, actually packing for a road trip. It's the Sunday morning, yep, should have just gone to church and forgot the whole thing, before the Monday morning we have promised to drive to Casa Grande. By the "broom stick" method of measuring these things I was pretty sure we had enough gas available to drive Kate's Lexus over and back, long held in strategic reserve in these two questionable and inaccessible containers hooked on to our house. I really didn't have any reason to believe that it would "be OK until we get home." Timing is, well, everything.

I called our really good friends, Cliff and Sheryl, who have honeydos and gottados of their own to do, and asked the innocuous question, "how many empty gas cans you got?"

Other than spending the WHOLE DAY spurring about half a shot glass at a time of probably contaminated gasoline into a collection of unused, pretty new, brand new, and really expensive poly jugs and tanks emblazoned with "GASOLINE" embossings. Other than destroying a series of otherwise perfectly suited to pumping water, and even diesel oil, hand pumps. Other than holding a once dishtowel over the spurting gland of a handy billy pump as it rained gas up my hand and into puddles along the side decks. Other than sacrificing several garden hoses, formerly doing duty as holding tank flushers, water tank fillers, deck washersdown, and dock washers. Other than sleeping fitfully next to a train of over-filled dock carts stored overnight (inconspicuously?) on the finger pier next to our sleeping cabin. Other than having to borrow Cliff's utility trailer, another 30-mile round trip by California freeway for him, to haul about 60 gallons of otherwise expensive gasoline off to the HAZMAT facility (that charges you for the privilege of giving it to them). Other than that. We had a great trip to Arizona.

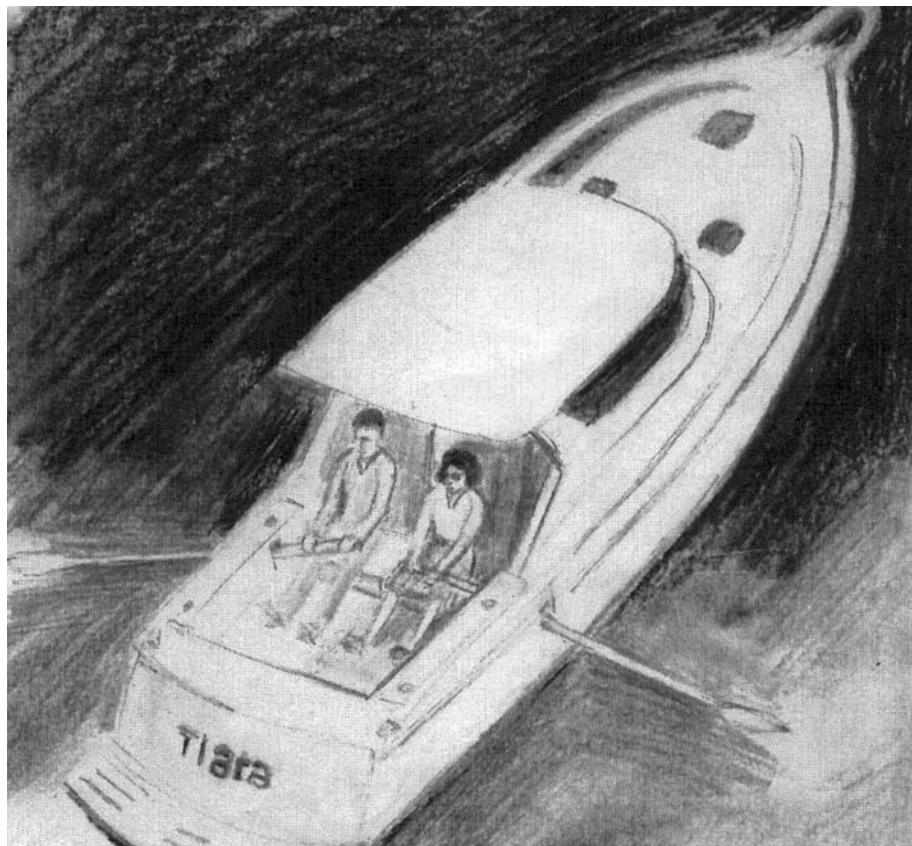
Did talk of moving to a shore dwelling come up, in passing, while we sat around our friends' dining tables (where you don't hit your head against the trawler lamp so artfully swinging in the corner) and while seated (in individual overstuffed chairs and couches) around their miles wide living rooms (without even a hint of holding tank under the floor)? Yeah. Maybe in passing.

Is it good to be home? You betcha.

Brooklyn Boaters Beached?

By Martin Sokolinsky

No way! \$5 gas won't stop them. They've got alternative sources of energy.



"This beats working anytime," I said to my wife as I floated on my stomach to watch *Sitzmark*, my 27' sailing charter, hovering like a mirage on a shimmering blue mirror 30' away. Her sails hung lifelessly on a mast whose present duty was only to serve as an oversize drying pole in the breathless still of a completely calm Long Island Sound. Tossing a couple of lines overboard so we could climb back aboard, we left *Sitzmark* earlier to her own devices to cool off in the tepid water.

The fog, which had accompanied us since soon after leaving the sand pits of Port Jefferson, Long Island, surrounded us like a soft cottony womb shutting us off from the rest of our watery world. Far off we could hear an occasional fog horn of a passing power boat feeling her way to New York or one of the many intervening harbors.

Now the sun shone hazily in the center of our own corner of Long Island Sound, making me feel rather ominously like an unwilling actor about to play an opening scene on a watery stage.

We had been up since 7:00 that morning, intending to get underway early for the 21-mile crossing from Long Island to Branford, Connecticut. Soon after leaving Mt Misery shoal buoy astern we could see a wall of what appeared to be low-lying clouds approaching from the eastern horizon. We were soon surrounded by a wet dense fog. The light wind that was blowing wavered a bit, switched direction once or twice in desperation, and then died away leaving the fog in control. That's when we decided to have our swim,

But now it was time to be sailing again. A slight stirring of the fog and a featherly rippling on the water got us back aboard quickly, hoping it to be the advance guard of a rising afternoon sea breeze. Spotty catpaws on the calm water were soon filled in by Aeolus doing his afternoon sketching. Wisps of thinning fog went drifting by pursued by a series of vengeful wind puffs. Soon a bow wave was gurgling merrily under *Sitzmark's* white stem.

"Wonder where we are?" I said to my wife as I slipped a pair of trousers over my damp bathing suit. "There's a strong easterly set in this part of the Sound that could have a greater effect on our course than I'd planned. At the rate we're moving now it won't be long 'til we know."

We must have been no more than a quarter the way across the Sound, however, because the afternoon wore on without a landfall. The breeze slowly increased until white horses were galloping almost everywhere on the watery plateau that surrounded us. It was a glorious sail. The sun was getting low in the western horizon when Fay called out, "There it is."

Like a heavy blue pencil line viewed under a microscope the Connecticut shore appeared fine on our starboard bow. Jagged vertical lines marking headlands church steeples and radio towers still too far away to identify filled in the horizon.

"Keep a sharp lookout to port for Negro Heads buoy," I called. "It marks the entrance to the Branford channel."

As we approached the shore the waves became short and steep in the shallow water. My father-in-law's dinghy, that my wife insisted on bringing, was acting like a recalcitrant puppy on a leash. Her towline would become alternately slack as she slid obediently down a wave in pursuit of the bigger boat and then taut as she reluctantly dug her stern into a deep following trough.

The coastline was coming up quickly. In fact, I could see waves breaking on some rocks dead ahead but still some distance away. Nothing about

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 5

Miracle at Sachem Head

By Lionel Taylor

the surroundings looked familiar. We must have missed Negro Heads buoy because by this time we were well within the entrance to a large bay, bounded by a steep headland on the eastern side.

"There's no headland to starboard of the Branford channel, just a series of small islands called the Thimbles," I mused. "See if we can see a red #2 buoy to starboard. Wherever we are there has to be a channel to safer water ahead."

My wife quickly brought an end to that idea as she called to tell me there were two red buoys just off to starboard and breakers dead ahead where the channel should have been.

"Ready about, we're going back into deeper water until I find out where we are."

With *Sitzmark* beating out of the bay we got a taste of how strong the wind and how steep the seas had become. Immediately after coming about *Sitzmark* stood on her beam ends. The boat partially righted herself as I let the mainsheet run. The wind was now blowing half a gale and sheets of spray flew back into the cockpit as *Sitzmark* fell off a comb with a crash into a deep wave trough below. The dinghy behind us was swinging madly from side to side, half full of water. I hoped the painter could stand the strain.

"We've got to get some sail off of her to stop this pounding," I shouted. My wife only nodded woodenly and looked apprehensively at the boat plunging foredecks now under water, now pointed high in the air. Blessed by her deep keel, *Sitzmark* was slowly clawing her way off the perilous lee shore and the breakers were receding in the distance behind us.

I didn't want to let on to my wife that I was hopelessly lost. I couldn't for the life of me match the water-smearred lines and numbers on the chart with the rapidly receding shoreline. We were nowhere near Branford, of that I was sure. The real question was how far east had we been set during the prolonged calm.

Then things happened so fast I didn't get a chance to study the chart further. A sudden loud report came from the stern. "We've lost the dinghy," I groaned. The painter had snapped a foot below where it passed over *Sitzmark's* transom. Since the dinghy was not mine I felt it mandatory, despite conditions, to try to get her back. Although she drifted downwind like a grounded weather balloon in an Arctic gale, *Sitzmark* could outsail her drift. In steepening seas I maneuvered under her lee and let her drift downwind to me, the freed sails and sheets pounding and thrashing as if all the furies of hell were shaking than. After a few hair-raising near misses Fay leaned over the windward rail and picked up the severed painter. Knotting and doubling up on the line, I got the dinghy back in tow.

We came about again and started our long thrash back to windward and safety. Waves seemed to be coming from every direction like we were sailing in a bathtub.

"What a dummy I've been," I thought. A passage in the cruising guide came back to me,

"...it is a regular saucer bowl and in hard south-westerns is apt to roll the sticks out of you." This was Joshua Cove and the headland off to port was Sachem Head. We couldn't have found a worst lee shore. Looking back I thought I could see masts bobbing behind a point of rock upon which waves were breaking heavily. Should we go back now and try to find the entrance in the failing light and heavy seas?

A loud report from the stern made the decision for me. The dinghy was adrift again. So back we went, chasing a darting, swooping will-o-the-wisp. In attempting to get close I hit the dinghy broadside, splintering a few topside planks as a sudden gust of wind pushed her onto *Sitzmark's* stem. "That's it. I've had it. Let her go," I said reluctantly.

Convinced of the dire need to reduce sail, Fay crept forward to lower the jib that had been overpowering us since the blow began. She bravely climbed to the trampoline that was *Sitzmark's* foredeck, now underwater, now heaving skyward. Without lifelines or a safety harness, the inevitable happened. As my wife reached back for the jib halyard cleat on the mast the boat suddenly heeled to an exceptionally steep sea and, with a cry, she tumbled overboard backwards. Because of the life jacket she was wearing she came up quickly close aboard. I let the mainsheet run and pulled the tiller hard toward me, pushing the bow in her direction but turning the rising stem away from her head. Seconds later I threw the bitter end of the slack mainsheet over the lee rail as she drifted by.

The good Lord was with us. She caught the line and hung on, dragging along behind a decelerating *Sitzmark*. I got her aboard more easily than I imagined. As a big wave approached from the stern and raised her to almost deck level, Fay automatically fended off the transom with her feet like a rappeller does the side of a cliff. I gave a quick tug on an inboard loop of the mainsheet and suddenly there she was sitting astride the transom like a popped champagne cork.

I looked around, with Fay sitting exhausted and shaken in the flooded cockpit, the dinghy was just a dot to leeward, and we were drifting downwind fast onto an outcropping of rock not 50 yards away. As I wrestled with *Sitzmark's* tiller I prayed the boat would answer the rudder and come about. Thankfully she just had the time and the room to claw her way off as she had before.

In our present physical and mental condition I knew we had to find a way to locate the entrance to Sachem Head Harbor, and quickly. As we approached the lee shore and a stony breakwater ahead I could again see sailboat masts behind it. "We've got to take a chance that there's a channel behind that leads to the harbor," I shouted above the whine of the wind. It was beginning to get dark and I knew that this would be our only chance to remain safe because we were too close to shore now to claw off again. Without receiving any reply from my frightened wife, and with breaking seas everywhere, we charged into the narrow opening and finally the harbor with our hearts in our mouths.

We were cold, wet, and exhausted when the club launch found us and a mooring. Ashore we received solace and hot food in the true tradition of the sea from the Sachem Head Yacht Club Steward and later family friends who graciously put us up for the night.

The dinghy had blown ashore on a sandy beach to the east and was recovered the next morning by the club launch.

(To be Continued)

Soon after we launched the *Happy*, a 12' wooden Amesbury skiff, my sister Jill and I (10 and 11 at the time) went out rowing a lot with my father and grandfather. I already knew how to row somewhat from lessons with "Grandie," but Dad drilled us on the finer points. We had informal clinics on such subjects as rowing in a sustainable rhythm without catching a crab (causing the oar shaft to slip out of the oarlock), pushing the oars in order to row backwards, alternate rowing by short pulls on opposite oars in turns (useful when we had to sit up straight and turn to watch carefully, as when docking), stopping by dropping both oar blades down and resisting the water, making a slow turn by pulling the opposite oar, making a fast one by braking on the turning side oar, or doing a 360° spin in place by pulling with one oar and pushing with the other at the same time.

The skill of which I was most proud, and for which my father praised me the most, was being able to row in a straight course. I don't think anyone showed me how to do it, but I found that if I kept the head of the stern thwart passenger aligned with a landmark on shore our boat did not stray from its destination. This prevented the need for frequent turning to look forward and see if we were still pointing in the right direction. When twisting to do this it is almost impossible for the rower not to shift the balance of strokes to cause a slight turn. Of course, a rower needs to be aware of what lies ahead, but one only has to do this every minute or two to confirm the course and watch for other boats approaching or obstructions. It gave me great satisfaction to watch the parallax formed by the wake bubbles and each stroke's lingering whirlpools stretching back towards my landmark past my father's sunburned head. I would have enjoyed rowing a straight course even if alone but my father's praise for the feat doubled my satisfaction, especially since we zigged and zagged when it was my sister's turn.

I remember Dad lighting up a cigarette as I rowed. He had a way of cupping his hands around the lit match to prevent the breeze from snuffing it. I don't think he could relax and enjoy his ease without smoking in those years. It gave Dad great satisfaction to see that our caulking and painting job held up for a long time. His eyes would frequently scan the bilge boards looking for leaks and taking delight in not finding any. I know now as a father how it also must have pleased Dad to see Jill and I learning the simple life skills of small boat handling. When done with his smoke, Dad flicked it into the water where the sea water extinguished it with a short, sharp hiss.

Rowing up the Tidal Creek

Jill and I went out rowing by ourselves a lot, too. Our favorite place to explore was a little tidal creek that opened up into a broad pond navigable in shallow-draft vessels. We learned from experience that we could enter the creek only at half-tide or higher. When we got to the narrowest parts of the creek the oar blades were too far apart and touched the grass on both banks. We had to ship the oars then and use them as paddles. We always took the oarlocks out as Dad had taught us to do the instant we removed the oar shafts from the locks. Not only did this look more shipshape, it also prevented serious injury, Dad claimed.

If we entered the creek in a falling tide we'd see schools of young fish coming out. The fish went in to feed with the rising tide

Cape Cod Harbors

Happy Rowing

By Rob Gogan

and needed to get out again before low tide. At dead low tide the creek and the pond behind it were nearly dry. The gravel creek bed dried out but the muddy pond stayed damp. We'd usually see several schools of small, silvery fish darting back and forth and scooting underneath the hull on the way out.

The most memorable fish were what I now know were menhaden or "pogies." They were dark blue, about the size of a bar of hand soap, and they moved as a school with a beautiful synchronicity. The streamlined mass of them would flow back and forth in response to their collective hopes and fears. Several people around the harbor used to set cylindrical wire mesh minnow traps in this creek. The round little pogies, fat and oily, were the best possible bait for striped bass or blue fishing. They also made good lobster trap bait.

One day when Jill and I tried to go up the creek in a falling tide we each had an oar and were paddling. I had been rowing but now I turned to face forward. The splashing of the ebbing creek water against the hull made any forward progress sound dramatic. We rounded one sharp turn and then another. I was eager to see if there was still enough water to row on in the point. Soon after brushing the grass on the banks of the narrowing creek we ran aground and couldn't go further.

It was time to turn around. Paddling or even standing up and poling against the bottom had no effect other than to grind us into the gravel a little deeper. So I had to get out and push. Without having to bear my weight the skiff skidded off the gravel, floated high enough, and we got free. Fortunately the traction on the gravel bed was good. Had we stuck in the pond the mud would have swallowed my feet halfway up my shins. On earlier trips we had been able to stick an oar so deeply into the bottom that the entire blade was painted black with mud. So our visits to the marsh were dependent on the tide.

The Lights in the Water

I also went rowing a lot with my friend Tom Shelby. One summer night Tom and I went down to the beach to look at the tide. We knew it would be especially high because the morning's tide had submerged the planks of Grandie's dock. When we got to the beach we saw that it was going to be a real spring tide. There was no dry sand and the big rocks that usually stood several feet out of the water were now nearly awash. The Shelby's little dinghy, the *Blue Belle*, was in the spartina grass just above the waterline. We decided to shove her out into the water and go out for a row on the huge tide.

Tom took the middle thwart to man the oars and I took the stern. I was wondering if I'd see any bioluminescence and I scanned our wake. I'd heard about this in school but had never seen it. I don't remember if there was much, if any, moonlight. I dipped my hand in the water and it felt very warm. Soon I saw little turquoise spots glowing under the dark water. The grape-sized fluorescence would light up and shine for three or four

seconds, then fade away. I excitedly pointed them out to Tom. He also noticed glow spots kicked up by the movement of the oars. There were fluorescence at every stroke and they would linger in the whirlpools left wherever the blades had dipped. The beauty of the mysterious lights hypnotized both of us.

I took off my flip-flop and tried to kick up some fluorescence of my own. I couldn't tell if I was succeeding or if the wake turbulence was causing them. Then I set the flip-flop afloat near the stern. I knew with full confidence from daytime experiments that the foam rubber sandal would float against the transom, kept there by the wake's backflow. It was fun to think that if I'd lost track of the shoe we'd have a lot of trouble finding it in the dark. Yet since we kept moving, our wake pulled the sandal snug to the boat. Sometimes I could see the outline of its shape revealed by a glow spot. I plucked out the flip-flop and shook it off, slipping the thong between my toes again.

We switched positions so I could have a turn rowing. Making some exaggerated strokes, I turned the oar blades flat so that they would slice through the water quickly. The fluorescence I kicked up this way were brighter and lasted longer than those touched off by rowing the usual way. We glided along, enchanted.

The next day, swimming in the sunshine, we looked at the transparent water and saw nothing unusual. We guessed that the shining spots we'd seen were jellyfish, given their size and the fact that they seemed to lack locomotion. Red Brook Harbor had occasional jellyfish but their density didn't seem nearly high enough to account for all the glow points we had seen. Perhaps the jellies came up to the surface only at night, which concentrated their numbers in the path of the boat.

In later years I have conjectured that they might have been salps, jelly-like, grape-sized creatures. But we could see only a few jellies when we swam in the daytime. Their vein structure set off iridescent sparkles as they tumbled in the sunshine. More likely the nightlights were colonies of bioluminous dinoflagellates, such as the "Noctiluca" genus, or perhaps some combination of organisms such as jellyfish that had consumed large quantities of bioluminous plankton.

Like starlight, some natural wonders can be seen only at the right time. I'm glad my friend Tom and I had the *Blue Belle* that night to row out and see the lights in the water.

Rowing as a Crew

The *Happy* had two sets of built-in oarlocks to accommodate rowers at both the bow and middle thwarts. The locks were permanently attached on a vertical track which enabled us to slide them upright and lock them down in a vertical position for rowing. Their galvanized heft made for loud clanking when wake waves hit the boat at anchor. This was especially noticeable when we were fishing and trying to keep quiet. The sturdy timbers of the *Happy* resonated and seemed to amplify the sliding friction of the oarlocks as we slid them up into place.

The double rowing stations enabled Tom and I to row together as a crew. Tom took the set of oars for the *Blue Belle* into the *Happy*. Although the boat was heavy, when we both rowed hard we could raise a respectable bow wave and wake. After we'd been rowing along at a pretty good speed for a while, one or the other of us would shout out "ramming speed!"

That was the signal to dip the oars faster and deeper and build up a foamy wake. The movie *Ben Hur* had come out recently and we imagined ourselves as galley slaves in ancient Rome pulling our sweeps to the rhythm of a giant bald coxswain beating a drum. So we rowed for all we were worth until one of us caught a crab or begged off from fatigue. Even after we lifted and feathered our oars for a rest the big Amesbury skiff would hurtle forward with momentum for several yards.

Sometimes, when one of us missed a stroke, he'd splash the other by accident. This invariably set off an escalating round of retaliation. In a splash fight like this the favored position was the bow thwart. The bow rower could splash the stern rower with a natural pulling stroke instead of a less powerful push stroke. Another advantage was that the bowman faced the sternman's back so he could take clear aim. The bowman also had a clear view of the havoc he was causing. In contrast, the sternman's blind backhand stroke usually splashed harmlessly off the hull. The sternman's oars also tangled often with the bowman's and the splashing was often accompanied by the percussive knocking of the spruce shafts. We didn't always aim the splash strokes at each other. Sometimes we tried to douse a rock or buoy we passed. We got skilled enough to flick a few well-aimed drops and hit a target five to ten feet away.

As we rowed across the harbor our oars would make music with each stroke. The forward rower would have to time his strokes with the stern rower's so that the oars didn't tangle up. The oars made resonant creaks like tree limbs in the wind when we pulled hard on them. The steel oarlocks wiggled fore and aft against their housing and squeaked as they swiveled with our deeper strokes. If we rowed well the water made little sound as we pulled hard against its dense mass. But if we dipped our oars at the wrong angle the blades would make a loud, foamy splash through the water. Too deep a stroke would press the oar shaft against the edge of the gunwale, mak-

ing a rubbing sound punctuated by splinters and crackles of peeling paint chips loosened by the friction. Sometimes when we put together several good strokes in a row the noises would repeat rhythmically and I imagined they sounded like recurrent sentences.

I asked Tom, "Doesn't our rowing sound like some old guy saying, 'The answer is... the top. The answer is... the top?'"

Tom said, "No, it sounds like, 'You are a weirdo. You are a weirdo.'" And I'd give Tom a retaliatory splash as he laughed.

Having two sets of oars enabled other shenanigans as well. It was fun to slide them up or down until the flotation of the submerged blades counterbalanced the dry weight of the shafts and they just bobbed there, perched atop the oarlocks. If we lost an oar goofing around like this we could just use the intact set to row over to it. We took turns throwing them like harpoons across the surface. The oars seemed to accelerate when they finished arcing through the air and hit the water. If we threw the oar at the right angle it would hit the water flat and zoom ahead ten yards or so. We had to be careful not to make the oar enter the water too steeply or it would plunge below the surface and head down. If the water were too shallow the handle end would hit the bottom and stop all progress. In deeper water the oar would proceed down until its buoyancy counterbalanced its momentum and the water would spit it back up towards us lazily.

When the oar was thrown properly the blade performed the same role as the feathers on an arrow, keeping the oar skimming straight across the water. We imagined our oars were harpoons heading for a whale's flank or torpedoes speeding towards a target. The fetcher would retain his oars and row over to where the thrower could get close enough to pull out his oars. It was good practice in case we had to pick up someone who had fallen overboard or retrieve a lost article.

Once we got the motor for the *Happy* rowing was old hat. Power cruising was much faster and more fun. The only times we rowed after that were when we were out of gas or when using the skiff only to get out to a moored boat. Today I enjoy rowing for the exercise, its quiet, the lack of pollution, the absence of fuel costs, and the *Happy* memories it brings back.

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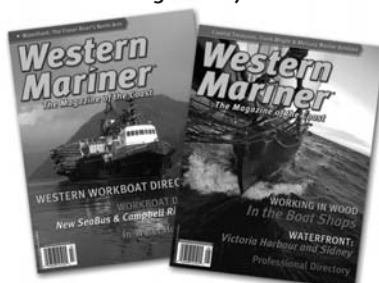
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Two frogs were living in the cabin of my derelict boat when I got it. Over time rain water had accumulated in there to where now it was over 2' deep, covered the settee bunk, and was within inches of covering the top of the folding table that sat astraddle the center-board trunk. That rain water had been in there years and years to the point of being a living pond with the advantage of having a roof over it to help retard evaporation.

It was the perfect place for frogs to live. They were out of the sun and no predators such as raccoons could get in there because the unlocked hatch cover was slid far enough forward that they could not squeeze through. Yet bugs and insects had easy access. Life was good for the two frogs living there. That was obvious by how fat they were. And good

The Saga of the Cabin Frogs

By Dick Lafferty

it was that the boat sat on dry land instead of tied to a dock for by this time it would have been on the bottom and the frogs would have lost their home.

Even after I siphoned 5,000lbs of water out of the boat I still could not go into the cabin. Everything that had been under water was slimy. It was like the bottom of an old pond. The slime was a couple of inches thick on the floor and was so slippery that it made standing on it a hazard. In such conditions nothing could be done about the frogs until the slime had had time to dry out. Yet I knew the poor frogs needed some water to live. I didn't want to see them die. How were they to know that where they lived was a cabin of a boat now belonging to someone determined to make the boat sail again?

They had rights by being there first. But their rights would have to yield to my need to dry the bilge. But the need to completely dry the bilge was several weeks away. First the boat would have to be moved to its new location.

So these frogs would be the adventure frogs. They would move from Homestead, Florida, to Gainesville, Florida. They survived that trailer trip fine. Seemed to be as happy and fat as ever when I finally caught sight of them. But now they had become cagey. Without their pond below them for security they instinctively knew that to preserve their lives they must hide.

So catching them became a problem. I couldn't find them, I thought maybe they had jumped ship. But if they had, there was only grass to get into. How could they live? But my own instinct told me they were still in the boat somewhere. It was just a matter of finding where that somewhere was. In the meantime I left the little cabin sink filled with water. That way they at least had a place to get a drink. And much more important for me at this point, rather than catching these frogs, was to get the little Renault Friendship diesel out of the boat to stabilize its rusted condition from having been submerged under water for so long.

Three weeks passed easily by, for removing a 180lb engine from a boat by yourself is time consuming. It took some rigging. And it had to be jury rigging because I wasn't in a boat yard. I was in my own back yard. Each and every bolt I touched was locked on with rust. Just to get the engine loose from its mountings and totally disconnected was a project. And the hoisting of the engine out of the boat by comparison took only a day. But by day's end I was a tired puppy.

So the capturing of the frogs project languished. Frogs, compared to engines, are small potatoes. And at least these were little frogs about the size of a flattened tennis ball. Now and then I would take a peak into the cabin to see if I could see them but these little guys had become wary. And since the engine well was in the cockpit of the boat they had the cabin area to themselves and had figured out all the good places to hide.

The time finally came when the last bit of water from the cabin bilge had to be removed for I was about to put a tarpaulin over the entire boat to cover it for storage until such time as I could actually work on its res-

toration. The cabin sink still was full of water for the frogs, but soon I wouldn't be around to refill it and once it evaporated and the frogs had no water to drink they would surely die. If they were still there they had to be caught, that was that.

Now that the slime of the cabin had dried out I could finally explore it myself. On the bulkhead wall above the counter where the cooking stove would fit was a nice little varnished scone obviously meant to hold paper cups, knives, and what else I don't know. My hands were too big to reach to the bottom of one of the compartments. Nor could I get my head close enough to the bulkhead to see what was at the bottom. So I fetched a mirror and with a flashlight tried to see what was there. Definitely something was there. So now I got a piece of #9 wire and bent it such that I made a prod. Now when I prodded to bottom of that compartment, out jumped a frog. Through this luck I discovered one of the hiding places of the frogs. But now where was the other one? Had it died? Had it jumped out of the boat?

The frog that jumped out of the scone was lively and I had nothing to put him in so I held off on trying to capture him. Like a good hunter I would come back prepared. As it turned out other things intervened and I didn't get back for a day or two. But now I had a plastic container in which to place the frog if I could get him.

My luck held. This particular frog was hiding in the same place. I poked him out. He leaped on the counter top. Now I held the container opening toward him and touched him to make him jump into the container. He did. And I had the lid on the container before he realized he was trapped.

One down, one to go. Where was the other one? I had almost given up on the other one? I couldn't remember when the last time was that I had seen them both together, but at this point it was at least three weeks ago.

I was sponging the last bit of water out of the low point of the cabin bilge after having captured the first frog when something caused me to look up at the forward hatch cover. There, clinging to the brass opening arms of that hatch cover, was the other frog. I quickly exited the boat and got another container. Luck was with me. I pulled the same trick with this frog. I tricked him into leaping into the container. I had the lid on before he knew what had happened.

With both frogs caught I was home free. I could now drain the sink. It was safe to sponge the last bit of water out of the cabin bilge. This done, all I needed to do was release the frogs in Sweet Water Branch, which is only six blocks from my house. A big concrete pipe carries the branch under the road there. That concrete pipe would make a good double for the cabin of my boat.

Now in their new home my traveling frogs can sing the saga of their adventure for after all, how many frogs travel 360 miles in a boat up Route 27 in Florida and live to tell the story?

The hand of God works in a strange and mysterious way. How he accomplishes what he wants done is mostly hidden from the eyes of mere men. These two frogs might have a better handle on it for they took it all in stride. They seemed completely happy to be leaping about in the waters of Sweet Water Branch and quickly climbed up the walls of the concrete pipe as if this was all in perfect accordance with the grand great plan.

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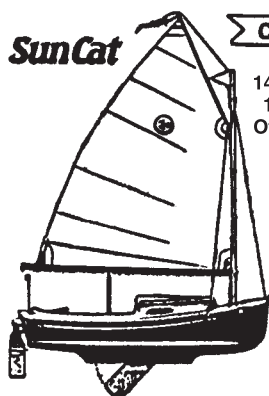
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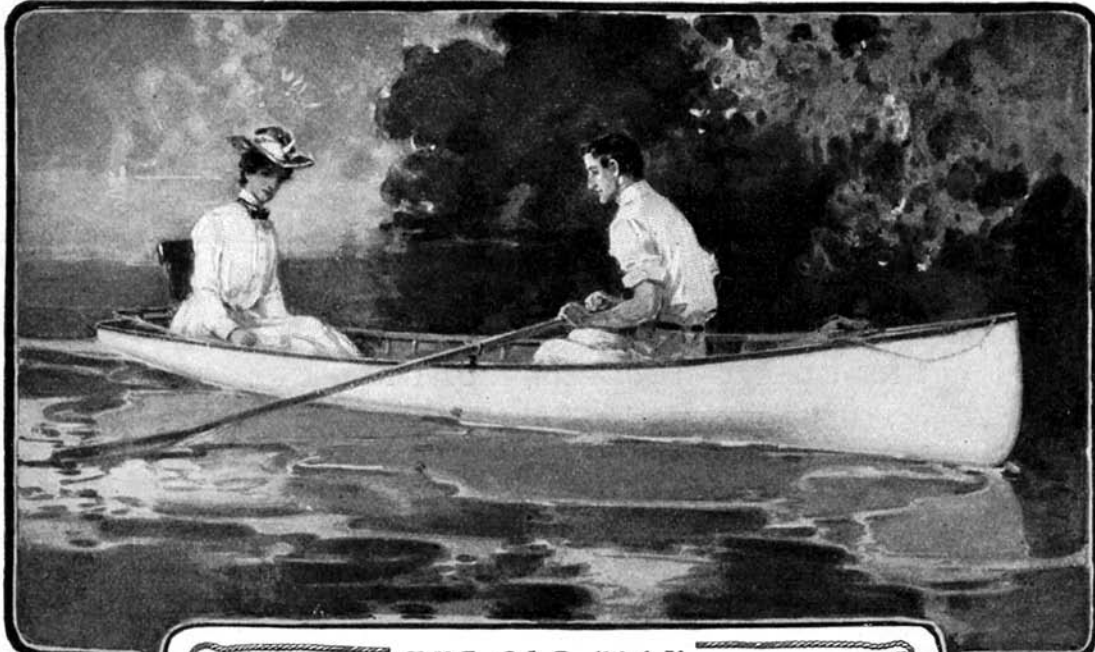
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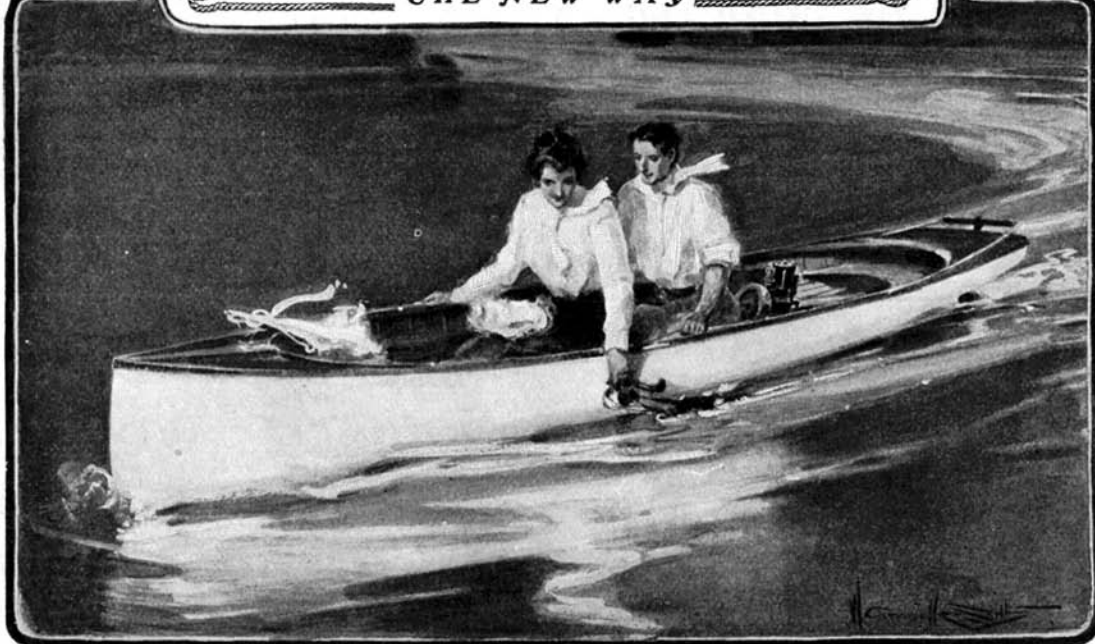
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The International Scene

The International Morse code abbreviation SOS was one hundred years old on July 1.

Not all containers ships transit the Panama Canal. The Panama Canal Railway Company moves about one-third of the containers arriving at the Canal's Pacific terminus to container facilities on the Caribbean side. Creation of several container facilities at Balboa has also increased intermodal transfers to feeder ships serving South America's west coast.

Little noted in the media was the arrival at Montreal of the Military Sealift Command's *USNS Gopher State* carrying 550 metric tons of yellowcake that had been carefully guarded in Iraq ever since the US takeover. US forces trucked the potential nuclear fuel to an airbase from which it was flown to Diego Garcia, a US base in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and placed on the *Gopher State*. A Canadian firm bought the yellowcake from the Iraqi government and will process it into fuel for a Canadian nuclear power station. Yellowcake is the basis for higher grade nuclear fuels and, after much more refinement, weapons grade uranium. The presence of the yellowcake in Iraq was known to the UN and it had been shown to UN inspectors before the invasion.

Iran has chartered about 14 VLCC tankers and is keeping them loaded with crude oil in home waters, probably to drive up international freight rates by keeping so many VLCCs out of the market. (It is just possible that the tankers may carry refined petroleum products in case of a US or Israeli attack since Iran has plenty of crude oil but no refineries.)

Slowing ships may save fuel but bring the peril of legal problems such as failing to "proceed with the utmost dispatch" or to "proceed with reasonable dispatch." And the perils also include possible suits for losses suffered under the bill of lading contract.

An official study found that most major accidents at sea are caused by the negligence of ship owners and officials.

International sanctions on Iran are causing salvage companies to shy away from cleaning up Iranian waterways which have about 140 wrecks, most dating back to the Iran-Iraq war.

South Korea's Daewoo Shipbuilding accepted a \$2.3 billion contract from the Maersk Line for 16 container ships. It's the largest ever ship building award.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

A busy month, casualty-wise. Here's a partial list. Some ships sank or nearly sank:

The iron ore-carrying bulk carrier *Haoping* (or *Hanping*) capsized and sank off China's east coast, 10 of a crew of 24 died.

The small container ship *Ocean Papa* sank off Maralison Island in the Philippines, four out of 24 died.

The 1888-built veteran pilot boat *Elbe 3*, on its way to a meeting of lightships at Hamburg, collided with a submerged object on the Elbe River and would have sunk had not the crew shifted weights, thus lifting the bow out of water.

Off Japan the fishing vessel *Suwa Maru No. 58* capsized and sank, 17 died.

Off Oman an Iranian vessel sank but everyone was rescued.

Near Burias Island in the Philippines the small cargo ship *Lake Paoay* sank in stormy weather. Only three of 26 survived.

Thirty miles off the Bengal coast the cargo ship *J. King* had to wait for calmer weather.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

er. Heavy parts for a power station and an aluminum smelter had shifted, causing a list, and then bad weather kept pilots from boarding for several days. The list caused worried authorities to order the ship another 15 miles into deeper water so a sinking wouldn't block the channel into the Kolkata docks.

Other ships had fires:

At Kalingrad a passing tug noticed that the small tanker *Flora* was on fire but nobody was onboard to care.

In Miami the 200' freighter *Atlantic* caught fire when stray fireworks landed on a mattress and required the services of over 100 firemen. It rekindled a day later, deep in a hold stuffed with used mattresses, bicycles, and the like, all bound for poverty-stricken Haiti.

Bound for the Gulf of Mexico the freighter *Kent Explorer* had a fire at sea and needed a tow back to Halifax.

In British Columbia fire destroyed the accommodation quarters on the bulk carrier *Antoine D.*

Fighting a fire in the garage deck of the ro-ro *Ozer Bay* at Famagusta caused the ship to heel. It was towed to a shallow water area in case it sank.

Fire on the Russian reefer *Akademik Khokhlov* in the Sea of Japan put the main engine out of service and it needed a tow.

Off South Africa the trawler *Galaecia* caught fire but the Durban-based fishing vessel *Galaxy* saved the 36 crew as the trawler sank.

Ships collided or allided:

In a rare triple play the cargo vessel *Gina*, the cargo ship *Arklow Venture*, and the cargo ship *Monica* exchanged physical greetings at a Kiel Canal lock.

In Turkey the cement-carrying *Esra* dropped the pilot and proceeded to attack the anchored and loaded tanker *Sukran*. Some damage, no injuries or leaks.

In the Philippines the container ship *MCC Sulo* hit the passenger cruise ship *Wonderful Stars* with 602 passengers aboard. Some damage, no injuries. (One can but wonder whether the collision caused the wheelhouse crew on the *Sulo* to finally see Stars?)

In South Africa the 1976-built container ship *Clipper* dropped the pilot and then collided with Durban's North Pier. The smallish vessel suffered considerable damage.

At Miami the 252' Panamanian freighter *Rio Haina* lost power and damaged a small boat in a marina.

Off Corfu the yacht *Les Filles* went aground and needed the attention of salvors. The event was newsworthy mainly because the yacht measures out at 4,942 gross tons!

In the Sea of Marmara the passenger ro-ro *Meltem G.* collided with the crude oil tanker *Seapacis*. Neither injuries nor pollution.

At Leith near Edinburgh firefighters tackled a fire on the offshore safety vessel *Viking Vulcan*. The vessel listed so much from hosed water that it had to be pumped out to keep it from capsizing.

At Singapore the tanker *Champion Brali* collided with the anchored ex-cruise ship *The Topaz*, a vessel on its way to a scrap yard.

Ships ran aground:

At Archangel engine failure put the cargo ship *Baltic Sky* on a sand bar near the channel.

In the Cape Verde Islands the Italian tanker *Peonia* grounded out with some damage to ballast tanks but no spill of its cargo of soya oil.

Somehow the cargo ship *Rosethorn* ran aground in the Hollaenderdybet (Dutch Deep) off Copenhagen.

Three miles off the Irish coast the scrap steel-carrying *Antari* went aground in the early morning hours. Authorities were first notified by a phone call from a member of the public.

The Russian cargo ship *Sormoski*, carrying 3,000 tonnes of Russian calcium carbonate, went aground in the Canakale Strait.

In the Philippines the passenger ro-ro *Filipinas Cebu* ran aground in heavy seas. Nobody was injured.

Also in the Philippines the small cargo ship *Santa Bernardita* was beached by waves from Typhoon Fenshen, aka Frank.

Thirteen miles from Buenos Aires the container ship *Monte Pascoal* ran aground.

In Labrador the medium-sized *Astron* went aground, got itself off, was towed by a small fishing boat into Cartwright for a quick checkout, and resumed its Arctic supply voyage.

Near Paradip the ore-laden bulk carrier *Golden Star* spent three days aground after drifting ashore.

Near Stord, Norway, the small cargo vessel *Oster* went aground and holed its cargo hold.

The *Volgo-Don 5016* hits something at 46° 29.8N, 37° 21.9E that flooded No 1 hold, ballast tanks, and the forepeak.

At Guadeloupe in the Caribbean the *Sid-er Giglio* got on the wrong side of buoy PP3 and went aground.

Ships had other problems:

The Dominica-flagged *Baltic Sky* seemed to have been disabled on the North Dvina River when it went off channel after its anchor chain got entangled with the propeller and stopped the engines (or maybe it was a different subset of the aforesaid fact, news accounts were not clear).

In India the cargo ship *Kinsman Prosper* had to anchor off Calangute Beach in Goa due to mechanical problems. The engine and generator were fixed enough so the ship was allowed to creep into Mormugao Port after dark, although that is usually not permissible during the monsoon season.

And humans paid a price:

The bulk carrier *Devprayag* had two major incidents in Australian waters and then at the New Zealand port of Lyttelton a mooring line snapped and killed a port worker. A hoodoo ship?

A sick sailor was evacuated by a lifeboat from the Mauritius-bound container ship *Maersk Delys* off Cape Town.

Authorities at Mauritius discovered two frozen bodies in wooden boxes aboard the Taiwanese fishing boat *Jui Vin* and wanted to know what had happened.

In Singapore a shipboard fire on the supply boat *Pacific Sentinel* killed the ship's second engineer, a New Zealander. He was the 23rd maritime-related person killed or injured that month in Singapore shipyards.

In Alabama at Mobile two dockworkers were overcome by coal fumes and fell into the hold of the Swiss-flagged bulk carrier *Celerina*. One survived. Also at Mobile, while op-

erating an overhead crane a shipyard worker became trapped between a sheet of steel and a wall and died.

One state east at Savannah, Georgia, a longshoreman was killed while unloading the *Saga Journey*. A large pipe fell off a forklift and knocked him down. A second forklift driver saw him on the ground and slammed on the brakes. A pipe rolled off his forks onto the man. He was 69 years old.

Gray Fleets

Problems worldwide are affecting naval operations:

The Royal Navy sent two destroyers to sea without their Sea Dart guided missiles. The missile crews were assigned to other ships.

The French Navy made its budget on the basis of oil at \$65 a barrel and so it has had to eliminate three international sea missions. It also lacks an aircraft carrier (the *Charles de Gaulle* won't be out of a shipyard until next year) so it sent the nuclear attack submarine *L'Amethyste*, six Rafale naval fighters, and two of its Northrop Grumman E-2C AWACs aircraft to join the *USS Theodore Roosevelt* aircraft carrier battle group in exercises.

The 34 ships of Canada's Navy only averaged 81 days at sea last year due to the high cost of fuel.

But economies weren't the reason that New Zealand Navy's newest ship, *HMNZS Canterbury*, was confined to coastal New Zealand waters, it must stay there until problems with its rigid inflatables are fixed. They have already killed one seaman.

The Brits finally signed a contract for two 65,000-ton aircraft carriers after BAE Systems and VT Group agreed to form a joint venture, to be called BVT, to build the warships. That was followed by public worries by the management of one building yard whether it could find sufficient workers "with the right experience and attitude." And the French decided they wouldn't have the Brits build them a similar carrier after all.

The French suggested that maybe the Royal Navy should become part of the European Union Navy.

Russia's Northern Fleet says it can handle oil spills with a specialized motorboat that will control and monitor spills. The areas near the Fleet headquarters at Severomorsk and the Kola Bay have seen many spills by Navy ships.

Prince William is on an introductory tour on *HMS Iron Duke* so he must have been thrilled when the frigate captured a speedboat carrying nearly a ton of cocaine worth £40 million.

The carrier *USS Kitty Hawk* was heading for the West Coast and a well-earned retirement but had to stop off at Hawaii to replace the fire-damaged carrier *USS George Washington* in international naval exercises.

White Fleets

Cruising isn't always fun. There can be unexpected bad moments:

Over 100 passengers on the *Veendam* suffered tummy rumbles and worse while on a tour of Alaskan ports. The infamous norovirus was the suspected villain.

Unbeknownst to passengers a crewman died on the *Saga Rose* at Southampton after entering an oxygen-low ballast tank.

The 178' cruise ship *Spirit of Glacier Bay* went aground in Tarr Inlet in Alaska and the tidal range must be severe because photos showed her parked high and dry on mud flats. The tide came in and she got free.

At Dubrovnik the cruise ships *Costa Classica* and *MSC Poesia* managed to meet at a 45° angle, minor damage to each.

A woman sued a cruise line for an alleged rape on the *Victory* last February.

On the Aegean island of Syros the cruise ship *easyCruiseLife* excited 353 passengers and 105 crew when it ran aground inside the port. The bottom was sand and a tugboat soon freed the vessel.

Rescues at sea always give cruise ship passengers warm, fuzzy feelings. Two women on the *Valor* spotted a raft carrying seven Cubans shortly before the ship reached Miami. The ship gave the dehydrated migrants bottled water and stood by until a Coast Guard cutter showed up. The Cubans are unlikely to find refuge in the US.

And while the *Norwegian Dream* was on its way to Bermuda it rescued two yachtsmen within 12 hours. The first was a dehydrated sailor (seasickness?) with shock-like symptoms. Both yachtsmen got free rides to Bermuda.

Over 17 million people traveled on cruise ships last year.

The US Maritime Commission finally sold two small cruise ships, the *Cape May Light* and the *Cape Cod Light*, it had repossessed. They will need to be refurbished before going back into cruise service.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Disaster of the month went to the capsizing of the Philippine ferry *Princess of the Stars* that killed about 700 passengers and crew. It departed Manila in spite of typhoon warnings because Philippine law allowed such big ships to do so. Typhoon Fengshen (Frank) arrived, the ferry had engine problems, and it capsized near the shore. Diving to find possible survivors inside was stopped when it was learned that a container held pesticide, the government suspended operations of the ferry company, the ferry's master was reported as hiding, the company sued the weather bureau over lack of timely warnings, it was learned that the company's P&I insurance had been cancelled after a previous accident, the company announced that it would pay 500,000 pesos apiece (about \$4,467) to the families involved, plans were announced for towing the 22,000-ton ship ashore so bodies could be retrieved, and so on. The tragedy may result in safer Philippine ferry operations but don't count on it.

In Greece the *Theofilos* hit a reef near the Aegean island of Oinousses and opened a long gash in its hull but watertight compartmentation worked. Most of the 475 passengers took another ferry back to Piraeus.

In Mexico salvors pulled the *Arcangel* off a beach in a lagoon just north of Cancun.

Off Block Island the Coast Guard buoy tender *Morro Bay* embarrassingly ran into Block Island in thick fog, resulting in a dent or two.

In Estonia the *Norlandia* smashed into a pier at Tallin while docking and the company was hard-pressed to find hotel rooms for 2,000 passengers for the night.

Legal Matters

The Supreme Court decided that Exxon-Mobil must pay only \$507 million, about a tenth of the original ruling, in punitive damages resulting from the *Exxon Valdez* oil spill in Alaska in 1989. The company has already spent about \$3.4 billion in clean-up costs, fines, and compensation.

In the US illegal oily water separation, dumping of oily bilge water and garbage into the ocean, and illegal log keeping played major roles in several law actions:

A German ship operator and a chief engineer were fined \$1.2 million for naughtiness on the *MSC Uruguay*, an Italian company must pay \$1.5 million and serve three years of probation for misdeeds on the *Windsor Castle*, and a Greek company was indicted for illegalities performed on the *Rio Gold*.

A Danish company was fined \$4.75 million for poor management and non-compliance with US and international regulations and company policies, especially on its *Clipper Trojan*. The company was also punished by a new ruling, it must install a satellite-based, real-time waste oil monitoring systems on five of its ships.

Incidentally, the owners of the *MSC Uruguay* have since claimed that four crewmen disobeyed company anti-pollution rules and maybe even sabotaged equipment so they could become whistle blowers and earn big bucks from Uncle Sam.

Overseas, an Irish court sentenced the skipper/owner of the prawn fishing vessel *Greenhill* to a year in jail (or gaol) for each unlawful killing of his two crewmen. He had been working on the afterdeck when the *Greenhill* ran aground. He backed it off and it promptly sank. All three jumped into the water but the two crewmen never joined him on the life raft.

And in South Korea the master and chief officer of the tanker *Hebei Spirit* faced retrial after being cleared of charges resulting from a gigantic oil spill after their crude oil tanker was punctured by an errant barge being towed by two tugs in high winds.

Nature

A California lawsuit wanted the US Coast Guard to consult with the National Marine Fisheries Service to minimize or eliminate injury or killing of west coast blue whales. That may include shifting some sea lanes.

Australian activists planned to block rail movements into Newcastle, the world's busiest coal exporting port, because coal contributes to global warming. "You could say it's drastic action but it's simply because these are drastic times," clarified a spokesman.

The German maker of ship towing kites has received orders for three more sets of skysails. Tests with two prototypes seemed to indicate cruising speeds can be increased from 10 knots to 11.6 knots.

Odd Bits

Venice feels the need to recreate its former glories to attract more tourists so it is building a recreation of the *Bucintoro*, a giant galley. Its only use came once a year on Ascension Day when it and the current Doge and his suite plus 200 guests were rowed by 48 favored oarsmen (with another 40 rowers in reserve) out to the middle of the Lagoon where the Doge dropped a golden ring into the water to cement Venice's marriage with the sea for another year.

Head-Shakers

In South Africa neither the Navy's Chief of Operations or its Master at Arms, the service's senior enlisted man, have had sea duty.

The US research base at Antarctica received its annual shipment of condoms, about 16,500 of them, surely enough for the winter-time crew of about 125 men and women!

"At this age, I don't need to lug sheets of plywood," fellow volunteer George announced. "My shoulder is bothering me, my knees are going. I'm willing to do light stuff, something like the interior woodwork on the schooner *Pioneer*, but heavy lifting is out for me."

For the past several years George and I had been waging a lopsided battle to keep the three-masted sailing ship *Wavertree* from rotting away at her East River pier. Finally our efforts seemed to have paid off. The South Street Seaport Museum was getting a \$4 million grant from the City of New York for her complete restoration.

Since shipyard workers, riggers, carpenters, and blacksmiths would need something solid to stand on, an entire truckload of $\frac{3}{4}$ " plywood panels had to be nailed down over the *Wavertree*'s old deck as it was totally dry-rotted. We'd heard that Charlie, the waterfront director, planned to assign us Wednesday guys, also known as the "Gray Rangers," the task of moving those two tons of plywood.

Now, after working together every Wednesday for six years, my buddy George decides to tell me he's quitting the *Wavertree*. What am I supposed to do? Work by myself every Wednesday? Hey, I'm no spring chicken either. I could just see me having to get through coffee breaks and lunch alone. Some fun.

I went to the bulletin board and flipped through the pages of Charlie's job list. I was looking for something easy George and I could do until the younger volunteers finished the ship's temporary plywood deck. The jobs all seemed taken. Only one remained unfilled. Nobody, absolutely nobody, had offered to make the traditional hitched-rope fender, or "pudding," to protect the stern of our small tugboat, the *W.O. Decker*.

The following Wednesday George and I boarded the barge *Progress* moored at the foot of John St in the very shadow of FDR Dr. The rubber core of the tugboat's pudding had been triced up to the overhead with a block and tackle. It was sheathed in black vinyl and looked to be 10' in length and 2' in girth. This fender of ours had to weigh better than 250 lbs.

"Just keep knotting the fender's coat, row after row, until your core is covered with manila from one end to the other," Charlie, the waterfront director, told us. We only came on Wednesdays so half-hitching a fender this size was going to take us two or three months. Good.

Then Charlie handed us each a large wooden fid and a mallet and pointed to an unopened coil marked Manila Rope, 600'.

Dirty Work, Long Hours, No Pay

By Martin Sokolinsky



This is what it was all about, the stern fender of the tug *W.O. Decker*.

"When you guys run out of line," the director said, "just let me know and we'll get you another coil."

Fine. Seeing that George and I would have to make a thousand half-hitches to get through one entire coil, I calculated that this fender project would last until May. Instead of "preserving the history of the Port of New York," our new mission statement would be "spin out the job until every last sheet of plywood has been schlepped up the gangway of the *Wavertree*."

On any merchant ship marlinespike seamanship is handled by the deck department. George, an engine room man throughout his seafaring life, couldn't have known much about making hitched-rope fenders. Somehow, after two or three Wednesdays on the barge he developed a knack for picking the right loop and then pounding in his fid so we could pull the rope's end through. To keep our hitches uniform and snug, he also learned how to apply the needed muscle with block and tackle.

We old-timers worked on the big fender and the younger volunteers, 20 or so dedicated men and women, were busy carting hundreds of plywood sheets to a point just under the ship's cargo boom. Once the panels were slung aboard they nailed them down over the rotten deck of the *Wavertree*. As soon as all

that heavy work was finished George and I could safely return to "our ship." And that meant going back to our comfortable routine. In May, June, and July we usually did the brightwork (a task we'd inherited from an 80-year-old comrade who had died two years before). We took great pride in varnishing poop deck structures like the ship's wheel, the companionway hatch, and the skylight.

Finally, one morning we tucked our last hitch in the stern fender. It was just 10 o'clock, coffee time for the volunteers. Flush with accomplishment George and I lay down the fids and mallets and went to join our two counterparts from the schooner *Pioneer*. We felt secure in the knowledge that we'd be back on our own ship by lunch time.

Actually though, we still had one final task. To finish off the pudding in a tidy way we'd have to draw the working end of the manila back under the coat and out through a gap that we'd opened with the fid and mallet. For this I tied a seizing-wire noose onto the thick rope so we could "fish" the end through that narrow hole. Then a "pulling rope," a couple of fathoms of $\frac{3}{8}$ " manila, was secured to the seizing-wire noose.

I guess my mind was on lunch aboard the *Wavertree*. Perhaps it was my haste to be done with the barge or maybe it was the overconfidence that comes of doing a repetitive task, all those endless half-hitches. To get the best possible line of pull I climbed onto the blacksmith's table where the fender lay and began heaving on the rope. I wanted to win this tug of war single-handedly. My opponent, the stubby rope's end, refused to show his face and just went on mocking me. To get even more purchase, I stood with both feet planted atop the fender and heaved with everything I had.

Uh-oh. With no warning my adversary, that son of a gun, released the rope and I went reeling backwards toward the edge of the table. My seizing-wire bowline had failed! Pain shot through my right forearm as it struck some sharp, immovable object that changed my trajectory about 90 degrees and sent me crashing face-first into the drill press.

When I picked myself up I saw George looking at me aghast. He made me sit on a folding chair and started in bandaging the ugly gash on my right forearm and the scrape on the bridge of my nose.

That's what we get for taking easy jobs, I told myself on the short ride to Downtown Hospital. And never, ever trust a bowline in seizing-wire.

The schooner *Pioneer*, for which George threatened to leave *Wavertree*.



The temporary plywood deck being laid down on the *Wavertree*, with some of the plywood yet to be put into place still stacked in piles.





George (right) ready to heave up on the line as I pound in the fid.



The stern fender on the bench, to the right is the bending form that stopped me from flying backwards.

Close up of the manila coat George and I made.



The barge *Progress* where George and I worked on the fender forms a backdrop for the tug *W.O. Decker* for which the fender was made up.

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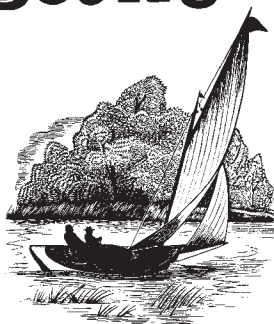
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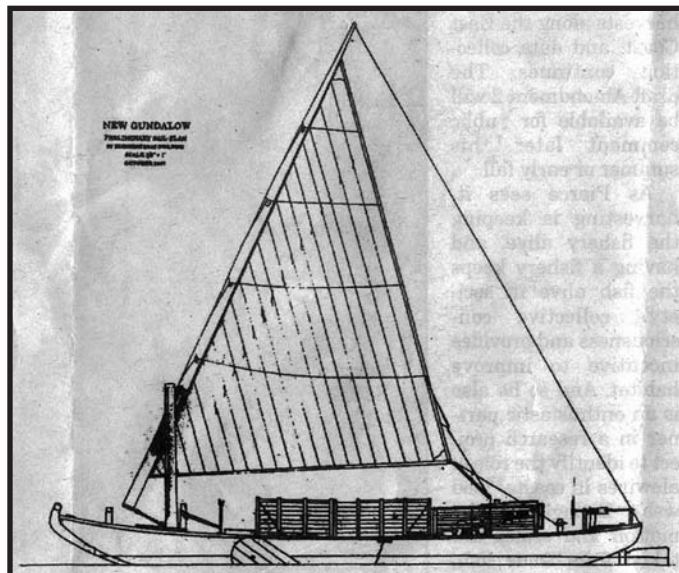
Once the common means of short-hop, heavy-load bulk shipping on Maine rivers, the gundalow has long been forgotten. In some ways it was easy to forget. They were slow, bulky, roughly put together, and anything but a thrill to sail. The gundalow was to the agile sloop boat or clipper ship what the fork lift is to a Maserati. The gundalow never generated tales of running to safe harbor before a hurricane or plunging into the tempest rounding the Horn. But there were many of them in service before the internal combustion engine. For those whose business it was to run them up and down river it was a way of life, a life more akin to Huck Finn's than to the captains of coasters, clippers, and Down Easters.

Container ships that arrive in deep water ports to unload cargo are much larger than the ships of a few decades ago. But these ships are restricted to fewer ports with enough deep water. Tractor trailer trucks take the containers from these ships directly to their destinations. Two hundred years ago similar offloading arrangements had to be made for sailing ships that also required deep water. At most ports horse-drawn wagons and carts hauled the cargo from those ships to regional destinations.

Gundalows were used on other rivers along the Maine coast but not in the numbers seen around Portsmouth, New Hampshire. River ferries that were towed across with ropes, or in some cases sailed across, were flat barges not unlike gundalows. There were gundalows on the Kennebec, Penobscot Bay, and other rivers but the regionally unique geography of the tidal basin at Portsmouth made them essential.

The conditions in the shallow tidal basin area around Portsmouth were a special case. Several towns in the area including Durham, Newington, Newmarket, Exeter, South Eliot, and South Berwick developed along the Piscataqua River and on its network of tributaries and the shallow Great Bay which is seven miles upstream. The area for several miles up the Piscataqua and east to Saco had been prime mast pine forest. The low flat terrain was dense with these giant first growth white pine. Cutting mast pine contributed to the early development of many towns in the tidal basin.

Simply built of heavy timber the gundalow drew very little water, could slip onto a muddy shore, be poled over shallow water, and raise a sail to move a heavy load. The simple construction encouraged the owner builder with, no doubt, mixed results.



Gundalow The Work Horse of the Rivers

By Mike Crowe
Reprinted from *Fishermen's Voice*

By 1750 Portsmouth had become the primary shipping point for mast pine to the British Navy in the years before the American Revolution. Mast pine for the British Navy, ship building, and shipping were the early industries that built the town of Portsmouth. From the colonial mast pine industry to the building of John Paul Jones' first ship, *Ranger*, to the Naval shipyard at Kittery, and the sinking and rescue of the submarine *Squalus* off Portsmouth, the town has been a center of maritime industry.

The upstream towns were engaged in agriculture and manufacturing. Domestic and foreign imports arrived at Portsmouth on ships too large to navigate the Piscataqua River. Portsmouth was their access to markets. The condition of roads at the time made them a last resort choice for transporting cargo and not a choice at all in mud and snow seasons. Manufacturers and seasonal crop farmers needed more reliable transportation.

The solution was a simple, shallow draft vessel that could reach these growing river ports. A barge in its earliest configuration, the gundalow was poled over the shallows, rode the tide in and out of the Piscataqua, was rowed with long oars called sweeps, and later carried a large sail. With as many spellings as explanations for the origin of the name, a common belief is that the name came from the gondolas used in Venice, Italy.

The gundalows were simply built, many were little more than rafts. Some were 70' long and built to protect the cargo. Farmers often built them, using whatever lumber was available, to transport their own produce and launched them where their fields met the river. They were built to very general specifications with variations freely added. Some

farmers got into the business of transporting goods. By the mid-1800s gundalows were commonly seen around the tidal basin. Short-lived, abandoned barges alongshore were a part of the landscape. These shallow drafted types of cargo ships reached their highest state of evolution in the Great Bay of New Hampshire and Maine in the late 1800s.

Though virtually everywhere along the waterfront in their day, they have not been given much attention over the years. They had none of the design attractions of the sloop boat, coastal schooner, or clipper ship. It was not a performance vessel, it was slow, plain, and designed for utility. But the gundalow played an important role in the transport of many of the things people used every day and was something very visible alongshore.

Cotton bales shipped from southern states to Portsmouth were taken on gundalows to cotton mills in South Berwick, Durham, and other towns. They also brought out the finished cotton products. The tidal basin area produced large quantities of marsh hay which, along with farm produce, cattle, lumber, firewood, and passengers were among the regularly shipped items. Anything that would be shipped by local trucks today went by gundalow then.

Most of these vessels operated close to home but a few with sail rigs would go as far as the Merrimack River or the Saco and Noddy Rivers. They were not sea vessels. The sails were rigged on a short stout mast about 12' above deck. The lateen sail was rigged much like the dhows of the Red Sea and Middle East. The long boom, in some cases 70', could easily be lowered for passing under bridges. The boom was hung on a chain from the top of the mast, about a quarter of its length from the boom's forward end. Balanced there, the forward end was secured to the deck with block and tackle near the bow. The aft end of the boom, pivoted on the top of the mast was raised above deck at about 45 degrees.

The *Fanny M.*, launched from Adams Point in Durham in 1886 by Captain Edward H. Adams, was the last gundalow to operate

The gundalow resembled other vessels that plied coastal rivers in other parts of the world at the time. Known on other Maine rivers, the network of waterways upstream of Portsmouth made it a common sight. In the 1800s there were 65 brick yards in the Great Basin area. Gundalows brought cordwood in and bricks out to Portsmouth ships. Granite, cotton bales, lumber and marsh hay, if it was heavy or bulky, it went by gundalow.

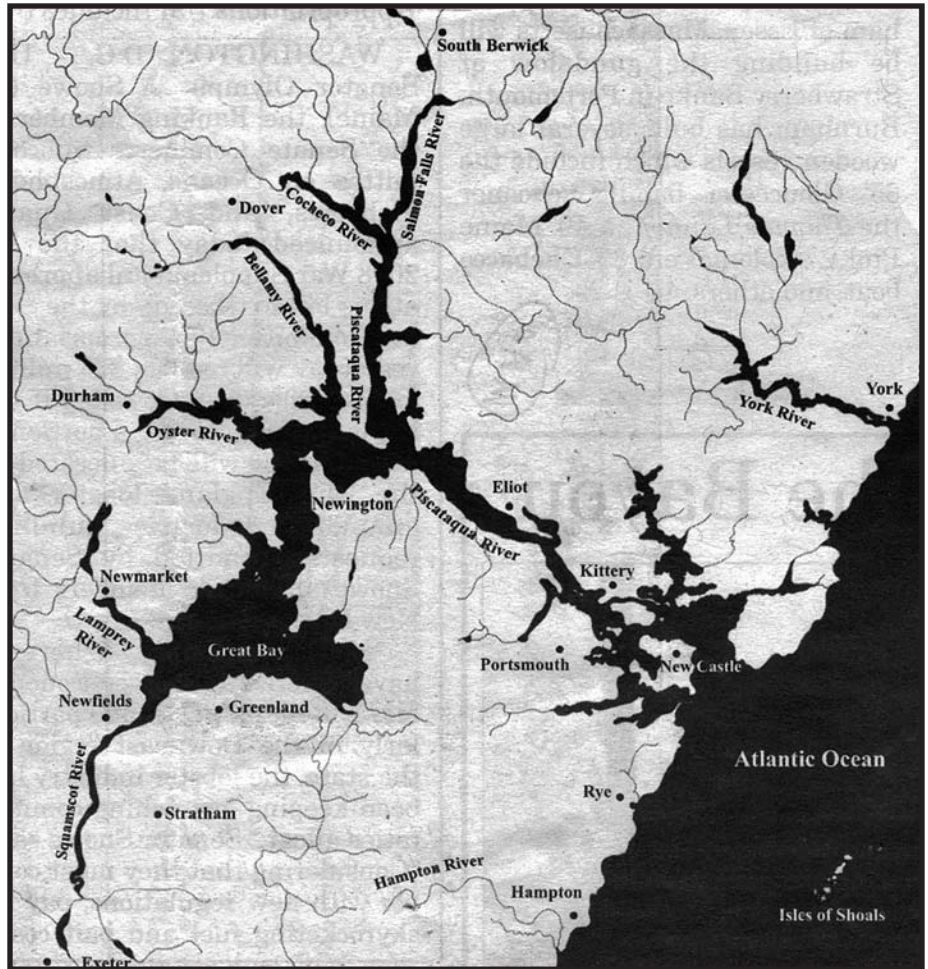


commercially in the area. The 20th century brought the demise of the gundalow but Captain Edward Adams (1860-1950) bridged the gap between the gundalow epoch and today. He stirred the minds of many of the visitors at his Adams Point home by arguing in vain for a high sailing vessel clearance on the proposed Dover Point Bridge (1933) and then, with his son Cass, building a "pleasure gundalow" (1950). Evoking the spirit of an age he felt people were ignoring, his determination and sense of place live on through the gundalow that bears his name.

Unlike earlier times the building of this gundalow was to take its builders far beyond the region to locate the large and specially formed framework to complete the vessel. From the main member keelson logs (Fremont, New Hampshire) to the hackmatack knees (Cherryfield, Maine), the construction of the *Captain Edward H. Adams* became a prime and unusual attraction at its Strawberry Banke Portsmouth site. The stump mast from Durham and the 69' spar from a wind-jammer in Rockland, Maine (now a 70' purpose felled Maine white spruce), completed the search for parts. In keeping with tradition most of this gundalow is held together with 5,000 trunnels (tree nails or pegs).

The Gundalow Company operates this world's only remaining gundalow, *Captain Edward H. Adams*, which was built at Strawberry Banke Museum in 1982. The replica gundalow visits riverfront towns in the Piscataqua Region providing a stationary platform for "dockside" maritime heritage and environmental education programs.

A new gundalow will be built in 2009 that will be Coast Guard approved for carrying passengers. Wooden shipbuilder Harold Burnham of Essex, Massachusetts, will be building the gundalow at Strawberry Banke in Portsmouth. Burnham has built several large wooden vessels which include the 65' schooner *Thomas Lannon*, a 40' Maine pinky, a colonial era 35' Chebacco boat, and others.



The unique topography of the low land around Portsmouth made a vessel like the gundalow essential for the towns developing around it. Shallow bays, rivers, and streams were the highways.

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Junior high school on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, is memorable to me for a few reasons, but one stands out to this day, the building of a free sailing model racing boat in our mandatory shop class. I often wonder where that 3' long beautiful boat ended up and I remember the details of its construction with the lifts of pine, a sheet metal ballast fin, and a lead bulb attached. When finished late in the school year we raced them from the shore of Bass River hoping that they would sail across the river and not out with the tide into the Atlantic.

Most junior and senior high schools in the past had well-run shop and industrial arts curriculums and building a model racing yacht was part of that program. One very good example of the school-built model is John Black's Cheerio design, and after 75 years it is still winning vintage races. My acquisition of Black's text and plans for the three Cheerio models led me to build both a wood strip planked Cheerio 11 last year and now the smaller Cheerio 1, much like the boat in my junior high school using the "bread and butter" lift method.

A friend recently inquired as to my interest in restoring a 42" pond boat, the pedigree, age, and builder unknown, because he wanted it to sail once again. To my delight and surprise I immediately recognized the boat as a possible school design very similar to what I had built as a student. A few photos and emails led editor and USVMYG historian Earl Boebert to identify the boat as a Sea Scout, a design from the plans of instructor A.M. Youngquist of the Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio. Earl provided me with a nine-page *Popular Science* article published in 1929 including step by step building instructions with a table of offsets, plans showing how lift shapes are cut, photos of working drawings with profiles and templates, along with a sail plan and diagrams of the fittings. Many of the fittings on our boat are exact copies of the plans shown in the article and I knew we had a model boat built to these specs. Full size plans were available from *Popular Science Monthly*, Nos. 106 & 107.

The design of the racing model Sea Scout was apparently very successful and was adopted for interschool competition as well as recommended as the standard in the national model building test by the Sea Scout organization, hence the name.

Now that we had the plans and could recreate the missing sails and spars and some of the deck hardware, I agreed to restore the boat to an original condition. I would purchase sails and some fittings, build the spars, and refinish the hull. The *Popular Science* article lists the tools necessary for building the Sea Scout and suggests the material costs

The Restoration of a Sea Scout Racing Model

By Andy Abrahamson
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*
Newsletter of the US Vintage Model Yacht Group



A photo from the original article showing Sea Scouts ready to race in Youngstown, Ohio.

(1929) averaged between \$4-5! Because I have gathered most of the tools suggested and possess a long list of web-based merchants who could supply replacement parts, sails, and fittings at a reasonable inflation-adjusted cost, I decided to get started.

The work began by removing the fittings and the $\frac{1}{8}$ " thick deck to eliminate a large gap between it and the hull, to secure the mast step screws, and add backing tinder the bow chain plate because the screws were loose. The deck is attached with 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ " #2 brass screws and casein glue. A putty knife was inserted under the deck and the glue gave up its grasp. This boat was built without the specified hatch but it does have a small drain plug behind the tiller.

Similar to an archeological dig, with luck one would find a "builder's plate" listing the student's name, the school, and year built. Instead I discovered colonies of green mold and globs of a predecessor to Gorilla Glue harder than concrete. Although the

glue has adhered to only one of two mating surfaces due to the effects of age or incorrect application, it was lengthy task to remove. The designer specified two coats of white lead paint should be applied to the interior of the hull before fitting the deck. This was a reminder to me that most paints of the period contained lead and caution was observed during subsequent refinishing.

Although the designer specifies hollowing out the interior with a gouge to $\frac{1}{8}$ " thickness and to use care and not cut through the hull, our student did a fine job but was a bit conservative, finishing the hull at about four times the thickness desired. In my opinion the hollowing of the hull is the most difficult and tedious step in building, using the lift method and reaching $\frac{1}{8}$ " is a severe test! Because there is no evidence our student builder used anything more than a gouge, a thinner and lighter hull could have resulted if a Stanley 100 curved plane or similar tool had been available. If I recall correctly it was John Black who made a suggestion to Stanley to manufacture the 100. Black specifies a $\frac{3}{16}$ " hull thickness in his bread and butter designs and it is attainable using a thickness gauge on my current new Cheerio 1.

The deck beams on the boat are set into mortises but were not nailed or glued well. A support under the deck beam nearest the mast was secured and a small support for the brass rudder shaft tube was added. The original tube was replaced because it was too short and did not extend down into the hull. I learned that only one in five hardware dealers stock thick walled K & S brass tubing and suspect it will be displayed under lock and key very soon given the rapid cost increases.

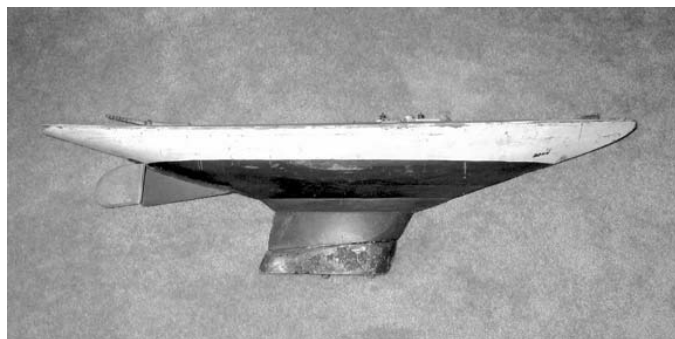
The photo of the bottom of the hull shows a sheet tin "cover-up" around the rudder tube. As a student I remember making this error and often handled a drill bit like an electrician drilling through wall studs. The torn out wood was replaced with epoxy filler and smoothed.

The bolts holding the lead ballast to the hull were tightened a half turn. This eliminated a small gap under the deadwood block. The deck was now refastened using new Micro Fastener wood screws and a small amount of Titebond glue, although in retrospect my choice of glue would have been a less permanent adhesive such as bedding compound. In another 75 years the model may need another

Deck removed.



The Sea Scout to be restored.



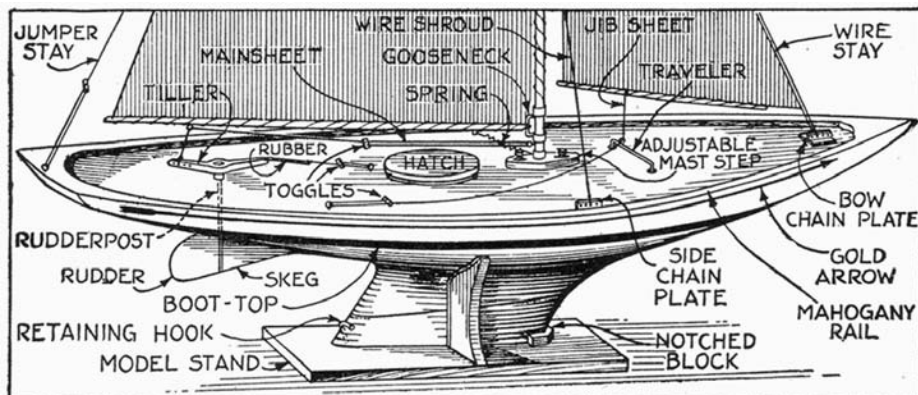
deck removal! A light sanding of the plywood surface and application of Minwax stain prior to three coats of Helmsman Spar Varnish completed the deck. The ballast surface was smoothed using epoxy with fillers. The hull is now sanded to remove marks left by a rasp and an acrylic primer was brushed on.

Any fine lady needs to be displayed properly so a cradle was cobbled out of scrap pine. Experience with a robust cradle design has enabled me to travel by auto with the hull in an upright position.

The broken jib traveler was replaced with 18 gauge brass wire soldered into the triangular bases that were on the boat. Other original fittings were cleaned and buffed using the Dremel wire tool and the rudder was replaced and fastened to the tiller arm with a piece of V16" brass rod. A side shroud attachment plate was made to replace one damaged using 26 gauge brass, bent and drilled appropriately. To my surprise brass knurled thumb screws are still available so we replaced the parts securing the fine quality cast aluminum mast step the school must have had mass produced.

Model Yacht Fittings have been supplying us with some nice vintage brass and in our case has supplied two small turnbuckles to adjust the mast shrouds. A deviation from the plans is my addition of a brass plate to the skeg under the rudder shaft to prevent fouling by weeds in the space between the rudder and skeg. Replacing the skeg is an option but not in my plans at this time. The designer suggests a spade rudder as an option because "younger or less skillful boys sometimes find it difficult to make a good job of the skeg."

Painting the finish coats on the hull of our last three pond boats has been simplified by the use of a spray can application as rec-



The general arrangement.

ommended by my friends in the Marblehead club. It is durable, thrifty, a large choice of colors are available, and once you mask off the surrounding surfaces multiple thin coats of paint can be applied and provide a superior finish. Compared to my earlier experience with brushes and rubbing with pumice and many grades of wet-dry paper, the spray cans win!! It is my choice for anyone without an airbrush kit. A white topside and Maritime green bottom have been applied.

Our next steps included spar building, obtaining sails, and rigging for free sailing. The sail plan was mailed to Chuck Black and a nice set of sails was produced. The spars were crafted out of clear northern white pine. Laminated construction for the 54" mainmast will be stronger than the one piece called for in the plans. Four 1/8" strips laminated with thickened epoxy, similar to what I use for Vintage Marblehead stock, is allowed to harden and then

planed using the Stanley #100 to eight sides and ultimately down to a radius.

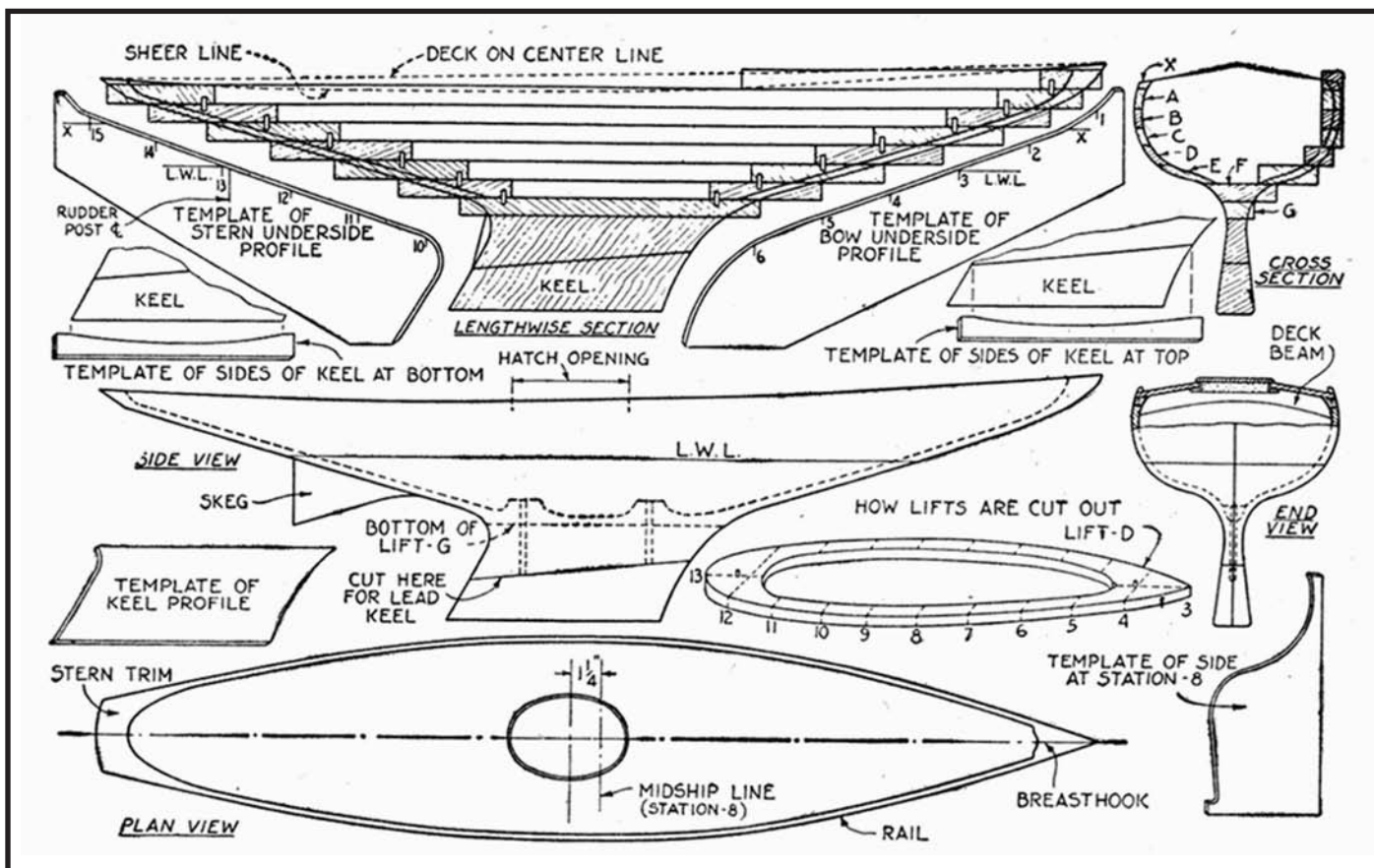
The sails were made with hooks for a jackline arrangement. The location for brass cotter pins was established midway between the hooks, the pins epoxy glued to the mast after small holes were drilled and a length of stainless wire was run through the pins. The wire was terminated with small screws.

An attempt to replicate gooseneck #2 shown in the plans may work well. The spring-loaded vang is attached to an eye screw along with a downhaul at the main foot, both adjustable with bowsies.

The shroud turnbuckles by Model Yacht Fittings at 1" in length are, in my opinion, very close to A.J. Fisher replicas and ideal for this pond boat. Wire shrouds are 451b black vinyl coated fishing line leader.

The tiller is attached to a rubber band whose tension is adjusted with a bowsie. It

The hull drawings from the original article. The use of profile templates is interesting.



is suggested that the mainsheet be attached to one of a series of holes in the tiller only when the boat is on a run or broad reach, the skipper will need to experiment with various adjustments.

The mainsheet attachment, when the boat is on a beat and tacking to windward, will be connected to the backstay shroud plate. A similar type of steering arrangement was found on the Boucher Curlew of 1930 vintage but we lack the mainsheet traveler or

horse found on Curlew and a similar set-up to the Marblehead or Clyde gear found on early pond boats.

As soon as weather permitted, launch day arrived at Redds Pond in Marblehead, Massachusetts. The Sea Scout, christened *Barbara* by the owner, being away from the water at least for several decades, sat almost exactly on her waterline. The owner, Ed Harrow from Hopkinton, Massachusetts, is pleased with the restoration and joined members of the Marblehead Vintage club for an afternoon of sailing. The Redds Pond photos are from the collection of the owner.

The breeze picked up and her sails were filled. She is shown to windward of three RC Vintage Marbleheads.

Avoiding the rock ledge around the burial ground provided a challenge. The owner will experiment with various adjustments such as rig tension, jib sheet travel, and mainsheet/tiller connections to optimize running.

We do not know the builder of this fine example of a model racing pond boat. If she or he is reading this, thanks for the enjoyment your creation has brought us.



Ready to re-launch.



Getting acclimated. .



Barbara.



Restored hull, deck, and cradle.

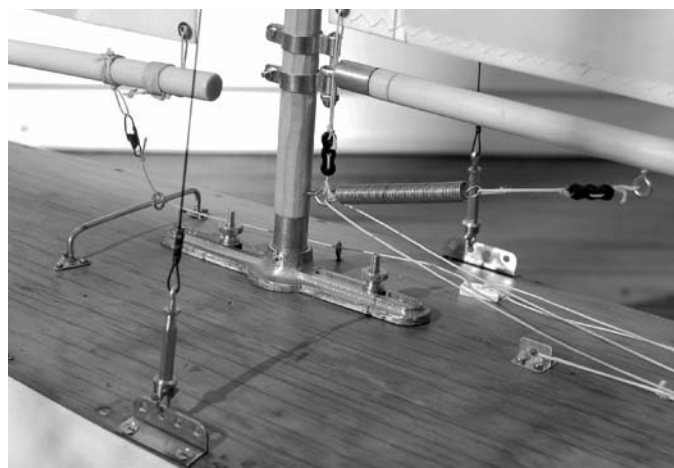


Original sheet metal repair.

The tiller arrangement.



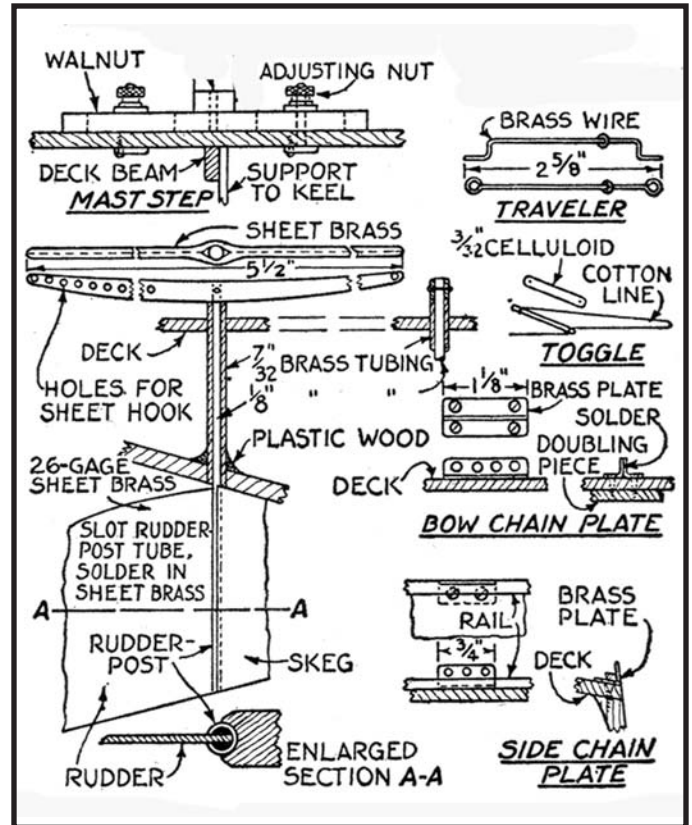
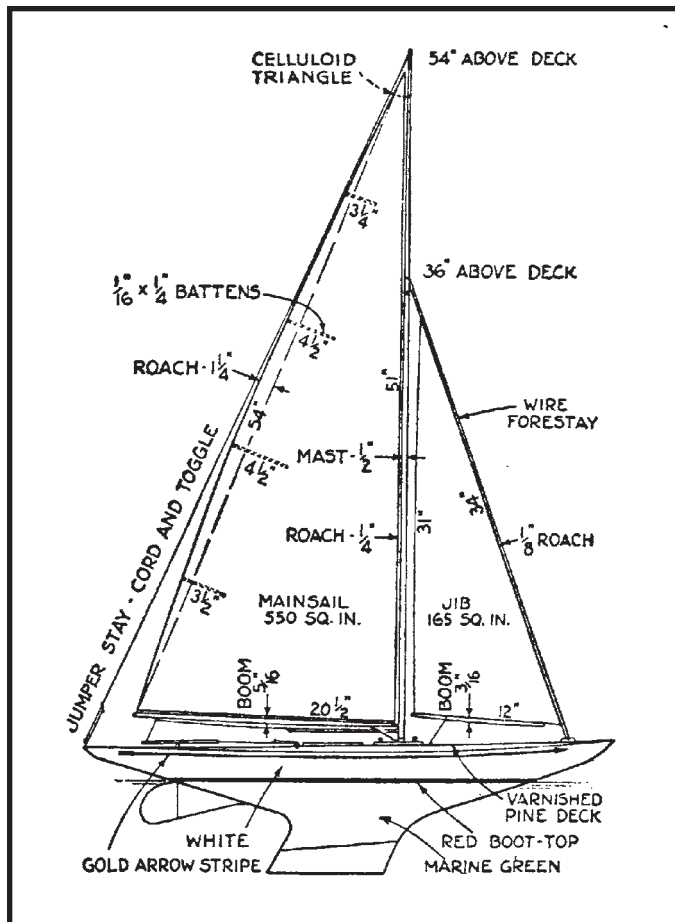
The mast fittings.





Barbara, demonstrating that as a free sailing boat, she's in charge.

The sailplan.

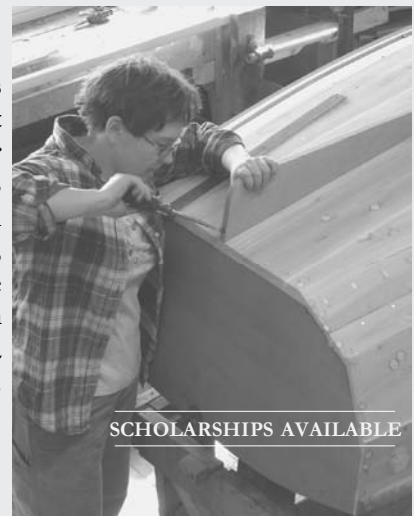


The fittings drawn from the original article.

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For most of us sailing only happens in the gaps left by a full-time job. Though we dream of ambitious ocean passages, our aspirations have to be cut into weekend-sized pieces with perhaps a couple of longer voyages on our annual holidays. Yet it is all too easy to buy a boat that fits the dream rather than the reality. The Solent is chock full of seagoing yachts, packed with the latest electronic gizmos and perfectly capable of sailing across the Atlantic, that rarely go further than the Isle of Wight. For the sailing that most of us do, most of the time, there is a lot to be said for a simple and straightforward boat that can be kept on a trailer at home or in a dinghy park and launched wherever there is water to float her.

Even in the most popular areas of the coastline a small dinghy can find quiet creeks and inlets to creep into away from the crowds. In a cruising dinghy you can rediscover the pleasures of an earlier and more innocent age of boating, of sailing into a deserted haven and dropping your anchor in a lonely spot, shared only with the seabirds and the evening wind blowing over the salt marshes. For centuries fishermen, pilots, and longshore seamen worked the coast in unassuming open sailing boats. Dinghy cruising is a return to that straightforward attitude to sailing. It is to yachting what backpacking is to caravanning, a deliberate decision to travel lightly in a direct relationship with the natural world.

Dinghy cruising is not, and perhaps never will be, a mass market sport. You can spend years exploring the forgotten havens of the coastline and never come across another little dinghy lying in a quiet anchorage, its crew waving at you from under their boat tent. People tend to underestimate the ability of dinghies to make passages, to be used for actually getting somewhere, however modest the distance, rather than simply pottering about or racing. They feel that you must have a proper yacht to go cruising but a weekend's cruise down the coast, or even a couple of weeks in the summer spent exploring the Scottish islands, are well within the capability of a decent dinghy.

When viewed from the deck of a yacht, life in the tent cover of a small cruising dinghy may seem a Spartan existence. And indeed cruising in a dinghy is an exercise in making do with the minimum of simple and robust equipment. Inevitably everything is going to be drenched in salt spray, trodden on, and then bashed with the anchor so fragile and complicated gadgets are best left ashore. Yet with a little ingenuity the privations of

The Seagoing Dinghy

Part 1

By Roger Barnes

Roger Barnes's thoughts on dinghy cruising and the right sort of boat for the job, written at the time he sailed his 12' Tideway *Baggywrinkle*. This is the first of a series of three articles, hitherto unpublished.

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
Newsletter Spring 2008

life aboard a dinghy need not be as great as you might imagine. Once the camping cover is up at the end of the day, the cushions are laid out on the thwarts, the evening meal is bubbling away on the stove, and the bottles of beer have been brought up from their cool store in the bilges, the dinghy cruiser can enjoy an evening at anchor in as much comfort as any yachtsman.

Not so long ago it was rather difficult to find a sturdy dinghy suitable for sea work. Production dinghies tended to be rather fey craft, designed primarily for racing and a depressing sight if you were looking for a seakindly and stable vessel capable of coastal passages, one that would look after you in a blow with somewhere to store the anchors, warps, spare woollies, thermos flasks, and all the other gear that a cruising dinghy inevitably accumulates. But in recent years, and largely stimulated by magazines like this, boat builders have begun to produce a variety of small craft which incorporate the seakeeping virtues of traditional working vessels and the choice of simple open boats suitable for cruising has widened radically.

Some people cruise very happily in light dinghies designed for racing as much as for cruising. This type of dinghy can make a fast and weatherly coastal cruiser in experienced hands but they are feisty beasts and inevitably demand attentive crewing. More to my taste are heavily-built craft which will react less rapidly to sudden squalls and are unlikely to capsize, even if the crew is distracted by a passing seal or dolphin when the wind backs round to the other side of the main sail. A capsize in the open sea in a laden dinghy is potentially very dangerous, but it is a very rare event indeed in a seaworthy dinghy properly reefed for the prevailing conditions.

Some years ago Eric Coleman designed a 14' dinghy that would be self-righting in the event of a capsize, and plans for the Roamer (see *July issue—ED*) as she is called, can still be obtained from the Association. For ultimate survivability in the worst conditions a boat like this is probably the ideal, but many people cruise perfectly safely in more ordinary craft.

The possibility of a capsize should be taken seriously, however. It is no good just hoping that it will not happen. A cruising dinghy should carry adequate buoyancy to keep herself and her crew afloat when swamped, and you should also check what happens if she capsizes when laden with gear as appearances can be deceptive. Cruiser-racer dinghies may be more tippy but at least they can generally be righted by their own crew in the event of a capsize, whereas some traditionally styled boats are reputed to be almost impossible to right once inverted and can be dangerous at sea. Unfortunately reviews in sailing magazines never test the stability of small boats or how easy it is to right them, so this information can only be obtained by word of mouth.

Unless you are happy to spend a lot of time motoring, avoid the ponderous dinghies aimed at estuary potterers that rely heavily on an outboard motor to supplement their meagre sail plan. A good cruising dinghy must be above all an effective performer under sail. She should be weatherly enough to beat to windward out of confined creeks and be relied on not to miss stays when dodging the rollers on the bar. A seagoing dinghy does not just pootle about looking pretty, she has serious work to do.

Like most cruising dinghies, my own boat is a compromise. *Baggywrinkle* is a 12' Tideway class dinghy, built in the late 1950s and fairly typical of the smaller general purpose clinker-built dinghies that were once very common around our shores. Substantially heavier than many more modern dinghies of a similar length, she displaces nearly 300lbs (136kg), and rather more when loaded with cruising gear, but sets only 81sf (7.53sm) of sail. Due to her weight and hull design she is much more stable and forgiving than a comparable racing dinghy but she is no sluggard, nonetheless. Though she retains the straight keel, firm bilges and traditional high freeboard of a working boat, she is capable of planing in a good wind. She is equipped with toe straps and benefits from sitting out when working to windward in a stiff breeze. Like most cruising dinghies she can easily out-



Photograph supplied by Roger Barnes



sail the average pocket sailing cruiser, and in moderate sea conditions she has even given 40-footers a run for their money.

Although I know people who have cruised very happily in a standard 10'10" Mirror dinghy and slept aboard her each night, I feel that *Baggywrinkle* is probably at the lower limit of size for effective coastal cruising. She is sometimes too small to punch her way to windward through a lumpy sea, and in these conditions she begins to take a lot of spray aboard. I will not have self-bailers as I dislike the idea of vulnerable holes in the hull. Instead I reef for the sea conditions rather than the wind strength, even though this means that her speed to windward in rough water can be painfully slow.

If you intend to make regular long passages in the open sea and you usually sail with a crew, then a 14' or 16' dinghy will prove much more long-legged than a 12-footer and will also be more spacious for two to sleep in at the end of the day. But these are large boats to sail single handed and even when I am sailing with two aboard, I like the feeling of confidence that comes from knowing that one person can handle *Baggywrinkle* in any conditions that she is likely to be out in. A smaller boat also comes into her own when exploring a narrow creek under oars and is far easier to launch and recover than a larger boat of similar design.

It is a constant wonder to me that the sea is still free to those of us who sail and camp in little boats. We can wander and explore at will and anchor for the night in the most beautiful and remote places, a freedom

which has long passed away on land. If you are tempted to load your dinghy up with charts and provisions and sail out to join us, it is as well to take a long hard look at her first as the open sea can be a tough place for a little boat. She may be basically a sound and seaworthy little vessel, but regrettably modern dinghies are often let down by flimsy fittings which are not up to the rough and tumble of passagemaking.

Everything on a cruising dinghy should either be effectively unbreakable or possible to repair with a few simple tools, far from home, at the end of a long day at sea. So remove any complicated racing fittings and replace them with simple, sturdy pieces of kit that can be operated by the cold hands of a tired crew. This robust attitude to gear must extend to all the other equipment on board, including clothing. Dinghy cruisers tend to be like Davies in *The Riddle of the Sands* and eschew natty yachting gear in favour of sturdy garments that blend with the colour of mud and salt stains.

A cruising dinghy does not cut a dash. If by chance you sail into a marina she inevitably looks battered and weatherbeaten beside the rows of beautifully kept yachts. She seems to be full of ropes and huge muddy anchors, her varnish could do with some attention, and her gear looks like it has come off a boat several sizes too large. She may not look much but she is hardy and workmanlike and has proved to be a good friend when the going gets tough. And she goes as far in a year as many vessels three times her size.

(To be Continued)

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With its willow ribs and weavers (the rods, or withes, woven in and out of the ribs just below the gunwales) this half-scale version of a 10' currach reminds people of its predecessor, an oval, bull-skinned, wicker basket propelled from the bow by a paddler's figure eight stroke. In Wales this predecessor would be a coracle which, according to basketmaker Joe Hogan, is built rightside up. In Ireland it's called a currach, which Hogan says is built upside down. However, the rowing rig and longer shape of our boat, the Donegal Witch, also suggest the more modern currachs that see use off Ireland's west coast and which Irish rowing clubs race in this country.

Our boat was inspired by the Sheep Haven Currach of Donegal, Ireland, one of the last Irish craft that use both wicker and sawn wood in its construction. For pictures of this currach and more about the ancient convergence of basketry and boat building, read chapter four of Joe Hogan's book, *Basket-making in Ireland*, available on line through Wordwell Books.

I got my willow rods from Wendy Jensen, a well-known basketmaker from Great Barrington, Massachusetts, who tends her sallie garden where she grows several kinds of willow. Like a lot of people, when I read first William Butler Yeats' *Down by the Sal-*

Down to the Sea By Way of the Sallie Garden

By Hillary Russell
Berkshire Boatbuilding School

lie Gardens I had no idea the word sallie is a corruption of salix, Latin for willow. For centuries the Irish have grown willow for their baskets, creels, fish traps, and currachs. I began my own sallie garden two years ago and next year I'll go down to it, harvest my first batch of stout willow rods, and build a full-scale currach.

You can learn the weave pattern in a few minutes and you'll find that the process of weaving willow into ribs and stringers is as sane and pleasant as it is non-toxic. The only danger is that before you have tucked in all of your 8'-10' weavers your currach will have a wild look and you may wonder if wicker, witch, wicca are, in fact, of the same origin.

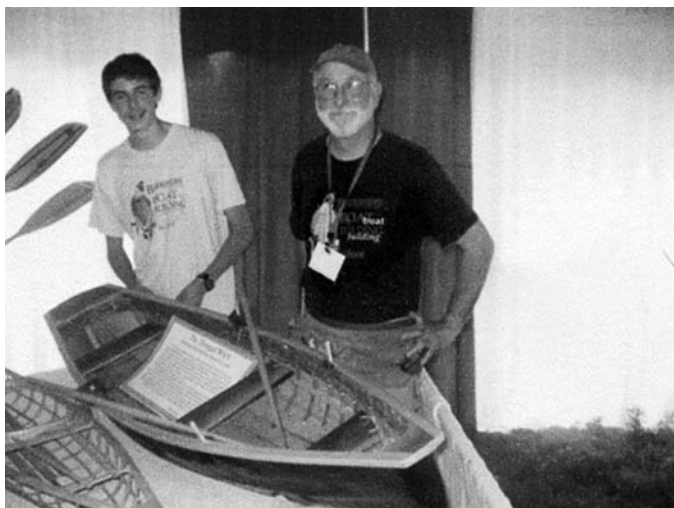
The Donegal Witch Berkshire Boat Building School's Currach

This half-scale model incorporates willow withes (or rods) for ribs and weavers (the longitudinal weaving) with sawn spruce, ash, and walnut for the remaining parts. In many American cities Irish Rowing Clubs race 20' long currachs. These fast, seaworthy craft are framed with sawn wood, skinned with canvas (which is then tarred), and usually set up with three rowing positions. However, the ancient version was framed entirely with woven withes, often hazel. Today in Donegal, Ireland, currachs like the one before you are still built of both withes and sawn wood.

The supple withes are a pleasure to work with and somehow root this craft in the earth. The original builders began their currachs and coracles (the diminutive, basket-like predecessors of currachs) by inserting withes in the earth in the outline of the boat and then weaving the craft upside down. Thus rooted, these boats must have looked at first like shelters from the sky before they were turned over to become shelters from the sea.

Full scale, the Donegal Witch measures: Length 10' - Beam 38" - Depth 14".

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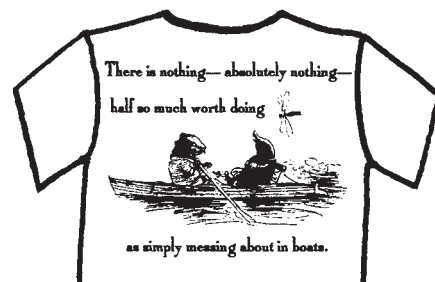
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To get around the dreadful responsibility of owning a king's ransom, yet to make possible getting down to the sea in sail, I have designed Little Rogue. She's a tabloid auxiliary, and then again, she isn't, she's just large enough to avoid the wallowing tendencies exhibited by most tabloids but not too large nor too complicated for one man to build, to afford, and to handle. Here are her main dimensions:

Her length, 22'11". Her beam extreme over deck, 8'2", and over water line, 7'1½". She draws 39", displaces at the line drawn 5,052lbs. This makes of her what our English cousins would call a 3½ tonner. She lugs 285 sq ft of sail perhaps a shade better, on the theory that the idea of sailing is to sail. You can always shorten down if need be, but you can't go shopping for more area when you're out on the drink.

She is knockabout rigged. That is to say, she is basically a sloop but the stem profile is extended to accommodate the jib and there is no bowsprit.

If you're a facts and figures hound, her ballast will run to between 1,500 and 1,600lbs in an iron keel with enough inboard trimming ballast batted down in lead pigs over the keel at midship to bring her down to her load line. How much will depend upon the gear carried and somewhat on the building job. No two boats of identical design ever weighed the same. Wood varies, fastenings vary, it would be safe to say 200 to 300lbs would turn the trick.

Other statistics: Soakage allowed, 12%. Area load water plane is 100.6sf. It will thus take 532lbs to burden her an inch deeper.

Little Rogue

By Weston Farmer

Whence her name? This is a point all sailors are meticulous about knowing so they can judge whether she'll be a lucky ship. Well, let me tell you, Pallas Athene was the goddess of Greek mythology who helped design the first Greek ship, the *Argo*. I have heard about a curse she'd hang on any designer who doped out a vessel that wasn't right and yare.

I can't give you her tonnage nor her load water-plane area, but 'tis said by men who know such matters that this she-boss of the old Greek Coast Guard held forth up around Scylla-and-Charybdis way. She'd hoist an ample bosom upon a likely balcony overlooking the marine scene and, with a gallon in hand of the tippie of the day, she'd scan passing craft with appropriate murmurs. When she spied a schtunkpot she'd down her 'arf and 'arf and let rip.

"Lawks, dearie!" she'd scream at the sad craft's skipper. "Where did yer get that 'orrible 'unch? She sure ain't A-1 Lloyds, nor yare, nor even floating salami! A curse on 'er designer!"

Which curse henceforth struck the designer blind and for the rest of his days he was fated to speak great truths to which no one would listen.

She was a rogue, was Pallas.

I want everybody who builds to this design to get quietly past Athene and so have named our Little Rogue obliquely in honor of the goddess from whose curse I have had some narrow escapes. It may help the boat to be a lucky one.

She is as normal as beans and bread as to layout and rig and all. Her main gambit is in her size and relative sail area. She is smaller than the big boats that will sail, she has more sail carrying power than the little ones that won't.

I know that this is so because I designed her to a certain feel I wanted, myself, in a

modern boat of today's marconi rig. Also, I am acquainted with the classics of "Tabloidia Americana" and know their designers.

Sam Rabl and his Picaroon, my old side-kick Jack Hanna, and some of his tabloids, Billy Atkin and his Perigee, Phil Rhodes and Westwind, Dr T. Harrison Butler and Paidia, all famous designers, all famous boats. I have known both the men and the boats first-hand. I am familiar with their philosophies.

Because all the craft mentioned were designed nearly a generation ago, I felt I could come up with this contribution to the field and that it would be a definite addition to the choices available.

Today (1955—ED) the outboard motor is powerful, silent, light in weight, and most certain to start. This form of poosh-em-up is used by every practical small boat sailor I know today.

Down goes the wind, out comes the "tin breeze" from a locker somewhere and in a trice you can rattle into port with minimum fuss. Meanwhile, in sailing the cabin is not cluttered by an awkward foundry taking up choice space. Thus the boat's bottom is always all sailboat. No dragging propeller or resistance-making open propeller port. This leaves the craft all to the wind and to slippery going. Therefore we have outboard auxiliary power.

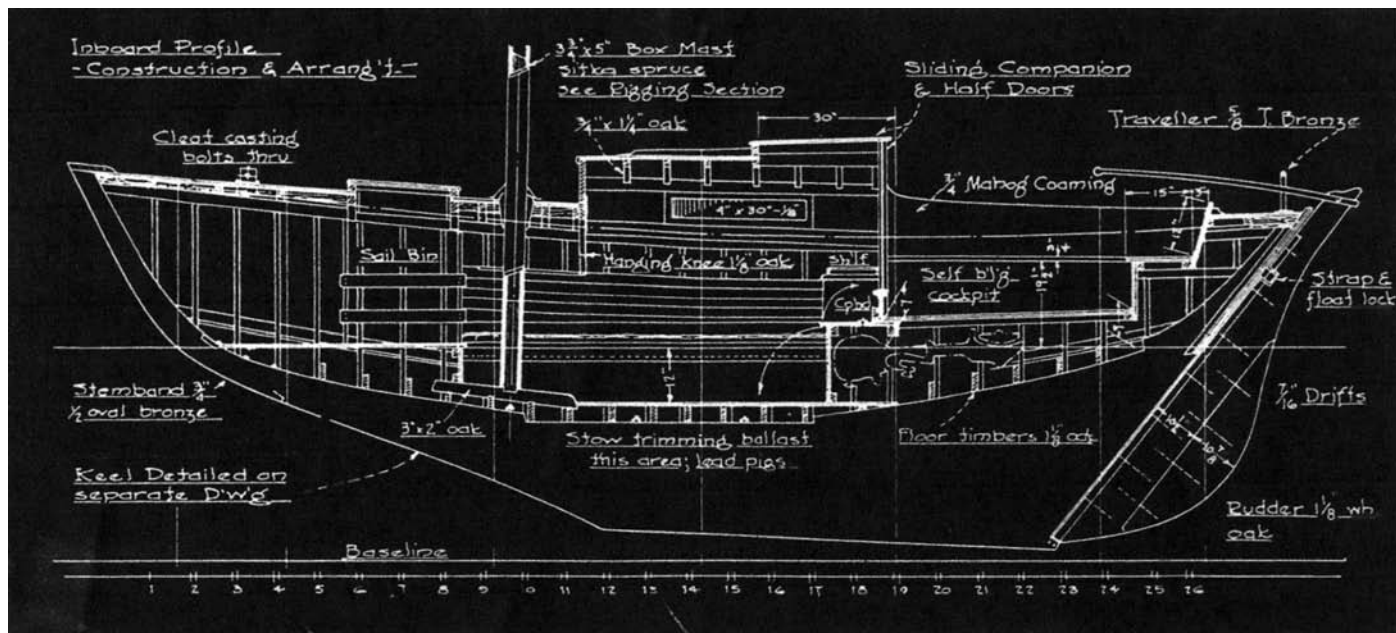
There is no use making a boat too small. The difference in cost between an 18-footer, the cabin of which you enter only by greasing your hide, and a boat of more powerful size, say roughly 22', is hardly \$30 for materials if you do your own building. The footwork, thinking, and toting of materials is the same.

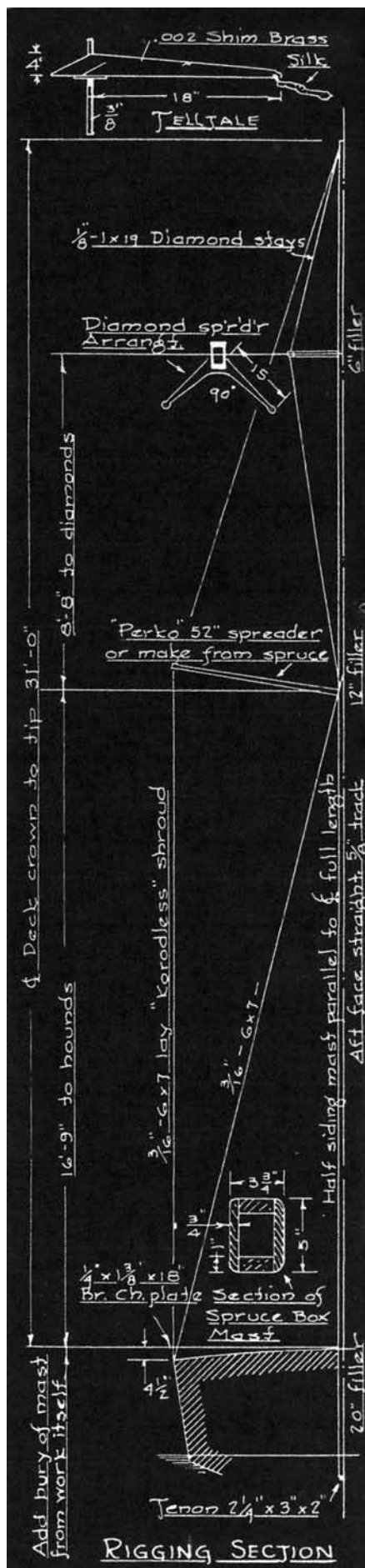
Therefore, doesn't it make sense to peg a size you can wear?

The sail rig of 1955 is Marconi. Gaff headed rigs may look romantic but they just aren't as efficient as a narrow, lofty rig. The "whap" in a sail is in the leading edge, the luff. Gaff rigs don't have it. More, the gaff needs a good pole mast and this puts on top weight. The gaff is hard on sails, this calls for weighty canvas which neither sets nor draws well.

So we have marconi rig and enough area to give some push. Weight of wind, not nec-

The arrangement for Little Rogue is standard unless it be the comfortable, self-bailing cockpit. An outboard is stowed below to whip up a little "tin breeze" when the real thing fails. With her bottom free, she'll be a good ghoster in light air.





essarily miles per hour, is what moves a boat and this varies like the dickens, being light in August, heavy in June or October. Lower temperature, more moisture; more moisture, more weight. Miles per hour times weight equals whap, despite what “tables” say.

Thus the sail I have given Little Rogue will sail her. She'll not wallow around wetly like a foundered moth. If you find her tender, which I doubt, simply pile inboard ballast on until the Good Lord blows the stick out of her.

There is no icebox, for two reasons. The first is that it is impossible to drain such a box overboard. The second reason is that I won't be shipmates with an icebox that drains into the bilge to slosh around.

The resulting effluvium of such stunt is not exactly what the barber puts on Daddy. Along about midnight in slumbrous repose you dream of elderly finnan haddie.

Better for a ship this size are a couple of chromed breadboxes of the new type which conserve moisture. These manage very well to keep meat and butter sweet until consumed, in most instances.

Potable water I'd plan to carry in canvas-covered Army canteens which are a dime a dozen. You lose about 10% of your water through evaporation, true. But cooling water with ice you lose 100% of your ice, so what's the diff?

The arrangement of this ship is standard. It may divulge no novelty but must it? You sleep aboard, hence need bunks. You eat aboard, and hence need a galley. Also, and this is frequently overlooked, the sailor is forever accumulating gadgets and needs shelves and lockers for these. So I have left room for them. Start out with a bare ship and you'll soon have a yare ship, as the saying goes. Usage will tell you what you want. Hence my drawing of the arrangement shows bare minimums.

Most backyard boat builders seem to understand the V-bottom form of construction best so our hull is of that form. In truth, though, a steamed frame round bilge boat is the easiest to build. It is so considered by most professional builders who have learned their trade at real apprenticeships. In all of the 21 yacht and shipyards in which I have punched time over the past 35 years, I never found a pro who differed.

Since steaming is generally considered one of the best tools in a boat shop, I have in the construction of Little Rogue combined the newly understood V-bottom with steam bent frames. It is not original, Bill Hand used to design all his famed V-bottoms this way and the system is much used in several areas of the continent.

Steaming is the best tool in a boatshop next to the bandsaw. All you need is a decent boiler, not the gas jet and tea kettle rig often hopefully pictured, but a boiler at atmospheric pressure, like a copper washtub over a good coal or wood fire, with a pipe to the steam box.

The steam is at atmospheric pressure, so is safe except it must not come in contact with bare flesh. Live steam burns.

Anybody who can boil a four-minute egg can steam bend his frames and will get the hang of it in one or two tries. Wear good hide gloves and you'll soon find that steaming makes framing fast, avoiding the ocean of beveling connected with seam and batten construction. You do need a good steaming outfit, of course. You need a good work bench, ditto, so why balk at setting up your tools?

The frames are of green bending oak,

7/8"x1 1/2". Flat frames always tell you which way to lay them while often square ones get bent across the grain. See that you cut the frame with the grain paralleling the flat.

In Little Rogue the frames are spaced 9" on centers with locations taken off the 6" spot on Frame 15.

The molds are set up as shown in the sketch called "typical mold section." The drawing tells the tale. The chine is streamed in after the main framing is bent in. Oak feathers are shimmed to fit on the outboard "corner" so the plank will have something to fasten to.

The floors are of 1½" white oak. Run a line 12" from the waterline toward the keel, add the ¾" cabin sole thickness, and lay a line at that point. This is the top of the floors.

The chine is of yellow pine, 3" wide and about 1¼" thick, whatever you need (depending upon your frame curvature at the bilge) to get a "corner." The filler is put in before planking and forms a rabbet. This is of yellow pine, too.

A word about the keel before we get too far. The stem is sided 3½" white oak. The cark, or gripe, is sided 6" amidships but tapers a bit at the stem scarf. The main keel timber is of yellow pine or fir. Fir is all right and is used extensively on the West Coast, whence the timbering of this boat springs from. The keel is tapered as per half siding plan on the keel erection plan. The horn timber should be of oak, sided 4".

The planking is of white cedar. Very good stuff can be secured from sawmills in North Carolina. This is ordered as $\frac{7}{8}$ " stuff but you'll receive $\frac{13}{16}$ " material so I have worked up my engineering weights on that basis. Spile the plank so you get about seven strakes from keel to chine and about five from chine to sheer.

This boat planks and caulks just like every other standard hull so I won't dwell on this oft-covered subject.

The deck framing is rugged and simple. As is done in many yachts built in Lower California, the deck beams bear but little relation to the side frames. The main beams of the forward deck are 1 3/4"x1 1/4" white oak. The side deck beams are 1 1/4"x1 1/4" white oak, gained to the coaming header but only half gained to the 7/8"x2 1/2" yellow pine main clamp on which they partially rest. The coaming header is of 1 1/2"x3" yellow pine.

The cabin sides and coaming are of $\frac{7}{8}$ " Philippine mahogany. The cabin deck beams are $\frac{3}{4}$ "x $\frac{1}{4}$ " white oak. Note the middle spacing is 9" and the other beams are 9" center to center. This gives an odd spacing but saves dividing the other frame spacings into fractions.

The decking, which goes on after the deck frame is in, is of $1\frac{1}{2}$ " material. Avoid cypress, as it is heavy, but pine or spruce will be good. Cedar is costly, not needed here. The deck covers with 10oz canvas, laid in paint and tacked over the planking sheer edge. Of course, the wood must be planed and sanded before canvas is applied.

The accommodation plan is so simple I have drawn but one side of the ship as both port and starboard are symmetrical. The necessary off-center and off-waterline dimensions are given to enable you to size the cockpit and lay the berth flats.

The rigging plan shows both the deck arrangement in half view and, on another plate, the sail plan. To avoid cluttering up the sail plan and thus spoiling the cogitating value of it, I have lettered the points of specification

in clockwise, alphabetical order and that description accompanies the sail plan.

You will have to construct a pattern for the keel, using a shrink rule which allows $\frac{1}{8}$ " to the foot as iron shrinks this much after being poured. No two foundries will secure the same weight from a given pattern because the mold will be handled differently in rapping and freeing. So plan on lead trim ballast inboard.

The mast is glued up of clear Sitka spruce flats and fillers which have previously been glue-scarfed. Better consult your spar maker on this. He'll be glad to give you pointers. No one should attempt this job of spar making without getting a firsthand look at professional work.

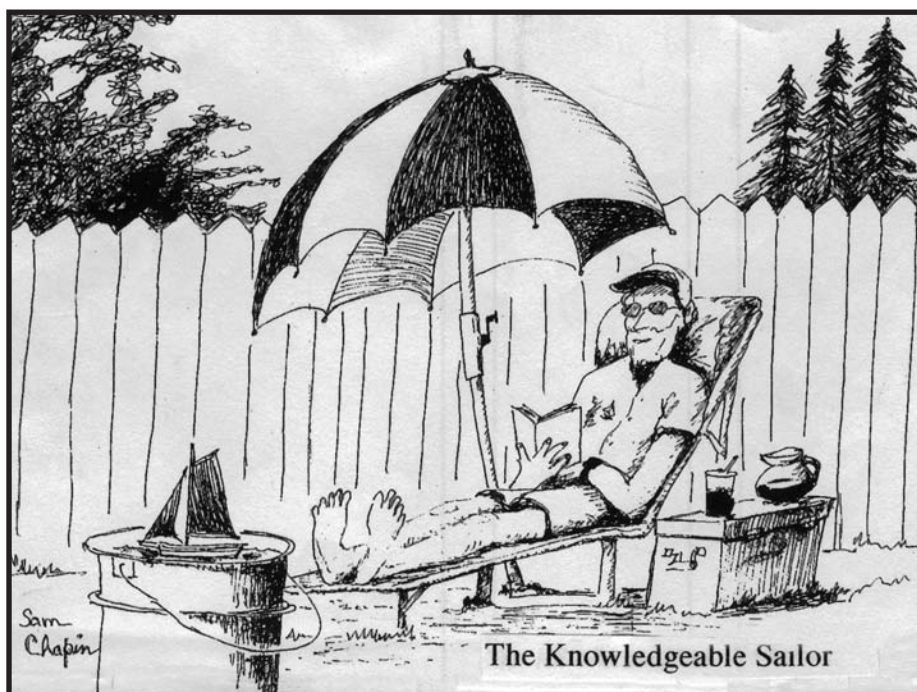
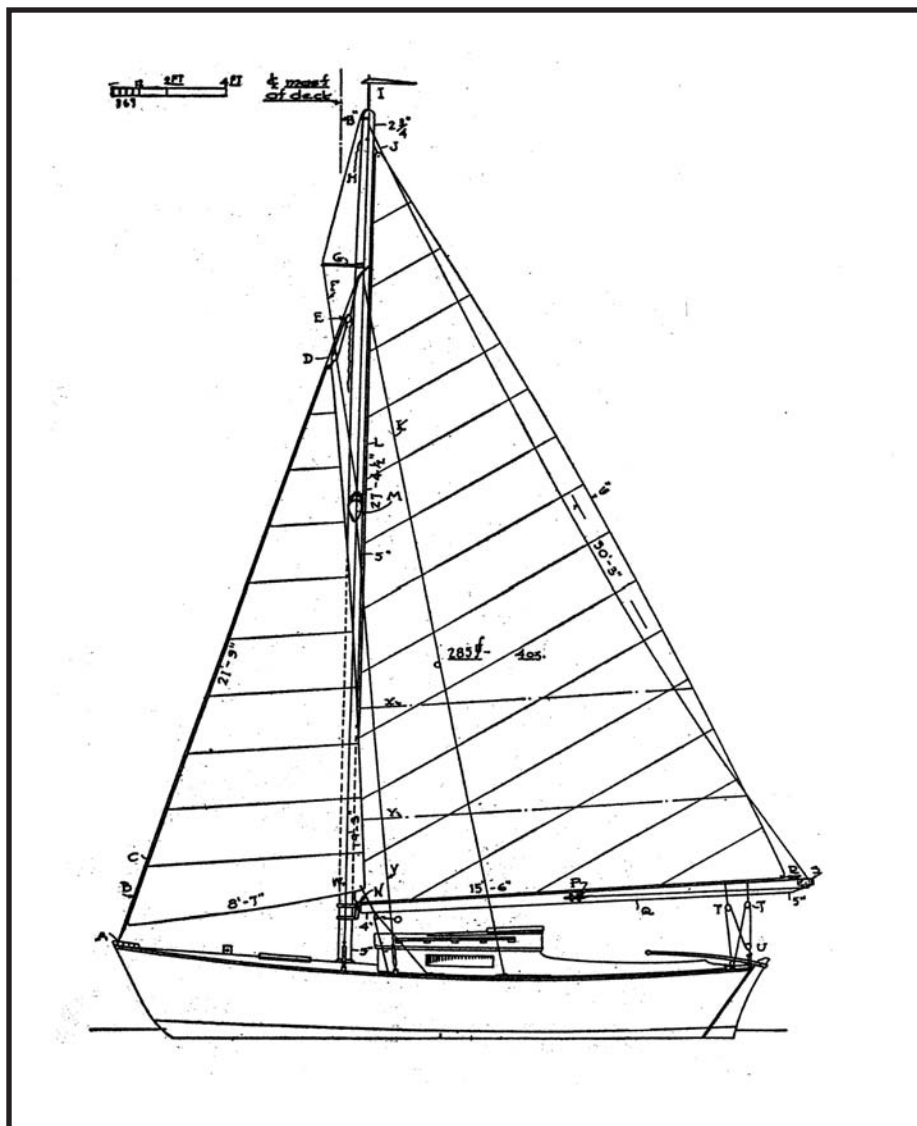
The rigging is orthodox as to standing rigging, somewhat off trail as to running rigging, but it is a style much used in a number of yachting areas and has the advantage of being uncomplicated and simple.

Anyone seriously ready to build Little Rogue can get further advice by writing me and I may have further dope on ballast tricks by that time as no doubt several will soon be started. Stamped envelope, please!

And may Pallas Athene never let fly at you!

Standing And Running Rigging

- A: Stemhead tuning plate for head stay
- B: $\frac{3}{8}$ " diameter, 6x7 lay Korodless headstay
- C: Jib snaps
- D: Jib head block single
- E: Jib halyard block, single with becket
- F: Diamond stays, $\frac{1}{8}$ "x1x19 lay
- G: Diamond spreaders
- H: Main halyard, $\frac{3}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{2}$ " 9-thread Manila
- J: Topping lift
- K: Runner backstays, P&S, $\frac{1}{8}$ "x1x19 Korodless
- L: $\frac{5}{8}$ " sail slides and track
- M: $\frac{3}{16}$ " 6x7 Korodless main shroud
- N: Gooseneck fitting, full swivel, at tack
- O: Jib snap block, small, single
- P: Cleat for topping lift
- Q: Boom, Sitka spruce, clear 4" deep at tack, 5" deep at clew, sided $\frac{1}{8}$ " at gooseneck, $\frac{1}{8}$ " at P, $\frac{1}{16}$ " at tip
- R: Clew outhaul sheave. Clew pennant belays to cleat opposite side of boom from P
- S: Topping lift sheave at boom tip in bronze tabernacle
- T: Main sheet blocks
- U: $\frac{5}{8}$ " diameter bronze traveler
- V: Main backstay, $\frac{1}{4}$ " 6x7 Korodless bent to aft chain plate with turnbuckle; chain plates naval bronze, $\frac{1}{4}$ "x1 $\frac{3}{8}$ "x18"
- W: Main shroud follows centerline of mast
- X: Reef points 7' above boom
- Y: Reef points 3' above boom; all foot, luff, and leach dimensions of 4-oz Wamsutta sails are swept from apex of triangles; roach of mainsail to be 6"; all sails crosscut, single-bight; no battens advised.





Finally, we come to Phil Bolger's Mouser from his book, *Small Boats*. And here-in lies a story in itself. She is 16' LOA, 16' LWL, 6½' in beam, and carries 182sf of sail in her high-peaked gaff rig. Bolger designed her as a V-bottomed catboat planked with 12" cedar over oak frames. Bolger's own comments indicate that he thinks that she is less than beautiful, fast, and can be reefed down to nothing. Mouser also has a huge cockpit that will hold four members of the 200lb club, complete with beer cooler, in comfort for several hours. Her cuddy holds more than enough gear and will sleep two worn-out children while underway. Mouser, *Garfield* to us, however, does not exactly leap onto a trailer but will condescend to being winched aboard providing she is floated halfway aboard.

When I called Mr Bolger about the plans for Mouser, I learned that the only plans that were available were those in *Small Boats*. I do, in fact, have proof of one catboat to indicate that a boat can be built from these plans. However, it does require some creative problem solving on the smaller details. A very large magnifying glass is also needed. (**Editor Comments:** We find that running this sort of plan through a copy machine that has enlargement capability several times will bring them up to much more easily read size.) Bolger also indicated that Mouser was

25 Years Ago in MAIB

In Search of a Camper/Cruiser ...and so We Come to Mouser aka *Garfield*

By Richard Zapf

(Editor Comments: Richard Zapf's Garfield, a Bolger-designed catboat that was his final choice as a family camper cruiser. In Issues #13 and #14 we featured Richard's review of several alternative designs that he considered, including the Great Pelican, the Westlawn Mite, and Sam Rabl's Picaroon. In this issue we conclude Richard's discussion with a return to Garfield and his reasons for this final choice).

not an easy boat to build and he was absolutely right about that. Her lofting is rather straightforward and all of her framing consists of straight lines. However, her hollow entry below the chine creates planking problems that only a masochist could love.

For her size, Mouser has construction details, including her 4½"x4½" keel and massive framing that contribute to a feeling of stability not usually found in a 16' boat. Her 6½' beam is a real advantage for sailing all day, as I do. She is a boat in which one can actually walk around. In fact, some of the best fun is to stand on her stem post and watch the bone in her teeth sailing along.

I did vary the construction considerably in the planning. Below the chine she is planked with double diagonal ¼" white pine with ¼" plywood sub planking which is all set in Arcon E152 epoxy resin and fastened at the chine and keel with hot dipped galvy screws. The whole bottom was then covered with Versamid 140 epoxy resin and that "white cloth."

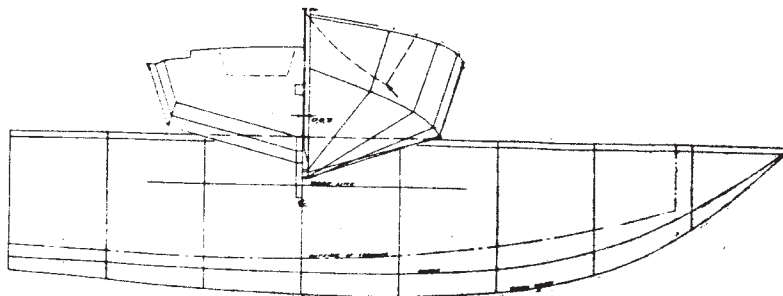
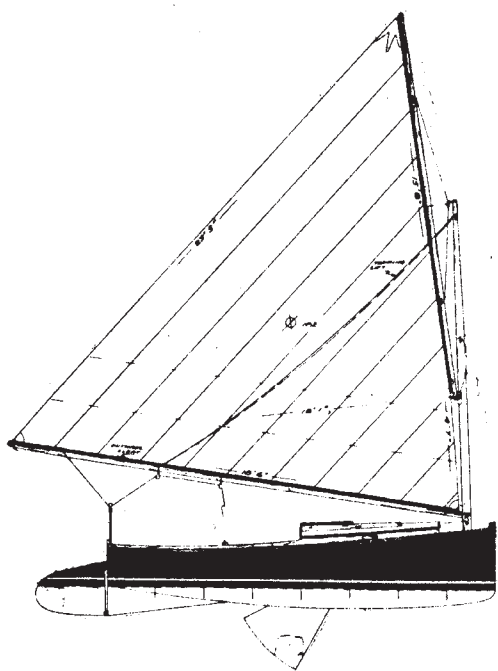
I could not abide the flat sides above the chine so I used lapstrake construction of ½" white pine with three laps per side. The laps were glued with Arcon E152 and clenched with galvy nails from the Tremont Nail Co. This has proved to be a very rigid construction and in two years of sailing I have

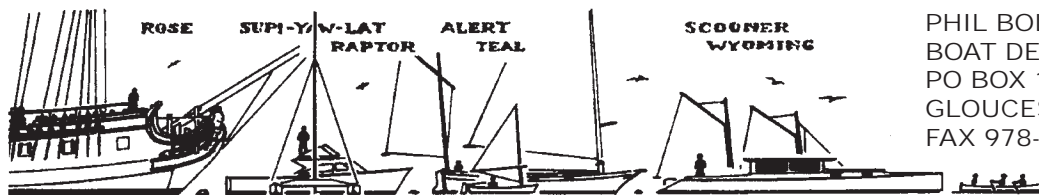
seen no sign of cracking, splitting, or separating. This is probably due to the fact that I attempted to stabilize all the wood by coating it inside and out with epoxy resin. In my opinion, the lapstraking dramatically improved the appearance of Mouser from rather stodgy slab sides to quite graceful lapstrakes.

Anybody who is contemplating lapstraking a hull should read Pete Culler's *Skiffs & Schooners*. It is great to be able to set battens and walk around a hull making minor adjustments as he suggests. The problem becomes more complicated when the boat is built in a small garage and one can only see 25% of the boat at any time. Attempting to sight the battens by looking through the back window of the garage while standing in 3' of snow is a joy I do not intend to repeat in the near future. Culler had it right when he stated that experience starts with the doing. He neglected to mention that it is easier said than done. All in all, I think *Garfield* looks quite graceful with its white lapstrakes and tanbark sail which was masterfully made for me by Dave Howard of Sea Dog Canvas in Salem, Massachusetts.

On the water I have found *Garfield* to be a reasonably upright sailer, which is an important consideration for anyone taking small children aboard. At anchor *Garfield* is more than comfortable for a day of flounder fishing. There is something to be said about putting some of those 16'-20' sloops made exclusively of that "white cloth" to shame when everybody is running for home at the end of the day, also!

A 16' boat can be built in the garage that houses the car that can tow it. Yes, *Garfield* came out of that garage!





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Cove Dweller was designed for a customer of the Montgomery Boat Yard in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1974 or thereabouts. I believe the late Ben Dolloff did most of the work on her because I remember that he complained to me that the chine logs and sawn frames were a nuisance to fit and bevel; he would have preferred round-bilge carvel with bent frames. The customer had specified the hard-chine hull on the grounds that it would be steadier, which was correct on any given breadth.

The wish list for the custom boat was; as steady as possible in a beam sea and for people moving around in her, a soft action in a head sea, quick and reasonably safe access from end to end, and, especially, stern completely clear for rod and reel fishing. There was to be no afterdeck, no tanks, and no motor for 7' forward of the stern.

I put the 37hp Westerbeke 4-107 4-cylinder engine as far aft as that requirement allowed with a moderately steep shaft angle. My experience is that the conventional wisdom that shaft angle does not make much difference to thrust or behavior up to 15 degrees is correct, in the 1930s I recall steeper angles than that in some small Chris Craft runabouts and they ran well enough. The 39gal cylindrical fuel tank had to go ahead of the engine, today it would be square and lower. The desired soft and dry head sea action called for an unusually sharp and deep bow which also allowed putting the tank under the sole.

The sole was low in the boat, not self-draining since the owner still held to the idea that in a serious sport fishing boat you should be able to stand on the sole at the stern and touch the water with your fingertips. Quite a few boats were built with self-drain-

Bolger on Design

Light Inboard Sport-Fisherman *Cove Dweller*

Design #283
22'0" Length – 7'6" Breadth – 2'5" Draft
2,700lbs Displacement,
37hp 4-Cylinder Diesel

ing cockpits at that level, and surprisingly few of them sank, but it is most certainly much better practice to have such a cockpit dump into the bilge to be removed by a powerful automatic pump with manual back-up; fish guts, etc should stay on a cutting board draining overboard. Aside from being much safer than a too-low overboard-scuppered deck, the non-self-bailing deck can be much better ventilated for this wooden boat with the bilge readily accessible as well.

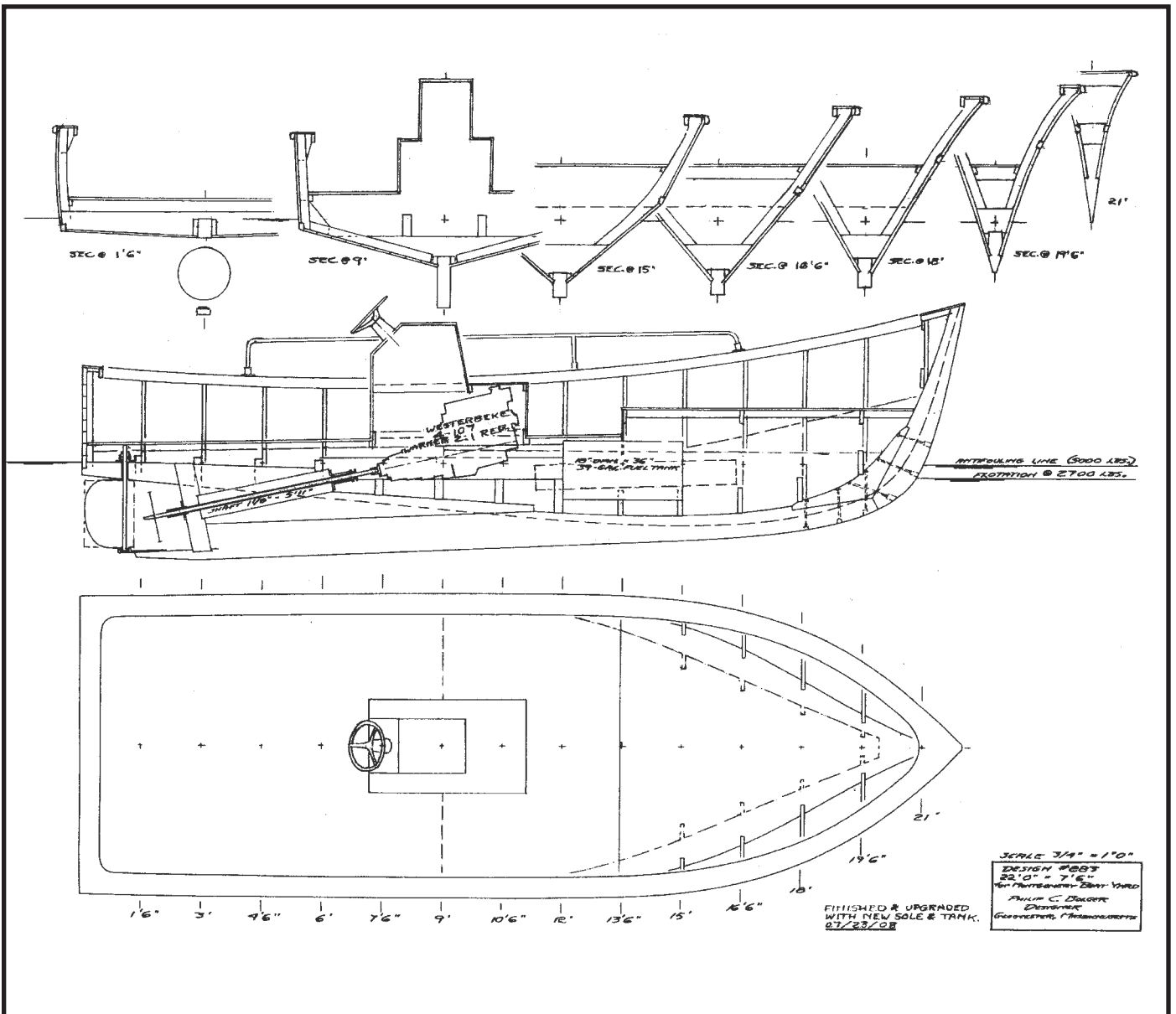
The boat proved comfortable, maneuverable, and reasonably dry. A bigger rub molding at the sheer to knock spray outward would have been an improvement; our *Shivaree* 16' outboard utility is helped by just a 1"x2" on edge for this purpose. I don't know her speed but would guess at 10kts or a little better. Dur-

ing a walk recently we caught her in this pose with a good load but promptly were distracted and turned away. When we looked at her again she was well exceeding hull speed but entered a no-wake zone before the camera was ready to catch her once more.

The semi-displacement hull had a clean curling bow wave and the wake broke clean from under the transom at cruising speed. It would have taken exorbitant power to drive the deep forefoot and forward center of gravity much faster. She left a heavier wave than I had hoped for. At any rate, the owner seemed pleased with her. She has always had good care and looks new at 30-odd years of age. The yard built one duplicate which I last heard of a few years ago as winning a prize in a Florida wooden boat meet.

The plans are sparse, just two sheets in keeping with the proficiency of her builder. I had frequented that yard since I could walk and got a lot of my boat design instruction at the feet of its founder, Nicholas Montgomery, who did most of his own designing. The owner in this case had made his contract with the yard, not with me, so details were worked out as the building went on. My brief was to produce a shape that would trim properly with the unusual arrangement of weights. Herbert Montgomery, Ben Dolloff, and Earnest Tarr knew how to build it. In an age of nearly \$5/gal of Diesel this miserly sport fisherman keeps the cost of catching your own reasonable. Elaborate canvas work would extend her utility for light cruising.

Plans of Design #283 *Cove Dweller*, just two 17"x22" sheets, are available for \$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



A Vicious Habit Tamed

By Derek Van Loan

In his article on sailing rigs, W.P. Stephens wrote, in *Traditions and Memories of American Yachting*, of "...the vicious habit of stenciling." I like to think that now that stencils are so easy to lay out and cut, Stephens would approve, as unique names for the watercraft he was studying would be the result.

So I, a mild-mannered stenciler, send along a description of my latest method, used to apply the name to the transom of my dory before flipping it upright. I often generate the letters on my computer, print them, then transfer them to the stencil material. However, I also possess a set of plastic letters given me by a friend, that serve. So I simply traced around these onto a sheet of drafting mylar, a material that would be too flimsy unless it were glued to the surface to be stenciled.

Now what is wanted here is bad glue, of the sort used on "Post Its." Not having any, I resorted to wax, applied with what must be an artifact in these days of electronic paste-up, an electric waxer. I think that one could simply rub or flow on a coat of wax or perhaps even rubber or other cement in the absence of a waxer.

The advantage of adhering the stencil to the surface is not needing to dab at the job. One can actually be quite cavalier in splashing the paint on as it won't easily migrate under the edges of the stencil, a real improvement. After the paint sets, just peel off the stencil and fill in the gaps used to support the insides of letters if appropriate. Remove the wax with solvent later.



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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

For those of us who enjoy boating without all the fancy gear, each new catalog has all these wonderful things we can do without, mainly because they cost a good deal of money and/or they are not something that goes with our style of boating. The above thought was brought to mind by the latest offerings in chart plotting devices. Granted they are neat navigational tools, but at a start-up cost of over \$2,000 they are very expensive navigational tools!

Then there is the chart update routine. Except for the NOAA charts online (which are only a little "old"), most chart packages are outdated by the time you receive them and need to be updated on a periodic basis. If you have a plotter and want to update the files, take a look at: <http://www.managingthewaterway.com/charts.htm> as they seem to have a relatively inexpensive chart package for all current plotter software.

I boat in an area with very few changes in navigational aids. The bottom shifts all the time and local knowledge is a requirement, but most of the fixed marks stay where they were planted and the floating marks are usually close to the location shown on the chart. Granted navigational aids in the St Marks River get "moved" occasionally by an errant barge but the barge traffic is down and fewer aids are being moved or knocked down these days. Not to mention that the river's channel is rather obvious, especially at low tide with the oyster bars showing through the water.

Many years ago the federal and state government got together and helped "improve" a local channel. The result was a channel too deep and wide for the actual tidal flow that had kept the original channel open. The lateral drift along the coastline filled in the new channel and continued to build to the point that a new extension of the nearby island was created. Setting firmly in the exposed sand were all the channel markers that had been installed and, for a number of days, setting firmly on the sand was a large powerboat whose skipper had not kept up with the *Local Notices to Mariners* and did not know that the channel no longer existed. I keep this image as a reminder that things change along the coast and one should use any navigational tool as an aid. You still have to keep proper watch and be ready to act when necessary.

Along with a GPS and a VHF radio, a depth sounder is a useful device and I have one on my boat. The system has been adjusted so that the depth shown is the water under the keel. If your depth sounder does not have this capability you need to know the difference from what is shown on the display and what your boat draws. Otherwise you can be aground while the indicator shows you have plenty of water. This sometimes happens to people running with a chart plotter and/or an automatic pilot who do not keep adequate watch on where the boat is at the time.

Many years ago a NOAA speaker was talking about how NOAA charts the depth of the water. One of their concerns is the relative accuracy of the readings. Thus, on a periodic basis the accuracy of the sounder was checked

mechanically. To do this they have a long bar with a "target" fixed on the top. Two people lower the device on calibrated lines and move the target under the transducer. The calibrated lines show them the depth of the target. This depth is compared to the reading on the display and adjustments are made accordingly.

When dealing with tidal depth it helps to know the tide cycle and remember that wave height can also affect the reading. Many years ago, I was involved in a depth survey carried out by the Tallahassee Power Squadron (a unit of the United States Power Squadrons). Our boat at the time drew less than two feet so we were assigned to run along the National Forest boundary markers in the tidal flat west of the St Marks Lighthouse. As part of the accuracy determination of the depths read off the display the boat ran at a constant speed (idle equals two knots) and the time each reading was taken was noted. With a start time, a time for each reading, and the end time the coordinator was able to calculate the height of tide during the time cycle to reset the readings against the base tide height. The day of the run was a zero wind day and the water was flat so there was no need to note if the boat was at the crest or trough of a wave when the reading was taken. The above may sound like unnecessary complications to a simple exercise but we tried to be as accurate as our equipment and capability permitted.

You have a chart of your area showing the base depths and you have your current tide chart. Now just how deep is the water when you want to go boating? There is the method of estimating the tidal depth using the "twelfths rule." This rule uses the difference between high and low tide (depth difference) to determine an estimated tide height at a time between the high and low tide. You take the difference and divide it by 12. The twelfths rule tells us that the water drops by $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{2}{12}$, $\frac{3}{12}$, $\frac{4}{12}$, $\frac{5}{12}$, $\frac{6}{12}$ for each hour of the cycle. For example, the tide difference between high and low tide is three feet. Divided by 12 ($\frac{3}{12}$) equals 0.25 feet. You start with either the high tide or low tide figure and then either subtract the correction from the previous high or add it to the low tide number. In the Apalachee Bay area the tide station reference point is at the St Marks Lighthouse and we need to calculate an "offset" in terms of time and tide difference between Shell Point and St Marks. Almost every tide table (unless the offset has been pre-calculated) has a correction table for areas around the actual tide station reference point.

Before you leave the dock there is one more item that may affect the depth of the water. This is the tidal current flow. Like the change in tide height, tidal flow has a "rule of thumb" called thirds. In short, in the first hour the rate of flow is a third, in the second it's two thirds, and full flow is in the third hour, then decreasing in reverse. The actual speed of the flow (the tidal current) depends on the amount of water being moved and the bottom contour of the area. For instance, off Shell Point are some large, shallow areas that empty fairly quickly when the tide starts to run. Behind these "flats" is a collection of oyster bars that change the tidal flow and direction as they are exposed (or covered) as the tide changes. In this area the "rule of twelfths" and the "rule of thirds" work most of the time depending on the direction and strength of the wind. Thus local knowledge is still a very important item for a safe, enjoyable boating activity.

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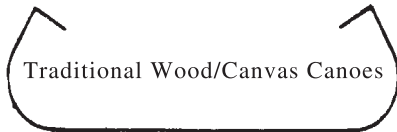
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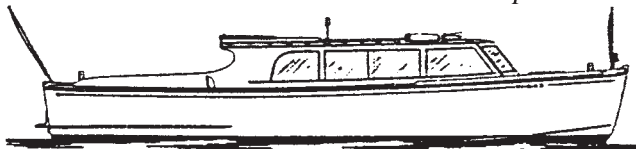


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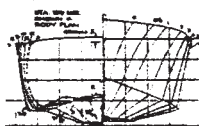
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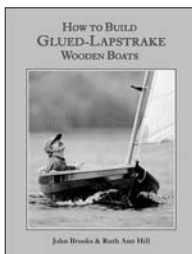
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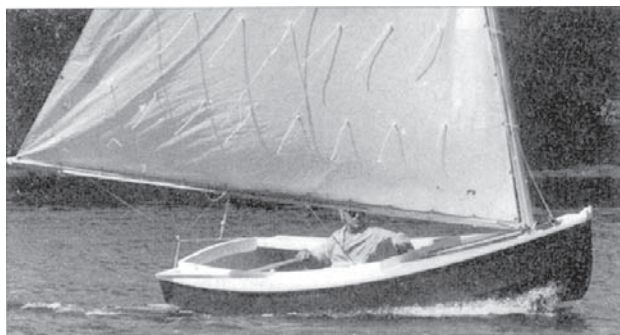
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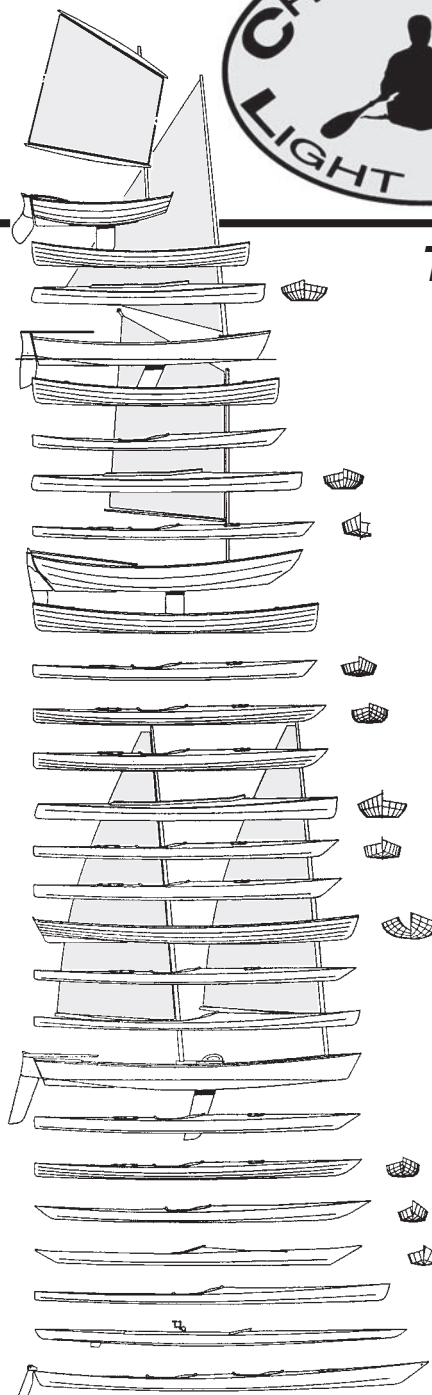
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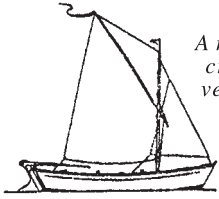
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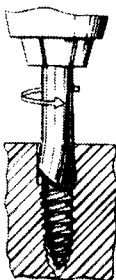
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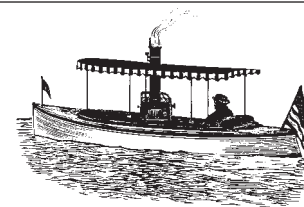


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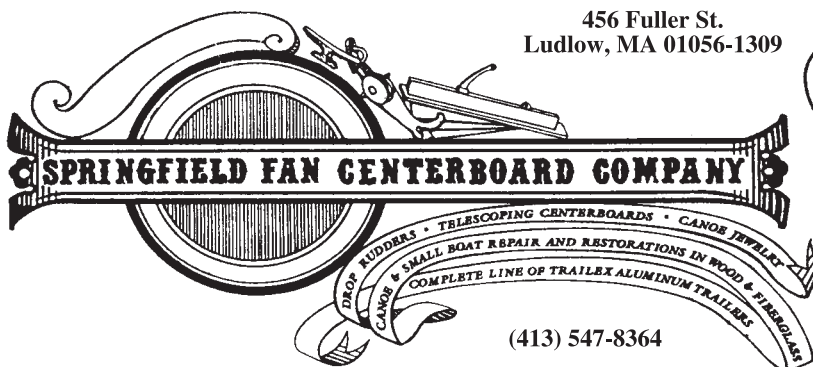
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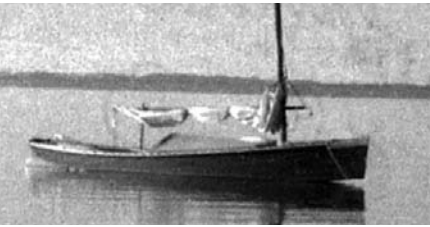
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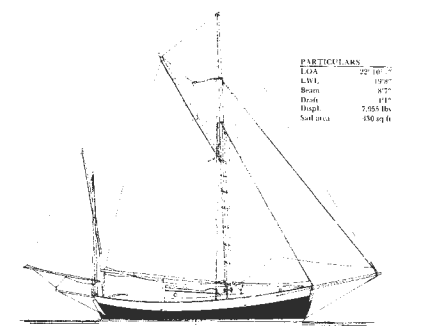


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13' Jimmy Skiff, from Chesapeake Light Craft. View specs at www.clcboats.com for compl info. Boat compl w/4hp 2-stroke Mercury '95, oars, anchor, boat cushions (2), battery powered running lights, mooring lines & bilge pump. Boat was CLCs prototype that I finished off. No trlr. In gd shape. I am reducing fleet count. \$900 FIRM. Long Island, NY.

GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (10)



Blue Moon, a classic Thomas Gillmer design, 22'11" cutter/yawl, exc pedigree blue water yacht w/enough strings to pull to make her exciting & fun for a large crew; she sports a topsail too. Or, with her club footed staysail she is a very easy single hander. Strip planked approx 1-7/8"x2" planks & probably edge nailed & glued, though no glue drips are evident. Planking is bare on the interior & is in marvelous shape. Ribs are massive for so small a boat, laminated in 4 layers, approx. 4"x3" & varnished. Presently in the water in need of some running rigging; at the moment cutter rigged. The mizzen & its appurtenances stored below deck. Flush decked amidships w/8 opening ports built into a small cabin trunk. Small working deck forward & small sea cockpit aft. Not the kind of boat normally advertised in these pages. Not a trailer sailer or the normal shallow draft boat made of plywood or f/g. But, If you want to... go!! This is the boat that will take you there & if you want to come back she will do that too! Me, I'm too old! Reduced from \$16,000 to \$12,000.

BOB ARCHIBALD, P.O. Box 933, Steinhatchee FL 32359, (352) 498-2111, Arch76@bellsouth.net (10)

16' Chestnut "Prospector" Cedar/Canvas Canoe. Careful owners have kept this vintage craft in perf cond. Cane seats, red urethane exterior, mel-low varnish interior, Chestnut decal on the bow. Incl 2 vintage spruce paddles. \$2,000.
DAVID RAHN, W. Vancouver, BC, (604) 921-7209, david@eagleharbour.com (10)

Dovekie, gd cond w/trlr, blue hull white deck, currently located in Ithaca NY. Go to <http://psn-global.com/sales/dovekie/> for photos. Asking \$4,800.
DOUG DAHL, Ithaca, NY (607) 342 2917, ddahl@psn-global.com (10)

WeNoNah Sandpiper Kevlar Ultralight Solo Canoe. Actual weight 27lb, 13.5' long, 29.5" max beam. A large, lightweight pack canoe. Used only 3 times, garage stored. No longer made except (maybe) by special order. The similar 14.5' long Vagabond is well over twice this price. Email for photos. \$750, pick up only.
MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387, mir415@cavtel.net (10)



O-Day 23, '81, 8.5hp o/b, new Sunbrella cushions '07, outboard and bottom total overhaul '07, new anchor chain & rode, new battery & bilge pump. '06 "LONG" dual axle trlr. \$6,000.
BILL MCCULLOM, Boxford, MA, (978) 352-4067, wmcullom@earthlink.net (10)

Cartopper 9, 9' wooden rowboat, lightweight. Can be sailed. Monfort design. \$250.
CARL BELLING, Warsaw, IN, (574) 268-1990 (10)

14' Piscataqua Wherry, 4 seats, 2 rowing stations, flotation. F/G w/mahogany seats & rubrails. Solid cond, wood needs refinishing. 2 prs Shaw & Ten-ney oars. Sailing version w/like-new daggerboard & rudder, but w/o/mast or sail. Builder pictures are at <http://bayofmaineboats.com/piscataquawherry.htm>. In Marblehead, MA. \$700.

ANDY UPDEGROVE, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-3142, andrew.updegrove@gesmer.com (10)

17' Canoe, redwood strip built, epoxy resin, finished clear. Cane seats, weighs about 60lbs. I built it about 20 years ago, but don't use it now. I've done a couple of repairs to the gunwales, but otherwise it is in good shape. Not a "furniture grade" classic, but a good, solid canoe that will still turn heads. \$300 takes it.

DANE MARTINDELL, Manchester, NJ (Ocean County), (732) 657-5135, dmartindell@wmua.manalapan.nj.us (10)

24' Gaff Rig Sloop, Bud MacIntosh built, 1965, c/b, shoal draft, cedar on oak on mooring at Cottage Park, Winthrop, MA. \$7,500, Honda 8, \$600.

JOHN POWELL, Allston, MA, (617) 787-1441 (10)

20' Bolger Chebacco Cat Yawl, '91. By Mont-gomery. New mast, running rigging, rudder, 6hp 4-stroke Tohatsu '08. vy gd shape. Full gear incl. W/trlr. \$4,500 obro.

TED RATCLIFF, Rockport, MA, (978) 546-3707 (10)

8 Dyer Dink, f/g, sail rig, new sail, boat cover. \$978. Ask for Cy.
ELLSWORTH PEARL, Middleboro, MA, (508) 947-4426 (10)

"And To My Delight, neatly lashed to the top of his van was the most beautiful canoe I have ever seen. It was trimmed in brightly varnished mahog- any, painted white above the bilge rails (waterline) and forest green below with a black kettle logo painted on both sides of the bow.

Gillette had recently picked up his custom made canoe from the builder, Rollin Thurlow, owner of the Northwoods Ca noe Co, Dover-Fox-croft, Maine and co- author of the book, *The Wood & Canvas Canoe*.

The canoe, the Cheemaun 15 (Ojibway Indian word for canoe) is one of several models offered by Rollin, who printed on the plans a line from Longfellow's Hiawatha; 'I a light canoe will build me, build a swift cheemaun for sailing that shall float upon the river like a yellow leaf in au-tumn, like a yellow water lily.' If that doesn't get the juices flowing, nothing will.

As you might have guessed I was commis-sioned to make a model of Cheemaun."

The above is quoted rom an article by George R. Bullitt in the *Ships in Scale* magazine for May/ June, 1996.

The canoe and the model of it and numerous framed color photographs all reside at my home, 133 Mountaindale Rd., Yonkers, NY 10710-3509. Price \$4,000.

GUY GILLETTE, Yonkers, NY, (914) 779-4684. (10P)

Any interest in vintage water skis? '50s, '60s & '7s slaloms & doubles. Original paint & bindings. Original gear makes a nice addition for the classic antique runabout.

GAYLE SMITH, New London, CT, (860) 439-1799 days, gsmith29@snet.net (9)

O'Day Sloops (2), \$4,300 each for fall sale: 19' w/ cuddy & 55lb. thrust electric o/b on rebuilt trlr yr: '82. 23' w/cabin & galley (plus 9.9 Evinrude 4-cycle o/b w/35 hours) yr: '73. Also has roller furling on jib. New trlr w/brakes. Both w/sails of adequate cond, both have been ocean sailed. Will knock off 15% if you don't need motor with boat. Batteries not incl, etc: **Dinghy:** 10' Lowe aluminum, rugged will take 5hp o/b (no o/b). 85lbs, easily cartopped. very seaworthy design. \$600. **17.5' OT Canoe**, ca. '35 f/g covered. Needs new seats & rails, usable as is. Very capable craft. \$200. **11' Bolger Cartopper**, needs new stern, for rowing. \$100. Clearing out some of boat yard to build boat shop as 'into' building. Prices firm. Location 25miles NE of Skowhegan, ME & 39 miles from Rt. 195. DOC CASS, Wellington ME, (207) 683-2435, edeshea@tdstelm.net (10)

BOATS WANTED

Large Dory, Lunenburg seine dory, St. Pierre dory (original lines or Gardner modified), surf dory or lifeboat dory in 24'-27' range. Age & cond less important than design/lines. \$100 reward to lead that results in my purchase.

BOB YORKE, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651, yorke.robert@yahoo.com (9)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE



Windsurfer Sails, (2) w/masts & wishbone booms, 45sf sail area, 15' fg masts & fg wishbone booms. Asking \$40 ea obo. **Canoe Seat**, wood & cast iron, old. \$5.

RON MULLOY, Randolph, NJ, (973) 895-5443 (10)

GEAR FOR SALE

Boat Stands, 5 adjustable screw stands used for 26' keel/cb sailboat (range of 30'-46'). Rusty but serviceable. \$165.

BOB YORKE, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651. (9)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

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Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. T Shirt \$18, Long Sleeve T \$23, Sweatshirt \$30, Tote Bag \$18. Shipping \$5.00 on orders up to \$25, add \$2 for each additional \$25.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Road, Silver Spring, MD 20901. 877-637-7464, www.messingabout.com (TFP)



10" Ash Wood Cleats, matched pair varnished w/ stainless steel hardware. \$25 delivered.

WINTERS BROTHERS, 4555 II Rd, Garden, MI 49835 (12P)

Matsushita Blades, we are offering the 36 tooth, 71/4" Matsushita Combination Blade, a very thin kerf blade that runs free & puts little load on the saw, producing a very smooth cut w/minimal waste. Priced at 1 for \$25 or 2 for \$46 w/free shipping. Send check or money order.

BROTHERS' BOATWORKS, LLC, 26980 Lake Dr., Lawton, MI 49065 (TF)



Got Water?

NEW! GOT WATER? T-Shirt, w/all profits going to support The SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in North America. Show your support for these Gentle Giants when you wear this great Scuba Doo Newfie T-Shirt! 100% Heavyweight US made yellow cotton. Large front imprint. Sizes: Medium-XLarge \$17, 2XL \$19. S&H \$6.95US for 1 shirt. Send check or MO.

ALEXANDER BRIDGE (SH), 275 Myette Rd, RR#1, Afton, NS, BOH IAO Canada, (902) 232-2750, njor.sport@gmail.com (TF)

2 Redwood Planks, 18'1"x4-5/8"x3/4" & 16'1-1/2"x11'1/4"x3/4". Gd shape. Stored indoors. Picture via email. \$25 Each. **Aluminum Sheet**, 2024-T3 QQA 250/4, 48"x52"x.062". Picture via email. \$50.

GAYLE SMITH, New London, CT, (860) 439-1799 days, gsmith29@snet.net (9)

Adjustable Canoe & Kayak Trailer, gd shape. \$225obo.

CHARLES MENDEZ, Sussex, NJ, (973) 875-1631 (9)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30". Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

Hankinson Designs, Barrelbacks, Tugs, Cruisers & More. Available exclusively from Glen L Marine. Free online catalog at www.BoatDesigns.com (12)

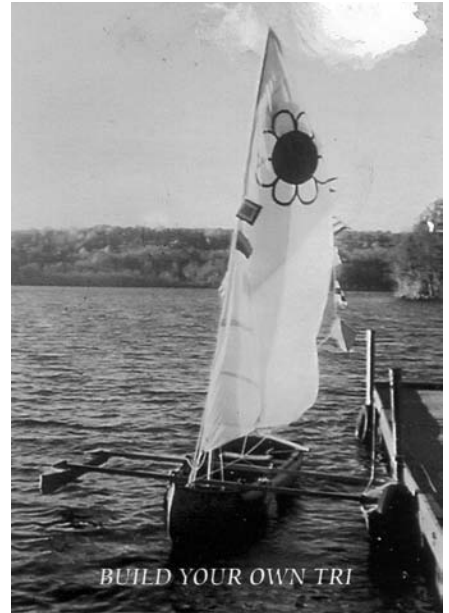
Wooden Boat Plans, unused. email for list w/ prices.

RICHARD K LAUX, Shreveport, LA, RKLDUDE@yahoo.com (9)



Egret 17' Skin-on-Frame Kayak, easy to build; many covering options. Plans, patterns, detailed instructions. \$55. SASA for more info.

ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256, West Mystic, CT 06388. (1209)



Sail Faster Than the Wind, Turn your canoe into a tri. Detailed plans for floats, stitch & glue, akas, kick up rudder & kick up leeboards plus hiking seat. Mast, step, thwart & sails, 5 tiller plans & 3 leeboard. 6 flotation compartments. Brass compass rose, mast thwart insert diagram. Disassemble for easy transport. Stable, 9' beam, fast & fun. Material cost \$257 to \$330 w/o sails. Plans \$20 pp. RONALD M MULLOY, 36 Calais Rd., Randolph, NJ 07869-3517, (973) 895-5443 (12P)

BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW. GLEN.COM: Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9 FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00.

GLEN-L, Box 1804MA, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

Robb White & Sons Sport Boat, handy, pretty, proven 16' x 43" strip planked skiff. Will plane with 2 adults with 4hp. Full sized mold patterns, complete instructions. \$75. SASE for photos & specs.

ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

WATERFRONT PROPERTY FOR SALE OR RENT

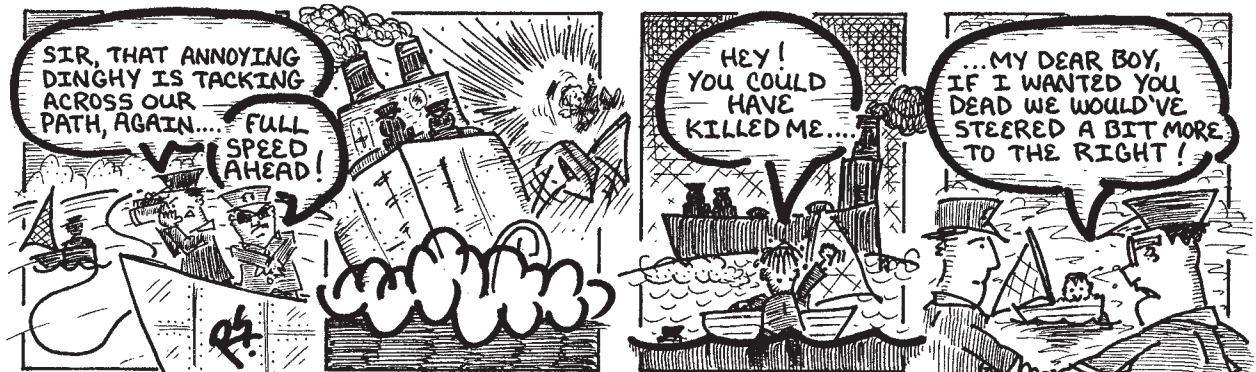
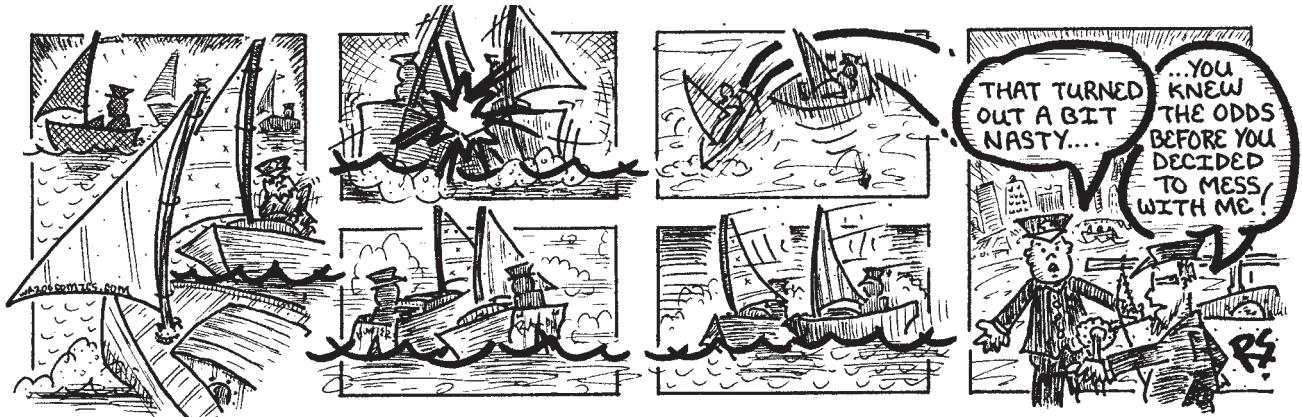


Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slips up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

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By: Robert L. Summers

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The Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival is a particularly wonderful show. High on the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State, beautiful boats in a beautiful setting, wonderful people, fun activities and excellent food (as in wild salmon at the Silverwater Cafe.) We go for the fun, of course....but sales have to be reasonably in-line to make it all possible.

The photo at the upper left shows us leaving home with 17 boats. The photo at lower right shows us getting ready for the return run. It doesn't always work that way...but sometimes.

Perhaps a third of those boats were delivered along the way. In Wisconsin, Minnesota, Idaho and Montana. Back then we delivered those boats for free...but these petro-challenging times have forced us to modify that approach. If people live within a reasonable distance of our travel-route (or are willing to travel to our travel-route) we will deliver boats for half of what it would cost to ship them. And no forklifts will be involved.



Sep 5-7 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, Port Townsend, WA
Oct 9-13 United States Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD



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